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# HISTORY OF FRANCE

*KITCHIN*

London

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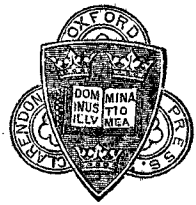


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A

# HISTORY OF FRANCE

DOWN TO THE YEAR

1453

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BY

G. W. KITCHIN, M.A.

*Formerly Censor of Christ Church*

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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1873

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# PREFACE.

THIS book attempts to avoid the dryness of a summary, while it still professes to deal with a very long period of time. All the more important parts of the history have, as far as possible, been written directly from original sources, and are treated at considerable length. The parts between, connecting one stirring time with another, have been treated very briefly, so as simply to carry on the narration without a break: like a railway in a dull country between a chain of ancient and historic cities.

The guiding-line throughout the book is the growth of the French Monarchy and Kingdom: and this I have brought down to the time when, freed from foreign dangers, it was about to enter on the great struggle against the disintegrating forces of fifteenth-century feudalism. The history of that struggle, the almost dramatic rivalry between the House of Burgundy, the last great representative of the medieval world, and the House of Valois, the steadfast representative of the growing forces of European Monarchy, will form the introduction to a second volume, destined to follow the fortunes of France in more modern times.

I have divided the work by the natural epochs in the history, rather than by the accessions of Kings: for these latter are points of time of very uneven importance, sometimes being hardly worthy of more than a passing notice. Thus too the volume, ending at the year 1453, breaks off in the middle of the reign of Charles VII; but it is a moment which will be recognized once as an epoch, both in general European history, and specially (from the final expulsion of the English, and the close of the Hundred Years' War), in the History of France.

As to the spelling of Proper Names, in those of early times I have retained the early Germanic forms, because the men were Germans. When the chief actors become Frenchmen, I have adopted the French spelling, except in the case of names familiar to us in an English form. It would be mere affectation to write Henri or Philippe. But in passing down the book some names are gradually modified, even as the persons who owned them changed. Thus the German Hlodowig of the sixth century becomes Hludwig in Austrasian days; then Ludwig, finally Louis. I have not used such intermediate forms as Loois, Lois, &c., because they do not appear to me to have been permanent enough for adoption; nor have I spelt the word in the older English fashion as Lewis; for the modern French form is now equally common in England, and the form Lewis seems to me to deviate too far from either the German or the French spelling.

I have taken much trouble with Maps and Tables; trying in both to indicate the actual progress of the French Monarchy. We are too apt to assume that what is now France was always France: we forget, for example, that it was not till the fifteenth century that the French Monarchy found a footing across the Rhone, and there thrust back the frontiers of the Empire.

My best wish for this book is that it should lead students to original authorities, and teach them to recognise the fact that history demands an honest and disciplined use of the evidence those sources supply, and that we can only grasp the inner truth of history by transporting ourselves into the scenes described by contemporary writers; the study of their works will both sharpen our critical faculties and develope the healthy action of the imagination.

Lastly, let me here record my warmest thanks to those gentlemen who have so liberally brought their great and accurate knowledge and their literary skill to bear on the revision of my first historical attempt. Any value it may have will be in very large part due to their patient kindness towards it, to their sound criticisms, corrections, and advice.

*May*, 1873.

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122 Aquae Sextiae (Aix in Provence) founded by Sextius.
118 Narbo Martius (Narbonne) founded.
102 Marius utterly defeats the Teutons at Aix.
100 Birth of Caesar.
58 Caesar in Gaul.
51 Gaul 'pacified.'

A.D.

41 Claudius Emperor.
70 Fall of Civilis.
160 (?) Christians settle at Lyons.
251 (?) Dionysius founds the Church of Northern France at Lutetia Parisiorum (Paris).
274 Gaul again joined to Rome by Aurelian.
284 Diocletian becomes Emperor; the German incursions begin.
312 Constantine, supported by Gallic Christians, enters Rome.
355 Julian commands the Gallic army.
357 He makes Paris the seat of Roman government.
407 The German settlements begin.
451 Attila (Etzel) defeated in the Campi Catalaunici.
476 Fall of the Roman Empire.
486 Battle of Soissons.

A.D.

496 Battle of Zülpich. Hlodowig (Clovis) a Christian.
507 Battle of the Vocladensian Plain (Vouglé), in which Hlodowig kills Alaric.
510 Hlodowig sole King of Franks.
511 Death of Hlodowig. First Partition of the Frankish Empire.
567 Division of Frankish Gaul into three Kingdoms, Austrasia, Neustria, Burgundy.
613 Death of Brunhild.
628 Dagobert King: sole King in 632.
638 Death of Dagobert.
687 Battle of Testry won by Pippin of Heristal over the Neustrians. Austrasian period begins.
715 Karl the Hammer, Duke of Austrasia.
752 Pippin the Short becomes King.
768 Death of Pippin. Karl and Karloman succeed.
771 **KARL THE GREAT** (Charlemagne), King of France and Lombardy.
800 **Karl the Great**, Emperor.
814 He dies. Succeeded by Ludwig I (*'Louis le Debonaire'*) as Emperor.

840 **Karl** II (*the Bald*) becomes King of Neustria and Burgundy.
875 Becomes Emperor.
877 **Ludwig** II (*the Stammerer*), King of France.
879 **Ludwig** III, King of Northern France.
882 **Karl** (*the Fat*), Emperor.
884 „ „ King of France.
892 **Karl** III (*the Simple*), King of France.
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929 Death of Karl III, his rival.
936 **Ludwig** IV (*d'Outremar*).
954 **Lothar.**
986 **Ludwig** V (*le Fainéant*).
987 **HUGH CAPET.**
996 **Robert.**
1031 **Henry** I.
1060 **Philip** I.
1066 Conquest of England by William the Bastard.
1095 Council of Clermont. First Crusade preached.
1099 Godfrey of Bouillon made King of Jerusalem.
1108 **Louis** VI (*the Fat*).
1122 (Close of the Investiture struggle).
1137 **Louis** VII (*the Young*).
1147 Second Crusade, joined by Louis VII.
1152 Eleanor, divorced from Louis, marries Henry of Anjou, afterwards Henry II of England.
1154 (Henry II, King of England.)
1180 **Philip** II (*Augustus*)
1189 (The Third Crusade, headed by Frederick Barbarossa.)
1202 (The Fourth Crusade.)
1203 Philip reduces Normandy.
1204 (The Latins take Constantinople.)
1206 Albigensian Crusade.
University of Paris founded.
1212 Innocent's Bull gives the kingdom of England to Philip Augustus.
1213 (King John submits, and does homage for his crown to the Papal Legate Pandulph.)
1214 Battle of Bouvines.
1215 (King John signs Magna Charta. Frederick II crowned King at Aachen; Emperor at Rome 1220.)
1216 Louis (son of Philip) lands in England.
1223 **Louis** VIII.
1226 **Louis** IX (*Saint Louis*), under regency and tutelage of Blanche.
1228 (Fifth Crusade, under Frederick II.)
1242 St. Louis defeats Henry III of England at Taillebourg and Saintes.
1248 Fifth Crusade, headed by St. Louis, to Egypt.
1254 St. Louis returns to Paris.
1261 (Latin Empire of Constantinople ends.)
1270 Sixth and last Crusade, headed by St. Louis, to Tunis.
„ **Philip** II (*the Rash*).
1273 (Rudolf of Habsburg elected King of the Romans).
1282 The Sicilian Vespers.
1285 **Philip** IV (*the Fair*).
1296 Philip resists the Papacy. War in Guienne against Edward I.
1301 Philip's quarrel with Boniface.
1302 Battle of Courtrai.
1303 Boniface taken prisoner by Nogaret.
1304 Philip defeats the Flemings at Mons-en-Puelle.

1307-9 Trial of the Templars.
1312 Abolition of the Order.
1314 **Louis X** (*'le Hutin,' the Turbulent*).
1316 **Philip V** (*the Tall*).
1322 **Charles V** (*the Handsome*).
1328 **PHILIP VI** (House of Valois).
1337 Beginning of the Hundred Years' War.
1340 Sea-fight off Sluys.
1346 Battle of Crécy.
1347 Edward III takes Calais.
1349 Charles, eldest son of John, son of Philip VI, takes the title of *Dauphin*.
1350 **John II** (*the Goodnatured*).
1356 Battle of Poitiers.
1358 The Jacquerie. Murder of Étienne Marcel.
1359 Open war between the Regent and the King of Navarre, Charles the Bad.
„ Du Guesclin appears.
1360 Treaty of Bretigny.
1361 Burgundy, on death of Philip de Rouvre, the last Duke of the first House, falls to the Crown.
1363 It is ceded as an apanage by John to Philip (*the Bold*), his fourth son.
1364 **Charles V** (*the Wise*). War with Charles the Bad, of Navarre. Battle of Auray.
1366 Du Guesclin in Spain.
1369 War with Edward III renewed.
1376 Death of Edward the Black Prince.
1377 Death of Edward III. Charles conquers all Guienne except Bordeaux.
1379 The Great Schism begins.
1380 Death of Du Guesclin.
1380 **Charles VI.**
1382 Battle of Roosebek. Death of Philip van Arteveld.
1387 Death of Charles the Bad, King of Navarre.
1392 Madness of Charles VI.
„ Disputes begin between the Houses of Burgundy and Orleans.
1399 (Revolution in England. Henry IV of the House of Lancaster proclaimed King.)
1404 Death of Philip the Bold of Burgundy; succeeded by John the Fearless.
1407 Assassination of the Duke of Orleans with approval of John of Burgundy.
1410 Burgundians and Armagnacs. The Cabochians appear at Paris.
1413 (Henry V of England.)
1415 Battle of Azincourt.
1418 Henry V occupies Normandy.
1419 Takes Rouen. Duke of Burgundy assassinated by the Dauphin's friends.
1420 Treaty of Troyes. Henry V heir to the throne of France, and Regent of France.
1421 Battle of Baugé, in which Scottish and French troops defeat the Duke of Clarence.
1422 Henry V returns, occupies Paris, dies at Vincennes.
„ His brother, the Duke of Bedford, Regent in France for Henry VI.
„ **Charles VII** (*the Well-served, the Victorious*).
1424 Battle of Verneuil.
1427 Dunois, 'the Bastard of Orleans,' appears.
1428 Siege of Orleans by Bedford and Burgundy.

1429 'Day of the Herrings.' The Maid of Orleans, Jeanne Darc, appears. Siege raised 8th May.
„ Battle of Patay.
„ Charles VII crowned at Rheims.
1430 The Maid of Orleans taken by the Burgundians at Compiègne.
1431 Trial and martyrdom of Jeanne Darc.
„ Council of Basle begins its sittings.
1435 Peace of Arras, between Charles VII and Philip (*the Good*) of Burgundy.
„ Death of the Regent Bedford.
1436 Paris retaken by the French.
1438 Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges.
1440 The Praguerie, under the Dauphin Louis.
1441 Pontoise taken from the English.
1444 Charles VII helps René against Metz; Louis takes an army into Switzerland.
1445 Institution of a standing army, and of fixed taxation.
1448 War renewed with England.
1450 Battle of Formigny. Normandy finally taken from the English.
1453 (Taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II.)
„ Final submission of Guienne to the French crown: end of the Hundred Years' War.

# INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

## *The Geographical Characteristics of Modern France.*

ABOUT three miles beyond the little town of Mentone the road from Nice to Genoa crosses a torrent, which dashes down from the Alps into the Mediterranean. And here begins an arbitrary border-line between France and Italy, as the frontiers are at present adjusted[1]. The line runs northward to the ridge of the Alps; and when it has reached the watershed, it turns north-west, dividing the Nizzard territory from Piedmont. Following the summit-ridge of the Alps, it skirts Dauphiné, going northwards as far as the Pass of Mont Cenis. Then it bends suddenly to the east, so as to embrace the new French territory of Savoy. Still rising and falling with the Alps, it climbs at last to the summit of Mont Blanc, where France now shares with Italy the possession of the highest ground in Europe. Thence northwards again, till it gradually drops down towards the shores of the Lake of Geneva, a short distance west of the point at which the muddy Rhone falls into that lovely sheet of water. The Lake lies between Savoyard France and Switzerland, except just at its foot, where the territory of the Swiss Canton of Geneva forces the line of the French frontier to dip southward, and fetch a circuit round that little home of liberty. Then falling into the old boundary of France (as it was before the cession of Savoy), it climbs the Jura, and passes along its ridge, north-eastward, to within a few miles of the other ancient Swiss frontier-city, Basel. Here it no longer meets the

[1] That is, since Nice and Savoy were ceded by Italy to France in 1859.

Rhine, as it did before the war with Germany in 1870, but turns reluctantly from that river so passionately desired by Gaul and Teuton; seeing it, but not permitted to touch its banks. The border keeps to the hills; running across the Trouée de Belfort, that all-important pass and gateway from France into Germany, or from Germany into France, as this or that people has the key,—the stronghold of Belfort.[1] Thence it seeks the ridge of the Vosges mountains; follows that line northwards, to a point nearly opposite Strasburg, where it abandons the hills, and crosses the plain-land to the northwest, so as to cut Lorraine in half, leaving the great fortress of Metz to the Germans, together with Thionville (Dietrichshofen) and some other frontier places. Then along the Luxemburg and Belgian frontiers, by an utterly arbitrary line, through the Ardennes forest, across the flats of Hainault and Flanders, till it meets the sea near Dunkirk. If a straight line be drawn from Strasburg to London, it will almost coincide with this west-north-west portion of the frontier. Dunkirk is the most northerly town of France. There we come to the sea, which bounds France along the west. The British Channel, then the open Atlantic, lastly the Bay of Biscay, wash first the shores of Picardy and the rocky coasts of Normandy and Brittany, then the plains of La Vendée and the Landes, till the peaks of the Pyrenees come in sight, stretching due east and west. A little below Bayonne the frontier divides France from Spain, leaves the coast, and mounts the Pyrenean ridge. Along it the line runs, till it drops down on the Mediterranean, south of Perpignan. Then comes again coast-line, past Narbonne and Montpellier, along the uninhabitable swamps formed by the Rhone, past Marseilles, the great southern port of France, along the sunny coast of Provence to the river Var, the old limit of France and Italy. Thence by Nice, under the bold mountains of western Liguria, till it is suddenly arrested by the rock of Monaco, where an independent Prince,

[1] At this moment (1872) the Germans hold it as part-pledge for the payment of the indemnity for the late war; but they are bound to restore it to France as soon as she has fulfilled the terms of the Treaty.

the smallest in Europe, rules over a single promontory, crowned with a little city, which boasts an unrivalled site, a palace, and a gambling-house. Here for a mile or two the line runs away from the Mediterranean; but it soon comes down again to the water, and, passing Mentone, ends at the little stream and humble custom-house, from which we started.

This line, which bounds the France of to-day, makes of her an irregular hexagon, three of whose sides are sea, and three are land. From the Mediterranean to the point where the line leaves the Vosges is the first side; from the Vosges to the North Sea, the second; from Dunkirk to Ushant, the third; from Ushant to Bayonne, the fourth; the Pyrenees, the fifth; and lastly, the Mediterranean coast.

It is a land blessed with innumerable advantages and opportunities. Its seaboards open to its ambition and commerce the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; it is compact and central; it has a delightful variety of climate, all within the temperate zone; its productions answer to its rich soil and friendly temperature; it is watered by many fine rivers, helpful alike for traffic and cultivation; inhabited sufficiently, not too densely, by an intelligent, industrious, thrifty and yet vivacious race. The faults and virtues of the nation have joined to make its annals splendid. Seated in the heart of Europe, touching, or nearly touching on one side or other, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, influencing them by the force of her cleverness, taste, love of approbation, and ambition, France boasts with some show of truth that she leads the ideas of Europe. She has influenced our politics, philosophy, mathematical sciences, literature, habits, and dress. In a century she passed from one absolutism, through many successive stages, to another. Other nations, beginning centuries earlier, have not yet travelled so far. The France of the Franks, of Feudalism, of the Crusades; the France which raised the Papacy to its highest, and then curbed its towering ambition for power, and held it captive at Avignon; the France which was the centre of scholasticism; which first built up a great absolute Monarchy as a pattern for Europe;

first turned the Reformation into a purely political movement; first led the Continent along the perilous path of revolution and re-construction; and destroyed the idol of Europe, the Balance of Power;—the nation that could do and be all this surely has a right to claim a place among the foremost. But in the deeper movements of mankind, France has not been so prominent. Paris was the Schoolmen's School, but the dim gigantic figures we discern therein were Italian, German, English, rarely French. The Reformation, in its deeper aspects, took little hold on the French mind. France has ever shown herself careless of individual freedom. Her movements moral, mental, or theological (like the onslaughts of her armies in old times), are rapid, fearless, overwhelming; but deficient in endurance. Consequently, she is little fitted to achieve the slow work of colonisation. Her people are not venturesome on the high seas; it is at home only that the Frenchman is at home. His race increases slowly; and away from France, does not increase at all. His influence, out of Europe, is not great. There are forces daily growing up outside the European circle, which will one day change the whole balance of the world's politics: these feel little or nothing of French influences, and care little for French ideas. But it is not our task to forecast the future, but to chronicle the past; and as we look along the pages of French history, we may readily grant that the 'great nation,' as she loves to style herself, has played a very brilliant part in the drama of national life. We cannot concede all the admiration she vainly claims, or re-echo the words of a French historian[1], who calls his fatherland the 'Centre of life, heart of Europe, France of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Napoleon!' Still, even deducting the great Corsican and greater German from this trio of her heroes, we gladly grant to France her place among the nations, and endeavour to trace her history, not from an English point of view, but as we might conceive it told by those who live in some neutral city across the sea, far from the disturbing influences which we feel; who

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français.

can trace the onward course of affairs without prejudice, or a desire to write proudly on every page the self-conscious motto 'quorum pars magna fui.'

France is in the main a level land, save to east and south. The Alps, and, north of them, part of the Jura chain, and, farther north, the Vosges, form the eastern frontier: on the west of the Rhone run the Cevennes, from the sources of the Garonne to near Lyons, whence they stretch in lower ridges in an almost continuous chain, parallel to the Alps and Jura. Detached from them, on the west, rise the volcanic mountains of Auvergne[1]. Far the largest part of France lies to the west of these ranges; and lesser lines of hills, running out nearly at right angles to the westward, divide the great plain of France into three parts, the districts of the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne. The northernmost of these offshoots looks over the beginnings of that vast plain of Northern Europe, which stretches hence to the Baltic.

Four great streams drain the surface of France. Of these, the first, unlike the others, runs from north to south, and falls into the Mediterranean: between the Alps and the Cevennes, the Rhone rolls its rapid stream through a land of vines and olives, under the walls of many ancient cities, chief of which is Lyons, second city of France, with her silk manufacture and busy trade; then come Vienne, Orange, Avignon, Arles, with Nîmes and Marseilles, in the valley, though not on the river, —all cities of the past, rich in relics of Roman power and dominion. The other rivers run from east to west, and fall into the Ocean. The districts drained by them lie parallel to each other, separated by the above-mentioned lower lines of hills. Of these, the southernmost is the Garonne, which drains Gascony and Guyenne, passes by Bordeaux through the Landes, and widens to a broad estuary, opening into the Bay of Biscay. Next comes the Loire, which waters the central plain of France, and runs from the Cevennes past Nevers, Orleans, Blois, Tours,

[1] Brittany, a land by itself, lying out of the general system of river valleys and of French characteristics, is hilly and wild, but can scarcely be called a mountain district.

and Nantes, to the south of the Breton coast. North again lies the basin of the Seine, which flows through a level country from the Vosges past Troyes, Paris, Rouen, till it meets the sea at Havre.

The Rhone valley may be divided into two districts; that above and that below Lyons—the valley of the Saone, and that of the Rhone. The former is famous for its wines; and its population is in the main Gallic, with a certain fusion of Burgundian or Teutonic blood. The latter is the ancient Roman Province, a land of sub-tropical products, the olive, the fig, the prickly pear; and its inhabitants have strongly-marked peculiarities of speech, habits, and appearance. They are mostly Iberian, with some Greek and more Roman blood in them. Ethnologically speaking, they have little or nothing to do with the French race. On the western slope of France, we have to the south another marked variety of man; it is the Euskarian[1] land, peopled by an Iberian race unmixed with other blood, untouched by Roman or other civilisation. This race dwells in the south-western corner of France, in the angle between the Pyrenees and the sea. Beyond the Garonne northward the true Gallic race begins. The basin of the Loire and Brittany contain the purest Celtic blood in France. This is specially the case with Brittany, where Celtic race, speech, customs, remain almost unchanged to this day. The rest of France, the France of Paris, the corn-growing district, has also a large proportion of Celtic blood, but of the Belgic, not the Gallic stock[2], modified by a great influx of Germans and Northmen; as may specially be seen in Normandy.

Thus it is clear that the French are mainly Celtic in origin. If we would appreciate French history aright, we must begin with this branch of mankind. The qualities which so strongly marked that race still mark the Frenchman. Two thousand years ago a Gallic chief stood as victor on the Roman Capitol. From that day to this, whether conqueror or conquered, the

[1] Eusk—, Vasc—, Gasc—, Basque.
[2] For the difference between Belgic and Gallic, see below, p. 9.

Gaul has been the same man; his history is one history. Therefore it is not enough to begin French history with the Capets and the Dukedom of Paris: we must go back to the first picture of the French people, drawn for us by Caesar. In the pages of that maker and narrator of history, we may read passages which might have been written of the Frenchman of to-day[1]. His graphic picture of his Gallic foes and friends—the first trustworthy record that we have—is as fresh and as true now as it was when it was first written.

[1] Thus in the De Bello Gallico, 6. 20. we read, 'Magistratus quae visa sunt occultant; quaeque esse ex usu iudicaverint, multitudini produnt. De re publica nisi per concilium loqui non conceditur.' Might not this have been penned, at Brussels, of Imperial France?

# BOOK I.

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Gaul.*

GADHEL, or Gael, says an old Irish tradition[1], was the son of Neim-heidh, whose name appears in such names of places as Nîmes (Nem-ausus), Nantes (Nam-netes). But tradition knows nothing of this father of a race which has written its name on many shores; nor is Gadhel himself more than the shadowy hero, the naming-father of a wide-spread family of men.

At the opening of history this race appears encamped in many lands. The British Isles, Jutland, part of the Baltic shores, Northern Greece, Italy, Spain, parts of Germany, and lastly Gaul, are filled with different branches of the race, under many names,—Belgians, Galli, or Kelts.

There is uncertainty as to the name by which those who dwelt in Gaul should be called. Are they Kelts or Gauls? Or are these names two forms of one word, and Kelt only the Greek way of spelling Gallus[2]. Perhaps we shall do well to use the word Gaul for the race, so far as the inhabitants of ancient Gaul are concerned; for the words Kelt, Keltic (Celt, Celtic) are more commonly used of the race generally.

[1] See Martin, Histoire de France, 1. 1. note 1.

[2] Κελ-τοί, Gal-li (cp. Galat-ae, Ammianus Marc. 15. 9. 3.), Gael. Martin derives it from Gallic *koilte*, a forest. It appears also in the Spanish Celtiberia. Caesar, Bell. Gall. 1. 1. says, 'qui ipsorum lingua *Celtae* nostra *Galli* appellantur.

Beside these names we find another, whose place must be assigned—the Belgae[1]. It is almost certain that long after the Gaul had settled in France, even within historic range, he was attacked by vast hordes of savages, also of Gallic blood, who were thrust westward by some cause or other. Passing into Gaul over the Rhine, they filled all the valley of the Seine, and part at least of that of the Loire[2]. In the very South of France, along the Mediterranean, there were two tribes, the Volcae Tectosages and the Volcae Arecomici, whose first name is held to indicate that they were of the Belgic stock[3]. These later comers seem to have been a finer race than the Gauls, taller, longer in the head, fiercer in war; but still blood-relations, and no more unlike than are the Teutonic German and the Teutonic Swede. It is thought by some that the name Belgae is rather the title of a confederation of warriors, than the name of a race of men.

These later comers seem to have thrust the older settlers into the eastern and southern hill-countries. Though many stayed, —as is always the case after an invasion of men who need both wives and slaves—and though no marked line can be drawn at which the Belgae end and Gauls begin, still it is certain that in Auvergne and the Cevennes, in Savoy and in Switzerland, the Gallic type is common, while the longer-headed Belgae may to this day[4] be distinctly traced as dominant in the rest of France, except in the district below the Garonne, in which dwell a totally different race, shorter, darker, lovers of sober clothing, with less of dash, but more of resisting power, kinsfolk in blood, appearance, and character to the Spaniard across the moun-

[1] The name Armorican (Ar = on, mor = the sea) is local, and peculiar to the Western Celts who peopled Brittany and its neighbourhood. It is true that Pliny (Nat. Hist. 4. 17.) uses the name Armorica for Aquitaine; but he is probably in error in this statement, as it stands quite alone.

[2] The districts in Map II marked Belgae and Galli show how far they spread.

[3] Volc may be the Latin form of Bolg = Belg. Caesar says that a part of this tribe was left behind and settled in the Hartz.—Bell. Gall. 6. 24.

[4] See M. W. F. Edwards' valuable monograph, *Des caractères physiologiques des races humaines*, pp. 48, 62.

tains. These southerners, Aquitanians,—whose name still lives in Gascony and the Basque provinces,—clinging to their mountains, showing something of a fondness for guerilla warfare, carried the principle of clanship to its utmost in the custom of 'devotions,' in which warriors, sometimes by hundreds, attached themselves to a chief, to fight for him, and lay their lives at his feet.

The points of distinction between the Gauls and the Belgae are worthy of study. For the Gaul we should visit Dauphiné, Burgundy, and Savoy; for the Belgae, Rheims, or any part of France north of the Seine. The Gaul's head, we shall see, is round, almost bullet-shaped, his forehead of average size, rounded, receding at the temples; his eyes large and open, nose nearly straight, not very long, rounded at the tip, chin not strong, also rounded at the end — a face blunted like a well-worn river pebble. He was spare of habit, counting fatness a disgrace; of average height, taller than the Latin, shorter than the German; his colouring fair, with blue eyes and long yellow hair, which, like some later tribes, he coloured red, to add to his attractions.

The Belgae were taller, and generally more like the German. Head longer, forehead high and square at the temples, nose long, slightly curved, pointed, with a rather distended nostril; chin sharp and well-defined. In colouring he was like the Gaul. In character more staid, less vivacious and active, more confident in his own powers, less easily disheartened, more thoughtful, less the victim of impressions. Merchants and their luxuries, so welcome to the Gaul, found no footing among the Belgae[1]; they retained much of their old savageness. It is not unlikely that they had in them a good deal of Teutonic blood, though this is uncertain[2].

Again: the Gaul seems to have been content with a gross

[1] Minime ad eos mercatores saepe commeant atque ea, quae ad effeminandos animos pertinent, important.—Caesar, Bell. Gall. 1. 1.

[2] Caesar, Bell. Gall. 2. 4. says, 'Reperiebat—*plerosque* Belgas esse ortos a Germanis, Rhenumque antiquitus traductos,' &c. But this may only mean that they came originally from the other side of the Rhine, without indicating that they were Germans.

worship of the powers of nature; but the Belgae apparently introduced the more refined worship of Druidism, with its awful ceremonies and tendencies towards a centralised, almost a national, system of religion. The former was the rudimentary worship of savages, the latter shewed reflection and a certain philosophical spirit, which marked the superiority of the incoming over the yielding race.

These differences having been noted, we may now go on to sketch the general characteristics common to both branches of the race, so far as we can make them out across the ages, or read them reflected in the modern Frenchman.

An eminently intelligent race: open to every impression, touched by heroism and greatness, by intellect and genius; a people of rare sensibility, who readily received the civilisation imposed on them by their masters. Theirs was a frank and open disposition, scorning subterfuge: if they lied, it was through vivacity and heedlessness, rather than of set purpose. They knew nothing of strategy and despised it: a fierce onslaught, straightforward, summed up their tactics. They could easily be circumvented. Caesar knew this, and acted on it. They had a vigorous imagination; their poetry was full of feeling, and dealt with nature and man, love, war, and the world unseen, in strange proportions. Ossian's poems may not be what they profess to be; but they have the true Gallic spirit. Merlin, Arthur, Guinevere, and the like, with whom we are now familiar, though retouched by the fashions of a later chivalry, are yet true Celtic figures, embodying the real characteristics of the race. Theirs too is the sense of honour, taking the form of passionate bravery, bitter feuds; they were fearless even against the powers of nature[1], despised death in battle, even slew themselves, if their chieftain perished, on his funeral cairn. To them, rather than to the Germans, belongs the sense of chivalry. Theirs the 'round Table,' the Gawains and Lancelots,—the round table at which all were equal, and none could

[1] 'The Kelts fear not even the ocean-waves.'—Aelian, Var. Hist. 12. 23, and Aristot. Eth. Eud. 3. 1.

quarrel for the higher or lower seat. But with these splendid qualities were weaknesses which undermined their strength. They were fickle; 'knew when they were beaten;' their very intelligence working them evil; they could make no long efforts or patient combinations; were ostentatious and vain; greedy of glory; apt to boast; very selfconscious, and sensitive as to praise and blame; 'unbearable,' says Strabo, 'as victors, hopelessly dejected if vanquished.' Added to this, their genius led them to group themselves in clans, each round its family chieftain; and endless were the feuds handed down for generations. This clannish feeling made any true national effort impossible. To them Caesar owed his triumph over Gaul. There was indeed one element of unity, Druidism. But the eastern Gaul cared little for it: it hid itself in deep forests, it dealt too little with the realities of life; its powers failed before tribe-differences: and by Caesar's time the Druid was less powerful in Gaul than the 'knight,' as the Roman calls him, the representative of aristocratic soldier-life. We should naturally expect such a race to be eloquent: and in fact we find that Gaul provided even Rome herself with teachers of rhetoric. The love of speech was innate in the Celtic race. Their sensibility, imaginativeness, quickness, all joined to give them the 'true genius of France, the genius for oratory[1].' As in speech, so in appearance: the Gaul loved a light and picturesque costume. His was the genius for display in every sense. Splendid apparel[2], fine horses and arms were dear to him. His usual dress was a sleeved shirt, with a rich embroidered overcoat of colours; and underneath this were breeches or trews (the words are Celtic) reaching to the foot. The wealthier sort wore collars, bracelets, rings, of gold; silver also and coral were set much store by; altogether a Gallic gentleman was a splendid sight. Such an one was Luern, described by Poseidonius; who drove full-dress through the crowd of his Arvernian sub-

[1] The more singular, as we know that the Gaul prided himself on an abrupt address and harsh guttural speech. Diod. Sic. 5. 31. (p. 213.)

[2] Witness the brilliant tartans, used as distinctive dresses by the clans of northern Scotland.

jects, scattering gold and silver as he went; a brilliant specimen of the ostentatious, praise-loving Gallic character. But when he went forth to war, the hero was still more splendidly barbaric. In earlier times he fought stripped, but finding this neither convenient nor brilliant, he devised for himself a splendid fighting-dress. He adopted the Latin body-armour, and combined with it his own peculiar notions as to costume. A metal helmet crowned with horns of ox or stag, or bearing, as a crest, some dragon or monster, above which waved tall plumes, raised his stature to superhuman dimensions. On his buckler was emblazoned some figure or symbol, origin of 'coats of arms' (just as his head-gear was the origin of more modern 'crests'); beneath it, a Roman cuirass; girt at his side was a long two-handed sword, a great 'excalibur,' whose chain of copper or iron clanked on his breast: a rich embroidered belt and golden bracelets completed his costume[1]. But the short thrusting sword of the Roman, in the iron hand of that strongwilled race, proved too much for all this bravery. The Latin knew that, if he could but hold out against the first onset, the day was won; and in this faith he fought and conquered.

Another figure must be dressed up by us—that of the warrior's rival, the mysterious Druid. We all know the circles of stone, silent memorials of the faith of those who dwelt here and in Western France. They are open-air temples, centres of Druid-worship. No image or appeal to art or beauty is there. The circle means eternity; the open heavens immensity; together they express the unlimited in time and space. Here dwelt Hesus, 'the Terrible,' 'the Unknown.' In its early purity, Druidism knew no bodily form or qualities attributed to this mysterious being. To him the oak was sacred, his the deep forests, in whose recesses the mistletoe was cut with awful ceremony. The territory of the Carnutes[2], nearly the very centre of Gallic France, was also the centre of Gallic worship. Thither the Druids went yearly, and under primeval forests performed their most sacred rites. It is

[1] Diod. Sic. 5. 30. (p. 213.)
[2] Who gave its later name to Autricum, the modern Chartres.

probable that, before the historic age, the different confederations of Gaul, perhaps even each tribe, had their own centres of worship. Alesia, afterwards the scene of the last struggle of Vercingetorix against Caesar, was the centre-point for the older Gauls; and it seems probable that all ancient towns, named Medio-lann[1], were centres of Druid worship. But at an early time the Druids had concentrated all on a point near Chartres (Autricum). Here they held solemn assemblies, at which the great confederations of Gallic blood were represented. Justice was done, and religious rites performed. Excommunication was launched against any turbulent chief who disregarded the decrees of the assembly. At their highest point of power the Druids seem to have ruled over all Gauls; the chiefs, for all their fierceness and bravery, bowed for a time before these mysterious possessors of unearthly powers.

These Druids, whose religion and philosophy have perhaps been overrated of late years, were certainly far above the rest of the race in intelligence and knowledge. They were sole depositories of such religion and learning as existed; they were the poets also, and the teachers of a warlike and imaginative race, singing the prowess of their ancestors, and rousing their sons to like deeds. Thus they were not only the clergy, but the clerks. Theirs was all the science, poetry, cultivation of their day. They were not a class marked off for sacred life and religious functions; not an hereditary caste, like the priesthoods of India, Egypt, or of the Jews; not mixed up with civil life, like the priests and augurs of Greece or Rome, who merged the priestly office in the general duties of society. They held a position peculiar to themselves, though not altogether unlike that of the clergy in the earlier middle ages. They trained the Gallic youth in colleges, by teaching them to learn by heart the verses which contained their philosophy. This exclusive

[1] Medio-lann is 'middle-town,'—meadhon = middle, and lann = enclosure, walled place, city. There was one among the Santones, one among the Eburovices, near the Seine, a third in the Aeduan territory, as well as the great Milan of Lombardy.

possession of education may be reckoned among their chief sources of power. They paid no tribute, nor service of war; they administered justice, they communed with another world; but did not withdraw themselves from this. Their dreadful excommunications struck terror into every heart, and enabled them to cope with the fierce warriors among whom they moved. They had also power to offer up, on great occasions, even human sacrifices.

But the Druids were not all on the same level. It was a graduated hierarchy, consisting of three orders—the Ouadd, or Ovate[1]; the Bard; and the Druid, rightly so called.

Of these, the Ouadd was the lowest grade; that of the sacrificing priest. He studied the facts of nature, and acted as augur and medicine-man. But his work was all practical and in detail. He might slay the victim, and note its last agonies, but he could not rise to heights of inspiration, or study the causes of things.

The next grade is that of the Bard; the inspired and sacred prophet of his race. The divine power entered into him, though he was not permitted to hold communion with it. Herein lay his superiority to the Ouadd, his inferiority to the Druid. The Ouadd had no inspiration, the Druid held converse with the Divine. The Bard, with his harp, sat in chieftains' halls, and poured forth God-inspired strains, of heroes, or the wisdom of great men of old. His it was to rouse to war, or still the passions of the people. He was the historian, the poet, the teacher of a people greedy of glory. He was the link between Druid and chieftain. It was an evil day for Druidism when the Bard became the mere flatterer and parasite of the great.

But the crown of the edifice was the Druid[2] himself; awful, seldom seen, a religious mystic and a philosopher, he dispensed

[1] A name probably connected with 'vates.' Ammianus Marcellinus (15. 9. 8) writes the word Euhages; perhaps connecting it with εὐαγής, holy.

[2] *Druid* is the Gallic form, meaning the oak. Zeuss, in his Grammatica Celtica, gives us the Welsh *derw*, the oak, whence *derwydd*, a Druid.

wisdom from the depth of some sacred wood, under the oaks, or from some grotto, whose dimness added solemnity to his person and his words. When he appeared in the outer world, it must be on some occasion worthy of him. Without his awful presence no sacrifice could be done. The Ouadd or sacrificing-priest could not lift his hand till he vouchsafed his presence. At times, when the spirit was on him, he sang, like the Bard, of things mystical; and thus his order embraced within itself both the others. He cut, at due time and with much solemnity, the golden bough, the sacred mistletoe of the oak. But the chief part of his life passed in strict seclusion. He was supposed to commune with the unseen world, to learn the will of God, and to act as a mediator. He contemplated the mysteries of nature, and uttered dark sayings as to the destinies of man, the life to come, the Deity himself.

Over the whole presided the Arch-Druid, as he is sometimes called, whose authority was supreme over all the grades. He was elected by the votes of the Druids alone[1].

The Druid lore was not committed to writing till a later date; and consequently whoever aspired to join the priestly ranks was obliged to learn the sacred verses off by heart, spending sometimes as long as twenty years at the task. In these poems there seem to have been included the doctrines of God as a First Cause, and of the immortality of the soul and its transmigration, according to that fine verse of the Latin poet[2], who tells us they regarded death as 'the middle point of a long life.' To this they added speculations as to nature, its origin and powers. This was their inner philosophy. All outward nature they held to be symbolical of this inner world; and they appear to have given special honour to the qualities of the circle. But, after all, it is doubtful whether early Druidism can lay claim to more philosophy than is contained in that sense of wonder and curiosity which they certainly had in common with other wild races of men.

[1] Caesar, Bell. Gall. 6. 13.
[2] Lucan, Phars. 1. 457. The whole passage deserves study.

And, indeed, the cruel human sacrifices, the butcheries of men, which characterised Druidism in its full power, destroy any illusion as to the ennobling character of the religion. It was, at best, barbaric, in spite of all its striking features.

These were the main elements of Gallic society:—the Chieftain,—an elected not hereditary head over his clan,—with his followers, the 'Knights' and freemen; and the Priest-Philosopher: beneath these, doubtless, was the usual herd of slaves. There seems to have been a time when the whole nation was subject to the Druids, who formed a kind of aristocracy of priests, with a lay-democracy, headed by its strongest and most popular members. In time this national unity (if indeed it really was such) perished; and the chieftains became almost independent sovereigns; each with his own aims and feuds; an easy prey for the Roman aggressor.

But we must not regard the Gaul of this time as a civilised member of a fixed body politic. The warrior-chief was almost a savage; the Druid-philosopher very like an impostor. Warrior and priest had few arts of peace, and had made little approach towards civilisation. Nor can we describe the steps by which they passed out of barbarism[1]. It must suffice us to have drawn the Gaul as he was long before his real history begins. We may imagine him living in open villages, in clearings of his forests, or beside his rivers, in circular wattled huts, each hut sheltered by a large roof, each family apart. Sometimes the Gauls built themselves fortified towns, surrounded with rough earthworks, traces of which still remain[2]; sometimes they hid themselves in retreats in wood or marsh, protected by palisades and ditches; or in strong natural positions, hill-tops, like Alesia or Gergovia. There they dwelt, by their clans; a social, community-loving race: for while the German was the man of independent life, and the Italian the man of cities, the Gaul was the man of tribal life, in clans whose bond was supposed to be that of blood.

[1] Cp. M. Edwards' admirable pamplet, quoted above.
[2] There is one not far from Dieppe.

The family usages of the Gaul are obscure. The marriage tie does not seem to have been much honoured by the men: the women were remarkable for high virtues: writers who blame the men most, yet praise the women. They had little or no polygamy; nor is it clear that Caesar was right in saying that the wife became the husband's chattel. The clan, thus composed of rather indistinct families, was under one chieftain, selected by them. He was not absolute, but must listen to the ancients, and obey the armed council of his tribe. There appear to have been two classes of men enjoying freedom: the 'high man,' or horseman; and the simple freeman. One discerns, at least at first, no barrier between them: the 'high men' were a pure aristocracy of merit; that is, of prowess. Under these were, first, degraded members of the tribe; and then, at the bottom of the social scale, slaves of the sword.

There exist vivid descriptions of their splendour and squalor, of excess of revelry, and want: but these belong to a later time, the period of decay, which must next occupy our attention.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Gaul before the time of Caesar.*

'It would seem,' says Martin, 'as though the Gaul could neither live apart nor together[1].' They clung together in clans, and the clan was in ceaseless commotion; personal quarrels within, clan-rivalries without. Even Druidism could not cure this evil, which at last laid Gaul at the conqueror's feet. Druidism in course of time, fell from its preëminence. The chieftains wrested the power from the Druids' hands[2], and established a despotic rule over the clans, with (for a time at least) hereditary succession. The Druids proper, not being of this world, hermits who neither lived the village life, nor attached themselves to the tribe, were powerless against these representatives of active life. The other sacred orders, the Bard and the Ouadd, sank into contempt. The Ouadd became his chief's domestic chaplain; the Bard the humble ornament of his feast. The Ouadd did sacrifice, as it were, in his master's interest; he went with him to war, or gave religious sanction to his despotism at home: such was his clerical life and duty. The Bard, at the chief's table, struck his harp and sang his master's deeds of war, his open hand, his ancestry. He was repaid in cash or in victuals[3]. Poseidonius, a philosopher of Caesar's day, tells us this tale of Luern, a Gallic 'king.' He gave a feast, and bade

[1] Martin, Histoire des Français, tom. 1. p. 34.
[2] See Amédée Thierry, Histoire des Gaulois, tom. 4. ch. i.
[3] Athenaeus, Deipnos. Bk. 6. p. 246 D. (Ed. Casaubon.)

his bard be there. By some mishap, he did not come in time; when he arrived, Luern was mounting his chariot to go forth in state. The bard, to do the best he could, girt up his robe, struck on his harp a sad chord, and as he ran sang his master's praises, and bewailed his own ill-luck in being too late for the feast. The chief flung to the dusty breathless bard a purse of gold. He picked it up, struck a joyful note, and sang in jubilant strains that the honoured ground over which his master passed blossomed with flowers of gold. So they moved on, Luern in his glory, the bard in the heat and dust by his side[1].

Meanwhile, wealth increased; villages grew into towns, and the despot-chiefs had to give way. Thus in 121 B.C. the Arvernians had a 'king'; but in 60 B.C. they were ruled by a magistracy, who actually condemned a man to death for grasping at kingly power. And this change, though in itself probably a change for the better, lessened the power of resistance. Caesar's best opponents were not councils of magistrates, but single heroes, who rose above the tribal feuds, and held a sort of dictatorial power.

From the time of the decline of the Druids foreign expeditions had ceased: the Gaul was either struggling against his brethren, or lapped in peaceful, even luxurious, ease. Wealth and poverty increased: the passion for display grew, and with it the love of pleasure and self-indulgence; the low-toned moral sense of the Gaul and his great vivacity laid him open to many degrading influences. He lost his barbaric virtues, and took up the vices of civilised life. No high ideal of duty or national existence came in to save him. He began to traffic; sent his goods through Massilia to Rome, his woollen robes, Sequanian hams, and the like; and bartered them for casks of wine and other luxuries. Merchants passed through the land, corrupting all they touched. They were set down at the feast, and bidden to tell their traveller's tales to the Gaul, who was never weary of hearing some new thing. They taught the natives to

[1] Told by Athenaeus, Deipnos. Bk. 4. p. 152 E. (Ed. Casaubon.)

look up with awe to the splendour and vices of Rome. The Gaul was a ready scholar. He began at once to assimilate himself to the Imperial race; borrowed their ideas and habits, and at last their speech. Thus the process began; nor has it ever ceased since. The influence of Latin institutions and ideas has ever been supreme in France.

First the Gaul caught only the love of outward splendour. He must be moulded by the great conqueror's hammer before he could accept that Law and Order which it was the mission of Rome to preach in all the Western world.

Thus then, at this early time, Gaul began her education in the world: began it in the eager seeking for national splendour and enjoyment. She invented 'German silver,' to make a greater show at less expense; she found out bright dyes, forged armour for parade, not for battle; she cured unrivalled hams; her cheeses, prepared in her highlands, sold well in Italy; her beer was good; she invented yeast, employed sometimes to make bread, and sometimes to improve the complexion; she grew fine wines, and invented wooden casks to keep them in. The old honourable equality of neither wealth nor poverty departed: debt and slavery and wealth, squalid and splendid vices came in: property was insecure, but all tended to strengthen the strong, to enrich the rich. Strongholds were built, to defend not the nation, but its property. In Caesar's day the state of Gallic society was very bad. 'In all Gaul,' says he, 'there are but two classes of men, who are of honour and account; for the common folk are reckoned as but little better than slaves, dare nothing of themselves, have no voice in council. Most of them' (the old freemen of Gaul) 'when overwhelmed with debt or taxation, or by gross injustice done them by the stronger, make themselves slaves to the nobles. The two classes left are Druids and Knights[1].' Of these the 'Knights,' sole remnant of the original chivalry of Gaul, were still powerful: the Druids were a picturesque relic of the past.

This was the enfeebled and degraded society which was

[1] Caesar, Bell. Gall. 6. 13.

summoned to resist the solid practical Roman, led by the chief captain of ancient history.

It is time we turned to trace the early relation between the two races. About 388 B.C. a Gallic host under its 'Brenos,' or Chief, took and sacked Rome, in spite of Camillus. Thus began the relation of the races. For half a century the Senonian Gauls threatened the feeble little republic, and Rome could barely make head against them. In 349 B.C. there is a Gallic war going on in the Pomptine district. Early in the next century the Senonians support the Etruscans against Rome: in 283 B.C. they meet with their first great check from the Consul Dolabella. In the subjugation of Gallia Senonensis (Sinigaglia and Rimini) we find the first proof that the tide has turned. After a half century of quiet, the struggle recommenced. Rome ever advanced, added post to post, stretching towards the white barriers of the Alps. But in 218 B.C. came a new enemy. Hannibal, as he passed through Gaul, found the natives generally eager to count him their champion; they helped him forwards, they swelled his ranks. Through Gallic help alone could his grand schemes succeed; their inability to follow up and sustain a great movement was one chief cause of his failure in the end.

While Hannibal was ascending the Rhone valley, a Roman army under Scipio landed at Massilia. For the first time a Roman soldier set foot in Gaul. Massilia, Carthage's rival, favoured the Roman side: and through her interested action the Romans gained their first foothold. Massilia was founded by Phocaean settlers about six hundred years before Christ. It was the first foreign settlement on Gallic soil, and for four hundred years had no influence on Gallic history. The traveller, when he visits the 'southern doorway of France,' looks with interest at a city, which has now stood nearly 2500 years, and at the critical moment opened its gates to the Roman invader, who came to lay the foundation of Modern France.

Hannibal failed; but Rome did not fully subdue North Italy till 191 B.C. Then the Cisalpine Gaul, with national docility, soon took Roman dress and habits, and his land became the

'Gallia Togata' of Roman history. Massilia became the second seaport city of the Mediterranean; Alexandria alone surpassing her. In 154 B.C., much vexed by her old Ligurian neighbours and foes, she called in the Romans to her help. They came gladly. Opimius penetrated into Celto-Liguria, subdued the Oxybii and Deceates, who dwelt near the Var, just above Antipolis (Antibes), and handed them over to Massilia. Thirty years later the Salyes were conquered, and the whole seaboard from Var to Rhone was given to the Massiliots, while Rome took the interior; and Caius Sextius, proconsul, founded the first Roman city in Gaul (122 B.C.), and called it by his name, the Aquae Sextiae (Aix in Provence); a city standing in a lovely valley, blest with hot and cold springs, and girt in with tree-clad mountains. Thus began the Roman occupation, which soon spread northwards. The Cavares, a race dwelling round Arausio (Orange), and the Vocontii submitted. The Romans touched the Isara. Here they met a brave and powerful tribe, the Allobrogians, who dwelt in the land between Vienne and Geneva. But here too were those feuds, which were ever so helpful to them. The Arvernians and Aeduans led the two parties of eastern Gaul. The latter were at war with the Allobrogians, who accordingly were in alliance with the Arvernians. Massilia stept in and arranged terms between the Aeduans and Rome. They became 'the friends of Rome,' and the storm of war burst on their Gallic rivals. Bituit[1], head of the Arvernian league, was beaten in battle by Domitius and Quintus Fabius Maximus;—it is said that he lost 120,000 men. Bituit himself, decoyed by Domitius to a conference, learnt as a captive the 'more than Punic perfidy' of Rome. He was sent to Rome, where his painted armour, silver chariot, and strange looks made a show for the sovereign people. The Romans treated the Arvernians well, but, finding it convenient, confiscated the lands of the Allobrogians. The whole Rhone-valley, on its eastern side, from Geneva to the mouth, except the Massiliot territory, became a province, Gallia Braccata;

[1] Son of that Luern, who has been already mentioned on pp. 19, 20.

that is, the Gaul whose people wore the native 'breeks,' as opposed to Gallia Togata, in which they had donned the Roman toga. The God Terminus moved forward along the western coast, as far as to the Pyrenees, and inland to the Cevennes. In 118 B.C. a new capital was founded for the province, indicating its changed dimensions, at Narbo Martius (Narbonne), famous as the first Gallic municipium, or city enjoying all rights of Roman citizenship except the suffrage. Thus there arose on the seaboard a proud and famous city, with a station for the fleet, good harbourage, and proconsular residence. From that day the political splendour of Marseilles waned.

The same Domitius[1] also built the great highway, the via Domitia, along the Ligurian Alps: it was the first great 'Corniche road.' Colonies multiplied throughout the Province, cities sprang up with Roman forms and different degrees of Roman citizenship, destined to bear fruit long afterwards in the influence of town-life over the southern districts of France.

Not long after this time a terrible earthquake in Northern Europe drove the Cimbrians of Jutland and the Teutons of North Germany southwards. They streamed on till they reached Gaul; they overthrew the legions sent to resist them. In 107 B.C. they reached the west bank of the Rhone. The Volcae-Tectosages, impatient of their Roman neighbours, seized Tolosa (Toulouse), and joined the Gallo-Teutonic alliance. Caepio retook Tolosa, and carried off all the vast treasures he found in the temple of Belen and elsewhere, among which were said to be the spoils of the temple of Delphi, sacked long before by the Gauls. But as Caepio withdrew, he was overtaken on the Rhone, his army utterly destroyed, his treasure lost[2].

Marius remained to make head against the Gallo-Teutons.

[1] Surnamed Ahenobarbus, 'bronze-bearded.'

[2] A Latin proverb as to accursed gains long commemorated this mishap. 'Habet aurum Tolosanum' was said of any one whose wealth—the wealth so often of rapine and extortion—seemed to carry a curse with it.—Aulus Gellius, 3. 9.

While they, careless of the worth of time, delayed, he drew his forces together; established himself near Arelate (Arles), cut a deep canal (the Fossa Mariana) from Arles, through the district of the Craü[1] to the sea[2]. The barbarians crossed the Rhone, and offered battle, which Marius refused. As they passed on towards Aquae Sextiae they shouted into his camp 'What messages for your wives!' But the Romans held their peace. When, however, the great host was past, Marius broke up and followed. In the hills not far from Aix (102 B.C.) he forced them to fight one of the world's decisive battles. Had he failed, they would have penetrated into Italy, and joined the Cimbrians, descending from the Tyrol; and who knows what would have been the end? As it was, Marius defeated them with horrible carnage; and afterwards, on the other side of the Alps, he fell on the Cimbrians and crushed them also.

Not long after this, in 100 B.C., Caesar, in more than one way the great successor of Marius, was born.

The social and civil wars of Rome brought great trouble on the Province. But another danger impended: about 62 B.C. a mixed horde of Germans, under Ariovistus, were called in by the Sequanians; for they wished to use them as a counterpoise to the Aeduans[3], who, thanks to Roman friendship, lorded it over the other tribes, shutting off from the Sequanians the commerce of the Saone, and that of the Loire from the Arvernians. The combined Gauls and Germans fell on the Aeduans, defeated them, and drove them to submission. Divitiacus the Druid alone refused to yield. He hastened to Rome and prayed the Senate to help his people. Rome was ready enough, but for a time lacked the power; and meanwhile the Germans kept pouring in through this new opening into eastern Gaul.

[1] The Crau is a strange flat district below Arles, covered thickly with rounded pebbles. Its name is Celtic. Crau is the Celtic kraeg, whence our 'crag,' and the Alpes Craiae or Graiae.

[2] This canal has given its name to the village of Foz, situated at its mouth. The French government is about to reopen it, so as to escape the dangerous navigation of the Rhone mouths.

[3] The Aeduans were much under Druid influences, and kept up the old elective headship; the Sequanians had a hereditary succession.

Through this same opening, where the land drops between the Jura and the Vosges, one of the most vulnerable portions of the frontier, poured in later days the Allemans, the Huns, the Burgundians, and in modern times the Allies on their way to Paris in 1814. By 58 B.C. Ariovistus could boast that Germany, like Rome, had her province in Gaul. Gaul at this time leant on three external powers. The older tribes of the south-east depended on Roman civilisation; the Gauls, all the central and western tribes, and especially the Armoricans, leant upon Britain; while the purer Belgae of the north, proud of their more barbarous state, drew towards Germany. The Nervians and Trevirans, a little later, affected a German origin, though they were really Gallic. The Aquitanians, after their natural bent, stood aloof, on the defensive. Lastly, the Helvetians, a Gallic race dwelling in Switzerland, retained their warlike habits, and were straitened for room. The Helvetian Orgetorix, seeing that his country lay between Germans and Romans, and that if Gaul fell it must also fall, conceived the bold plan of a great Gallic confederation, headed by the Helvetians, who, to be in a more central position, should emigrate to the shores of the ocean, in the territory of the Santones. There, under one chief, they should direct and reinspire the whole Gallic race. But Orgetorix fell a victim to his plan. The Helvetian chieftains, jealous of his genius, called him to judgment. He appeared; but all his clan, his friends, his debtors, above ten thousand men in arms, stood behind him. The chiefs were fain to let him march away free. But the opposition to him was too strong; and the great Helvetian, to withdraw from among them the cause of civil war, slew himself in the year 59 B.C.

His emigration plan did not perish with him. The Helvetians made ready to move. Then Rome heard of it, and sent forth her greatest general to resist it. Caesar was made Proconsul of Gaul first for five years, from 58 to 54 B.C., and his command was prolonged for five years more, from B.C. 53 to 49.

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## CHAPTER III.

### *Caesar in Gaul*, B.C. 58—50.

THE social and civil wars did three things for Rome. They destroyed the old breed of citizens; they taught men to regard the army as the only remaining power; and they paved the way for Caesar.

Caesar saw clearly the position he was in. He was the darling of the people, the deadly foe of the aristocracy. The people thought him the successor of Marius, his kinsman. But the Senatorial aristocracy was still strong; and there was only one power that could overcome it—the army. He therefore shaped his course towards the possession of that power. In 60 B.C. he formed a secret agreement with Pompey and Crassus, to divide equally the power of Rome. The Triumvirate was hollow; but it sufficed for Caesar's aims. He had need to prove himself a great soldier; this could only be done at a distance from Rome, and it was necessary for him to leave his rear, as it were, defended, by putting Rome into friendly hands. Pompey and Crassus were, for the time, willing to remain at home; and Caesar, who already had fought with credit in Spain, got for himself the legions destined for the West. In B.C. 59 the people voted him Illyricum and Cisalpine Gaul as his provinces, with three legions, for five years; and the Senate, thinking to remove him farther from Rome, added Transalpine Gaul as well, with an additional legion.

In the spring of 58 B.C. he set forth. He knew of the move-

ment going on in the high Alps, and went straight to meet it. Eight days after he left Rome he was at Geneva. The Helvetians had two lines of exit; one through the Sequanian land, the other by Geneva and the Rhone. They first tried the Sequanian line; but Caesar, when Consul in 59 B.C., had secured the Sequanians in the interest of Rome, and the Helvetians were refused a passage. They then turned towards Geneva; but here Caesar headed them, breaking down the Rhone bridge. Their ambassadors came, asking for peaceful passage through the province; he replied that he must take a few days to reflect on their demand. His reflections took the shape of earthworks along the Rhone; for he was specially great as a spade-soldier; he gathered troops (for in his haste he had outrun his army), and when the Helvetians came for his reply, he refused them passage, and was able to enforce his refusal. Again they turned towards the other route; by help of the Aeduan Dumnorix they got leave, and safely crossed the Jura. But the Aeduans resisted them at the passage of the Arar (Saone), and though their opposition was but slight (for there were among them the usual factions), they wasted precious time, and enabled Caesar to hasten into Italy, to gather five legions, and to return and catch the Helvetian rear in the act of crossing the Saone. These he fell on and defeated, then passed the river, and followed them. At Bibracte (Autun) they faced round and fought. After a tough struggle they were utterly routed, and driven northward into the Lingonian country, where Caesar again came up with them and reduced them to submission. The Boians were permitted to settle in Gaul, in consideration of their bravery: the rest returned to their old homes, and are the ancestors of the French-speaking Swiss. Not a third of their numbers recrossed the Jura.

Ariovistus and his Germans, fairly settled in the northern Sequanian lands, ought in prudence to have joined the Helvetians. But they stood by, awaiting their time. It soon came. Caesar, who hitherto had flattered the German chieftain, sent him a message that he must stop the flow of Teutons into Gaul, and give up the Aeduans he held as hostages. The

proud German defied Caesar and Rome,—little knowing what he did. He thought he had all Germany at his back; it was rumoured that the hundred Suevian cantons were crossing the Rhine into the lands of the Trevirans to help him. But Caesar gave them no time. He marched on Vesontio (Besançon), the capital of the Sequanians, a strong position, key of the whole campaign, got there before Ariovistus, and made it his head-quarters. His men began to shew signs of fear. The enemy was new and fierce: all counted the Teuton as far more terrible than the Gaul. But Caesar could use words as well as spades or swords. He called his legions together, and said, 'Abandon me, if you will, you others—but give me my tenth legion—the tenth does not desert; with it alone I will conquer.' He touched the right chord; the soldiers were his tools from that moment; and his way to Empire lay open. He at once attacked the Teuton camp; forced it after a savage fight, and massacred its defenders. The Germans were thrust back on the Rhine, and perished almost to a man. Ariovistus crossed the river and died in Germany. The Suevians, hearing of the disaster, withdrew with all speed, and with no small loss.

Thus Caesar crushed two formidable foes in one year. The Aeduans recovered their threatened supremacy, and Caesar was welcomed as a deliverer. Next year (57 B.C.) the Belgae of northern Gaul were in motion. Caesar, who had gone into Cisalpine Gaul[1], returned promptly to his army, which lay in winter-quarters in Sequania. He had already secured the friendship of the Trevirans and Remi, thanks to the ceaseless tribal jealousies. The Trevirans had fallen under his influence when pressed by the Suevian Germans; and the Remi hoped, by the favour of Rome, to hold the first place in the northern confederacy, as the Aeduans did in the eastern. They opened the gates of their capital Durocortorum (Rheims) to the Romans: and the Belgae, to punish them, marched into their country. But the Aeduans pushed on as far as to the borders of the Bellovaci (Beauvais),

[1] To watch over the rest of his province, and his interests at home:—*ἐνταῦθα καθήμενος ἐδημαγώγει*, says Plutarch, in his Life of Caesar, p. 717.

in the Roman interest; and the Belgae broke up, to defend their threatened homes. Caesar followed them, took Noviodunum (Soissons), and reduced at once the Suessones and Bellovaci. The Nervians, a warlike tribe, proved themselves more worthy foes. They assaulted the Roman camp with so much fury, that had not Caesar united the skill of a general with the daring of a common soldier, all had been lost. It was his day of greatest peril. The Nervians scorned to yield: out of sixty thousand fighting men, scarcely five hundred remained unwounded. Caesar shewed wisdom and generosity: he guaranteed to the wreck of the tribe its lands and goods. Then he attacked the Aduatici in the Ardennes, and enslaved the whole tribe. In the spring of 56 B.C. Armorica was overrun; and Caesar destroyed the fleet of the Veneti, who had headed a new league against Rome, while Sabinus routed their land forces. The younger Crassus overcame the Aquitanians; and the whole circuit was complete. From Provence, by Helvetia, Sequania, the Belgic tribes, the Veneti in Armorica, the Loire, and Aquitania, and so round to Provence again;—this was the triumphant course of the legions. The Morini and Menapii, people of marsh and woodland, in the north-eastern corner of Gaul, hard by the Batavian island, alone stood out unsubdued.

In 55 B.C., after a raid into Germany, he overcame the Morini. And lastly, he determined to sever the connection between Gaul and Britain, the home of Gallic traditions and faith. Hence his British expeditions that year and the next. It is doubtful whether he gained much:—some glory to himself, but little benefit to Rome. He brought back from his second expedition slaves and a few pearls, and the nominal submission of Cassivelan. Britain remained as she was; the tribute imposed on Cassivelan was never paid; and meanwhile the Gallic tribes had time to breathe, and organise a great revolt against their stern master. And this time the Aeduans, Rome's old allies, feeling that Caesar in attacking the sacred island was smiting Druidism to the heart, threw off their allegiance and joined the national

movement. Caesar speaks of this rising in such a tone as conquerors are ever apt to use. The love of liberty, the spirit of patriotism, are branded as the fickleness of a race which ought to know itself beaten, and be quiet. A subject race, when it tries to throw off the yoke, is always counted traitorous by its masters. The Gauls seemed to Caesar to be unreasonable and troublesome. The expedition into Britain, which should have been lucrative and dazzling, and the last act of a series of splendid campaigns, proved to be but the beginning of new dangers. The triumph was delayed, who could say how long? and the fortunes of war, proverbially fickle, might change. No new glory could be won, and all as yet gathered might be lost. Returning from Britain he had met the Gallic deputies at Samarobriva (Amiens), and finding all tranquil, had put his troops into winter-quarters along the north coast and the Meuse. He was starting for Italy, when the sound of an explosion in the territory of the Carnutes, the centre of Druid faith, fell on his ear. The Gaul, too impatient by nature to wait, had broken out too soon. The Eburones rose, and destroyed Sabinus' army. Ambiorix, their victorious chief, called on his countrymen: the Nervians and Aduaticans replied. All northern Gaul was moved. Cicero, the orator's brother, who was wintering in the Nervian country, was beleagered by them; but Caesar, with incredible speed and boldness, saved him, and saved himself. Now all Gaul began to stir. Tidings of nightly meetings in desert spots reached him from every side. The Senones revolted; the Trevirans were in motion; but Indutiomar, chief of the anti-Roman party there, was surprised and slain. Thus, with this ominous swaying and writhing, closed the year 54.

Early in 53 Caesar had gathered together ten legions—his largest army. He ravaged the Nervian country, and held another assembly at Samarobriva. The Senones, Carnutes, and Trevirans did not appear. He moved the conference to a marshy islet on the Sequana (Seine), and there, in the poor little village of Lutetia, the site of the 'cité' of Paris, he held

converse with the Gallic chiefs. He speedily quieted the insurgent clans, as he thought, and returned to Italy.

But the moment he was gone the Carnutes rose again. They seized Genabum, the central Druidical town, and other cities in their parts, murdering all foreigners. The Arvernians also revolted, placing the young Vercingetorix[1] at their head. Young, tall, and vigorous, skilful at arms, and bravest of Gauls, he combined at their best all the qualities of the race. He inspired first his own tribe, then the whole of Gaul, with a really national enthusiasm. The noblest figure of independent Gaul, he is also the last. When he submitted, resistance was over. It has been well said of him that, 'to take rank among the greatest of men he only needed another enemy and another historian.' Unfortunately, the same consummate and ungenerous captain, who conquered him, also drew his picture.

Vercingetorix collected an army, and moved northwards, to crush the scattered legions and to raise the Belgae, while his second in command went south, to rouse the southern Gauls and to overwhelm the Province. Caesar returned hot-foot from Italy, and fell on the Arvernian lands; so that the Arvernians in the Gallic army, like the Bellovaci before, abandoned the general cause to defend their homes; and the legions were saved. Then Caesar hastened with only a troop of horse through the Aeduan land, and rejoined his army. Thence southwards again to Noviodunum (Nevers), which he took. Vercingetorix now saw that the time for open force was past, and induced his countrymen to take a terrible resolution. They would destroy all their towns and houses, and starve out the enemy. Over twenty Biturigan towns were burnt in one day. But when they came to Avaricum (Bourges), their hearts failed, and it was spared;—spared that Caesar might presently storm it, and put every human being to the sword—and find in it

[1] Vercingetorix means 'the great chief of a hundred kings.' 'Ver' (Welsh *vawr*) = great; 'cin', 'kin' (or kenna) = chief; 'geto', 'keto', 'kedo' (Greek ἑ-κατ-ον) = a hundred, and 'rix' (Lat. rex) = king. It is not quite clear whether it is a proper name or a title of office. At any rate it is characteristically Gallic in its splendour.

ample food and munitions of war. Thus their sacrifices were rendered null, because they had not heart to carry them out completely. Four legions were now sent with Labienus to the north; with six Caesar marched on Gergovia in the land of the Arvernians. But there Vercingetorix won a splendid victory over him; and he had to raise the siege and fall back on Labienus. The Gallic hero was now strong enough to return to his old plan. He moved northward against Caesar, and sent a subsidiary army into the Province. But Caesar gave him battle not far from Divio (Dijon), defeated him, and broke the Gallic spirit. The heroism that could die, could not bear defeat. Vercingetorix was compelled to withdraw his weakened forces into the fortress-town of Alesia in the Mandubian country, till the Gauls had time to recover spirit. Alesia stood on the crown of an oval hill, in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, its feet washed by two rivers. The town and its works covered the whole plateau of the hill; its sides were steep and unassailable. Here was the theatre of the last struggle between independent Gaul and Rome, between Vercingetorix and Caesar. The Gallic cavalry were sent forth to rouse the land; the infantry held the town. It was a last effort, and all heard the cry and came, except the Remi, the old and faithful friends of Rome. Meanwhile the garrison suffered horribly; it became a question of starving or expelling the non-combatants. They were driven forth to perish between the rocky walls of the fortress and the not less rocky lines of the besiegers, like the wretched citizens under the walls of Chateau Gaillard in 1204. Caesar's skill as a spade-soldier again served him. He won the war by the mattock. He drew great lines round the place, and rested in them, awaiting the supreme moment. At last the relieving army came. From within and without the Gauls threw themselves on the Roman works. There was a hill so large that the Roman earthworks could not encircle it. Two legions held it; it was the key of the position, and against it the chief efforts of the Gauls were in vain directed. After a long and terrible struggle the Roman remained master of the place. The

relieving army was driven back; Vercingetorix slowly withdrew into Alesia. Next day he called his men together, and told them he was going to Caesar; that by sacrificing himself he might save them. And the last scene was worthy of the rest, and curiously Gallic. Caesar sat on a high tribunal within the Roman lines. Suddenly a splendid horseman, fully armed, his steed covered with bright trappings, came in at a gallop, and reined up his horse at Caesar's feet. It was Vercingetorix, who dismounted, threw down his arms, and silently awaited his doom, beaten but not broken, before the man whose 'lines of destiny' had so cruelly crossed his own. Caesar shewed the unworthy side of the Roman character. The patriot was in his eyes only a rebel, the hero a barbarian. He broke out into bitter words, and bade the lictors seize him. Vercingetorix was reserved 'to make a Roman show'; then for six years he lay in prison, before the axe fell, and released his noble soul.

But he had saved the Arvernians from ruin. Caesar set free twenty thousand captives: the war lingered on, in a petty way, through 51 B.C.; but by the winter Gaul was 'pacified,' and at the conqueror's feet.

From that moment Caesar's whole policy changed. He became kind, almost indulgent. He had read the Gallic character, and saw what great use he could make of it. With the legions devoted to him, and an exhaustless reserve of Gauls, his path to Rome was open. Ere long we have the Gallic legion, the 'Alauda' or Lark, so called from the figure of a lark, a relic of the old Gallic splendour, on their helmets; and this body did Caesar good service at Pharsalia and elsewhere. He lightened the Gallic tribute, and called it by a softer name; he did what he could to lessen the evils of debt and clientship—other names for slavery; forbade human sacrifices, and repressed Druidism, the lifespring of their national existence. The Romans grumbled; for he seemed to slight them,—as indeed he did, despising the motley crew. He seems really to have liked the gallant Gaul better than the dissolute and unworthy successors of old Rome, the mongrel occupants of the Imperial City.

To face p. 35

GAUL
IN PROVINCES
AFTER
AUGUSTUS.
BRITANNIA
GERMANIA INF.
GERMANIA SUP.
BELGICA
I
II
PARISII
IV
LVGDVNENSIS
III
MAXIMA
SEQVANORUM
I
AQVITANIA
II
VIENNENSIS
NARBONENSIS
II
NOVEM POPULANIA
NARBONENSIS
I

# CHAPTER IV.

## *Gaul under Roman Influences.*

### B.C. 50—A.D. 476.

We shall treat of this period only so far as it is needful to trace the education of the Gaul in Roman ideas, and the growth of a certain civilisation in the country. It is not an interesting period; for it is a time of ever-increasing wretchedness, first under the Roman heel, then under the equally crushing domination of the German. It would seem as though the light and impressible Gaul needed this severe discipline before he could take his right place in history; and the modification of his ideas under Roman influences gives us the clue to much of his later character. His conceptions of universal empire, whether intellectual or martial, come from Rome; so too his habit of living by strict law and 'logical sequence,' and his tendency to reduce all things to their principles and to codes; hence also comes his delight in centralised city-life; hence his deep belief in the equality of all mankind, which is again joined with a complete indifference as to personal freedom; hence perhaps also comes what seems to be an inaptness for constitutional ways of government, so singularly combined in his case with a love and respect for official persons and places; hence come, finally, his nomenclature and his language.

We may divide this period into four parts:

I. The final struggle against Rome, B.C. 50—A.D. 70.

II. Gaul under the Empire to the accession of Diocletian, A.D. 70—284.

III. The age of barbarian incursions, and the struggle against the Germans, A.D. 284—406.

IV. The age of German settlements to the era of Hlodowig or Clovis, A.D. 406—476.

## I. *The final struggle against Rome*, B.C. 50—A.D. 70.

Plutarch tells us that Caesar fought in Gaul against three millions of men: one million perished; one was enslaved; one remained[1]. And this was Gaul 'pacified'! She lay prostrate at her master's feet. But the race quickly recovered its numbers. 'They are fruitful,' says Strabo, 'and good at nurturing children.' In spite of oppression and slavery, the Gaul made some progress during the five centuries of Roman domination. At the beginning they were savages, and their land a land of forests, wild hills, and waste fertile valleys, inhabited by quarrelsome clans, scanty in numbers, subsisting on precarious hunting-spoils, on the banks of desolate rivers. They had scarcely a town, or a road. But at the end of the period there were fine cities; much of the land was under cultivation; the inhabitants wore the Roman dress, lived in large part under Roman law; had adopted Roman arts of life, language, and letters.

It is obvious that Roman influences would naturally spread from the Province outwards; and that the Province would be thoroughly Roman long before the rest of Gaul. There is a risk lest the observations of ancient travellers, which really refer to the state of the Province, should be taken to apply to the whole country. Light came from the east to Gaul. The Mediterranean cities, Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Rome,

[1] Plut. Caes. p. 715.

Alexandria, were centres of learning, thought, and commerce; and the Mediterranean their highway. Hence came the early civilisation of Marseilles, Narbonne, and other cities of the Province. From them it passed inland to Toulouse, Arles, Nîmes, Vienne. And so the South took the lead, and kept it through the early Middle Ages, till its activity of thought brought it into collision with the Church and with France; then it fell by the hand of De Montfort[1]. The struggles of the thirteenth century may be traced back to the barbarian invasions, which changed the balance of Europe; the power of the North growing ever stronger. For the Northern and Southern influences met in France, which became the chief battlefield. At one time it might well have been a question whether Lyons or Paris should be the chief city of France; but the northern influences were too strong, and Paris, a city far to the north, on the northernmost of her great rivers, became the capital.

In the North the German influences were strong in after times; but the German never imprinted his mark on the Gallic character so deeply as did the Roman. The Roman was the first teacher; the pupil was fresh, and eager to learn.

The year after the close of the ten years' war (B.C. 49) Massilia fell. Her evil star led her, with the Province, to join Pompey's party; and Caesar attacked and vanquished her. To secure the unwilling allegiance of the Province and the humiliation of Massilia, he established military colonies, filled with his partisans. Arles was recolonised; he founded Forum Julii (Fréjus)[2], whose fine harbour made it a formidable rival to Marseilles, and, like Narbonne to the west, injured her eastern commerce. But though Caesar was suspicious of the Provincials, and masterful towards them, he had no such feelings towards the rest of Gaul. He had already granted citizenship to the whole Legion of the Lark; and the imperial city was daily expecting some new violation of her sanctity, when the old

[1] The corresponding civilisation of Sicily culminated and began to wane at the same time, under the great Emperor Frederick II.

[2] Fréjus, which lies between Toulon and Antibes, is now a poor little town, two or three miles from the sea.

Senatorial party, falling in with the jealousies of the moment, murdered Caesar on the Ides of March, 44 B.C. The foreigners at Rome made themselves conspicuous by the marked share they took in the public mourning. They knew that their friend was gone, and that old Rome had struck at them through him.

Julius had left Gaul very much to herself. Augustus set himself to tutor her. His gift of organisation there found a fine field. The Julian towns had all been built in the interests of Caesar's party; the Augustan cities had all a political aim. He centralised authority by making Lyons, a new town, the capital. His policy was to build a new city to destroy the influence of some city already venerable in Gallic eyes. Thus Lyons overshadowed Vienne; Augustonemetum, Gergovia. He gave new names (often taken from the names of the old clans) to old cities[1]. Bibracte became Augustodunum (Autun), Noviodunum, Augusta Suessionum (Soissons); and, probably, Avaricum, Biturigae (Bourges). He favoured local jealousies, and crushed local patriotism. He divided the country into four provinces, so arranged as to cut across all older distinctions of race[2]. Belgica, with a fringe of wild half-Germanised lands between its marches and the Rhine, spread from the English Channel, along the Seine, to the eastern limits of Helvetia (the Sequanian territory being reckoned in with it), and ran down to a point below Geneva: Lugdunensis stretched as a narrow strip from the Armorican coast to Lyons, between the Seine and the Loire; Aquitania lay in a solid mass from the Loire to the Spanish frontier, and ran from near Toulouse up to Lyons; and lastly, the Narbonensis touched both the Spanish and the Italian frontiers, and had also its northernmost point at Lyons. Thus Lyons became the manifest centre of the system, not belonging specially to any province, but accessible to all. And Augustus meant this. In fifteen years he raised it from a village to a great city. It had a great market, a mint, a splendid central temple; it teemed with rhetoricians, and had booksellers'

[1] The reverse process to that of the '*eadem* magistratuum *nomina*.'
[2] As may be seen by comparing Maps II. (p. 9) and III.

shops. Strabo says it was next in size to Narbo. The central temple, built where the Arar (Saone) and the Rhone meet, was dedicated to Augustus and Rome. There stood the emperor's altar, surrounded by statues of the sixty Gallic 'cities [1],' symbolising the centralisation and subjection of the country[2]. Lyons was also the centre of the emperor's road-system. Apart from the way into Helvetia, through Geneva, and the still more important communication with Italy over the Cottian Alps, both of which ran from Lyons, there were four great Augustan roads, the main arteries of traffic throughout all Gaul. One, to the north, passed through Cabillonum (Châlons-sur-Saone), Divodurum (Metz), Augusta Trevirorum (Trier or Trèves), and ended at Confluentes (Coblentz). The second, to the north-west, ran through Augustodunum (Autun) and Agendincum (Sens), and ended at Gesoriacum (Boulogne). The third, due west, crossed the Arvernian hills, through Augustoritum (Limoges), and came down to the ocean. The fourth, to the south, dropped down the left bank of the Rhone to Tarasco, where it split asunder; one branch to Massilia, the other to Narbo.

Under the eye of Augustus, Roman influences spread, specially among the young nobles. Provence became more Italian than Italy herself, as Pliny said; and in the 'Imperial Province,' as the rest of Gaul was called[3], civic life began to supplant the old clan feeling. Centralised organisation prevailed; schools were established; for Greek learning, Massilia; for Latin, Augustodunum: and the Gaul was before long found teaching Latin to the Latins at Rome. Rhetoric, that Celtic gift, flourished. Druidism was discouraged; and the polytheism of eastern Gaul was wrought into one system with the polytheism of Rome.

[1] They were rather cantons, or small states.

[2] The temple was on the Athenaeum, a name still surviving in the Church of *Ainay*, two sides of whose central dome are supported by one of the huge columns of the temple, cut in two.

[3] Augustus divided the Roman world into Provinces, Senatorial and Imperial. The Senatorial were those quiet countries which needed no special watchfulness; the Imperial were all border-lands, mostly newly conquered territories. Consequently, Narbonensis was Senatorial, the rest of Gaul Imperial.

The rights of Imperial citizenship dazzled the ambition of the younger chiefs; Roman law was introduced, and took root in the south; though the 'breeks' lingered on, the young chieftain donned the toga proudly, and deemed himself a Roman. His quick imagination was touched by the glory, fascinated by the impure civilisation of the Eternal City. Her altar was at Lyons; she was looked on as divine as well as eternal, personal as well as omnipotent. Grand buildings, on Roman lines, sprang up. And though this foreign splendour went with heavy taxes, yet it spread; till by the time of Tiberius a great transformation had been accomplished in the race.

This burden of taxation, and a certain clinging to down-trodden Druidism, led to an uprising, headed by the Trevirans, under Florus, and the Aeduans under Sacrovir[1], in A.D. 21. It was soon subdued; and the reign of Tiberius is only marked by increased severity in the government. Caligula (A.D. 37.) returned to a milder policy; and by his acts in Gaul poured a half-crazy contempt on Rome. At Lyons, before the very altar of Augustus, he held forced competitions in eloquence. Each victor won a prize and a panegyric, composed by the defeated competitors. The author of a condemned piece was made to wipe it off the waxed tablets with his tongue, or perhaps was beaten, or, chance times, thrown into the Rhone. The emperor also played the auctioneer, and sold to the highest bidder the heir-looms of the Empire, giving the history of each piece. 'This vase is Egyptian, it belonged once to Antony, Augustus took it at Actium;' or, 'This piece was my father's;' and so on till he had dragged the greatest names of old Rome in the mire. There is nothing more curious than the alienation of the Caesars from Rome. Claudius (emperor in 41 A.D.) was born at Lyons: all his sympathies were Provincial. He spoke Latin with an accent, and openly preferred Greek, and boasted of his Sabine origin and Gallic birthplace—he was proud of anything except Rome. A speech he made in the Senate, advocating the throwing open

[1] Was Sacrovir the translation of the name of a Druidical office?

of that august assembly to the Gallic chiefs, has been preserved in a short form by Tacitus. Part of it, engraved on a metal tablet, is still to be seen among the archives of Lyons. He visited every part of Gaul, examining and regulating everything; prohibited human sacrifice, and all Druid worship. In his time the sense of the equality of all men under the law grew stronger. He raised, as far as he could, the more degraded classes, and established schools. The provinces were governed by procurators, mostly freedmen; slaves were emancipated; the old Romans were taught to regard the Gauls as their equals, even their brethren, under the law.

Nero, with his Greek sympathies, cared little for 'Imperial' Gaul; but to the Province, so full of Greek elements, he was friendly enough. He rebuilt Lyons after a great fire; at his death no city mourned more sincerely for him. Gaul bore her full share of the troubles which his death entailed; and at last broke out into revolt. In 69 A.D. the old Druid party rose, under one Maric, who said he had come down from heaven; but a few cohorts scattered the loose levy of peasants, and took their leader. A greater trouble was at hand—a last Gallic war, in which the northern tribes, led by a German, made gallant resistance to all the power of Rome.

Augustus had marked off a narrow strip along the left bank of the Rhine, from Basle to the Batavian island. This district being largely peopled with Germans, received the high-sounding names of the Upper and Lower Germanies. Here, too, the eight frontier-legions lay in a chain of strong military towns[1]. These troops were largely recruited from the natives of the district; they seldom changed quarters. They looked forward to permanent settlement on the soil at the end of their service; they identified themselves with the district and its people. The officers even wore the Gallic dress: we read that Vitellius himself marched as consul before the eagles in the Gallic trews: Caecina, who commanded a legion in the Upper Germany, wore

[1] This is why almost all the Rhine cities are on the left bank, Cologne, Bonn, Andernach, Coblentz, Bingen, Mainz, Spiers, Worms, &c.

his light plaid cloak and trousers even in Italy[1]. But this tendency towards combination between Gaul and Rome was ever thwarted by the stream of German immigrants from over the Rhine; and the Batavian insurrection was a protest against the influence of the legions. These declared for Vitellius; the national party for Vespasian; hoping thereby to win independence, or at least to damage the legions. The Batavian[2] island had been peopled by a wild tribe of Gauls. But a little before the Christian era a horde of Catti[3], a German tribe, entered the island, and being men of large stature and fierce bravery, soon became interesting to Roman eyes. Tacitus calls them 'bravest of Germans.' They formed the imperial bodyguard till Vespasian's time. Their valour turned the tide of battle at Pharsalia; they were exempt from taxes, being allies not subjects of Rome. Rome treated them as so many living weapons[4]. These men, Germans not Gauls, headed the last revolt. As the one race died, the other awoke: the Roman power indeed prevailed, but Civilis foreshadowed at the same moment the coming preëminence of the German race. All Gaul was moved except the old Province. The eastern cities sought an independent government of the Roman type—indicating to what extent Roman ideas had taken root: western and central Gaul rose in behalf of Druidism: lastly the Belgae desired freedom and a military chief, after the instincts of their half-German nature. But the eastern cities and the Remi yielded without a struggle, the central rising was easily put down; the western tribes and the Belgae would not fight away from home, and so the whole brunt fell on Civilis and his Batavians. He, who had won a Roman name and Roman skill in war by service with the legions, made a glorious resistance. He is fortunate in his historian Tacitus; whose Histories are broken off abruptly

[1] Tac. Hist. 2. 20.

[2] According to their proclivities, writers derive this word from the Teutonic *Bet-au*, 'good-meadow,' or from the Gallic *Bat-av*, 'deep-water:' the latter is probably right.

[3] Their home was on the Weser, in the *Cassel* country.

[4] 'Velut tela atque arma, bellis reservantur,' says Tacitus, Germ. 29.

at the very moment when Civilis, abandoned by his followers, stands on the broken bridge treating for terms of surrender with the Roman Cerealis. There, suddenly, the darkness closes in upon his noble figure, grand even in defeat; and the independent life of ancient Gaul is ended.

## CHAPTER V.

### II. *Gaul under the Empire*, A.D. 70—284.

It is not always true that 'happy is the land which has no annals.' Gaul, after the fall of Civilis, has no history for a century; but it is a time of growing misery. Tacitus had been struck, at the beginning of this period, with the listlessness and sloth of the race: moral degradation speedily followed. The romanised chiefs lost their vigour; became rich, idle, and dissolute: the common folk sank into despair: the citizens fell gradually, with a growing outward display of civilisation, into a wretched state. Trajan, Adrian, the Antonines, were friendly towards Gaul: public buildings rose on every side; Gallic artists, sophists, and rhetoricians, were welcome at their courts. But these outward splendours did but cloak over the inner corruption. And though these emperors broke down all barriers, and gave Gaul full rights of citizenship, still the gates were only opened that the Gaul might share in decay and moral downfall. The degradation of Rome and Gaul went on with equal paces: slavery, cause and consequence, ever increased. Throughout the second century the barbarians left Gaul untouched: she was ripening for destruction. They gave her time to accept the Roman law, and the Roman dogma of the equality of all men, the basis of Roman law and philosophy. As the old political distinctions faded away with the old polytheism, this better faith gradually asserted itself. It could not arrest the downfall; but it sowed seed which bore fruit: it made way for Christianity—the one prominent historical fact of this period. Druids

had taught the immortality of the soul and monotheism; so far they had helped:—Rome preached order and law, and the first rights of mankind; and she also helped:—then came the Gospel, in which a new freedom and a broader equality were preached; an equality of man and woman, of bond and free. One of the first Christian martyrs of Gaul was Blandina, a woman, and a slave.

At Lyons there were representatives of many races: among them Asiatics, and doubtless Christians. In the year 160 or 161 A.D., an Asiatic priest, one Pothinus[1], settled there, and became first bishop of Lyons. With him came Irenaeus. They ministered to their countrymen, there and at Vienne. Thus Christianity first found footing in Gaul; coming not from Rome, but from the East. The Church at Lyons long bore the stamp of Greek origin; her ritual was Greek; she still retains a certain independence of worship. The Church in Rome (at that time also Greek) was struggling for life, and had no spare energies for missionary work. At first the few Christians whose names we know in Lyons are Greek; but Gallo-Roman names soon appear. Persecution followed: Montanist opinions vexed the infant Church. Irenaeus, second bishop of Lyons, with one hand spread the faith, with the other repressed Gnostic and other misbeliefs. The orthodoxy of the Gallican Church, thus early tested, was destined to have considerable political results, when Orthodox Frank and Arian Goth struggled for the mastery.

From Lyons the Gospel spread; at Augustodunum (Autun), Divio (Dijon), Vesontio (Besançon), and elsewhere, small communities formed themselves. But the progress was slow, except in the Province. Not till the reign of the Emperor Philip (244 A.D.) can any decided movement be remarked. Rome at that time sent forth a new mission. The Latin Christians had far greater success than the Greek had had. Fabian, bishop of Rome, sent seven bishops into Gaul. They would not touch at Marseilles, 'that most zealous worshipper of Roman devils,' as

[1] Pothinus, *ποθεινὸς*; or perhaps Photinus, *φωτεινὸς*. It is uncertain which.

the Acts of St. Victor call it, from its obstinate adherence to the old pagan worship. They landed at Narbo, and pushed inland. Augustoritum (Limoges), Caesarodunum (Tours), became new centres of the Gospel. Dionysius (251 A.D.) pushed on farther, and with eleven brethren settled at Lutetia (Paris), and founded the church of Northern France. To him the church of St. Denis was afterwards dedicated. From this time Christianity spread swiftly: so swiftly that in three generations almost all Gaul had embraced the faith; the final struggle between Christendom and Paganism was, in reality, fought out on Gallic soil.

This is also the time of what is sometimes called the 'Gallo-Roman Empire.' The Provincial emperors or 'tyrants,' who tried to sever West from East, belong to Roman not Gallic history. Though Gaul was the centre of their operations, they neither affected her progress nor arrested her decay. The barbarians begin to move. Allemans make themselves felt in 214 A.D., Franks in 241. A little after the latter date, hordes of Franks pass through the whole length of Gaul, and ravage Spain:—they even take ship and make a raid on the African coast. Gaul, for the time, is severed from Italy.

In 273, 274 A.D., Gaul was again joined to Rome by Aurelian; under Probus his successor, the barbarians were driven back beyond the Rhine. With Frankish captives he recolonised the two Germanies, and let Germans settle in Toxandria (Flanders), and even in Nervian and Treviran lands. These German colonists, who thus permanently thrust back the Gallic frontier, are called by Latin writers *Laeti*, a name that probably expressed the German *Leute*, the medieval *Leude*, or men-at-arms. These men held their lands by military service, and thus foreshadowed, if they did not introduce, one of the most characteristic elements of feudalism[1].

By this time the ancient names of places in Gaul had mostly

[1] This system of granting lands to Germans on military tenure had been begun by Alexander Severus; who called them 'beneficia.' Those on the Rhine were called 'ripuarian;' a name with which we shall presently become familiar.

perished. The towns were modelled on the municipal form, and governed by a curia or senate; sometimes (in the south) under consuls. These municipal senates found the duty of government burdensome. Like the earliest holders of a seat in Parliament in England, they would gladly have escaped from a perilous and expensive honour. Unwillingly they laid the foundations of the civic liberties of their country, just as the English towns unwillingly began the political liberties of Great Britain.

The state of things was transitional. While Rome withered and the moral state of Gaul grew worse, Christianity and barbarism pushed forward from opposite points. Presently they meet, having conquered the Gaul, and their alliance begins a new era.

## CHAPTER VI.

### III. *The age of barbarian incursions, and the struggle against the Germans*, A.D. 284—406.

It is time we turned our attention to the German: the chief figure for centuries in our history. He is described to us as a bigger man than the Gaul, gigantic in comparison with the Roman. His bright blue eyes and shaggy red hair are well-known to us. The description of the Gaul by Roman writers goes far to show that at some distant time he had been a cousin of the German; and philology also proves the claim of kin. But the likeness is almost all on the surface. In habits, character and manners, he was very different. He wore a rough skin round his body, fastened by a coarse pin or skewer, and had none of the Gallic love of colour: a difference which distinguishes German from French dress to our own day. He had none of the Gaul's vivacity or fickleness: his tendencies were simple, constant, some will say rather commonplace. He felt the dark mysteries of the forest, but had little or none of the bright and playful imagination of the Gaul. He hated the restraints of town life. To live by hunting seemed to him to be the only true life. He was no great talker, rather heavy than not; the Gaul, we know, could talk and boast for ever. His domestic relations were simple and pure. His tendencies were towards personal freedom, and independent life; the opposites of Gallic devotion and clan-feeling. Connected with this was his disposition to seek God in the solitude of the forest, in an independent way, each man standing in direct relation to his Maker;

whereas the Gaul had an organised hierarchy between him and the Almighty, and wished to serve Him in his clan, rather than in his person. Here is one germ of that difference of character which afterwards made the North German a Protestant, while the Frenchman clung to the more social and hierarchical system of Rome. Finally, while the slave is a prominent object in a Gallic household, the German's hearth was girt with trusty and free companions. He had his 'leudes,' his 'trusty fellows' ('antrustions'), his 'comrades' ('gesellen' or 'gesithas',) all free, attached to him not as members of a clan but by a personal tie. This strong individuality was needed to penetrate the level mass of Roman society, to develope the qualities called out by Christianity, and to give to modern civilisation its many-sided character.

Such was the race, which now began to pour over the ill-defended frontiers into corrupt and unwarlike Gaul. There was a great difference between the tribes: the less barbarous, coming into the more civilised districts, fell in readily with Roman ways: others retained their first simplicity and fierceness. The Franks especially affected the history of Gaul through their long retention of the German characteristics; and also from the fact that they overran Gaul at two different times; the work begun by the Neustrians being carried out by the Austrasians under the house of Pippin.

The following are the chief federations of Teutonic and kindred nations which entered Gaul:

1. The Goths; two of whose subdivisions, Visigoths (or West-Goths) and Ostrogoths (East-Goths) interest us most. They dwelt first in Scandinavia (whence Gothland, &c.), and afterwards spread across Europe to the Black Sea, and southwards even into Spain. The Ostrogoths settled in Italy: the Visigoths in Southern France and Spain.

2. The Vandals; among whom the Burgundians, Herulians, and Langobards are important to us. Their home lay between the Elbe, the Vistula, and the Baltic. They spread through Spain into Africa. The Burgundians established themselves

in Eastern Gaul: the Langobards and Herulians in Northern Italy.

3. The Allemans and Suabians (Suevi), who lay between the Main, Rhine, and Danube, threatening the very vitals of the Roman Empire. These have left but slight traces of themselves in Gaul.

4. The Franks; a confederation of Northern tribes. Their chief divisions were the Salians, dwelling on the river Sala (or Yssel); and the Ripuarians, on the banks of the Rhine. These were the chief conquerors of Gaul, and have given her her modern name.

Such were the chief divisions of the barbarians who, at the beginning of Diocletian's reign, threatened the frontiers of the Empire.

It must not be forgotten that these Teutonic tribes came in as conquerors, rather than destroyers. They had learnt to respect the great name of Rome before they seized her fairest provinces. They were not at all like the Huns, whose incursions meant simple ruin. They prided themselves on Roman titles; their more ambitious chiefs entered the imperial service. The Goths especially wished to imitate Rome, and modelled their government on Roman forms.

The reign of Diocletian (A.D. 284) is important to us, because of the change of system begun by him and carried out by Constantine. Hitherto the Empire had been, in theory, a nation of equal citizens under the Emperor as their head: henceforward it began to sink into a nation of slaves, absolutely dependent on that Emperor's will. The army was no longer omnipotent. 'The reign of the legions ends: the power of the palace-domestics begins[1].' The old names of offices disappear: dukes and counts appear. The Empire seems to be under an Oriental despotism: Diocletian had his palace at Nicomedia, and held court in Persian fashion. The Empire was divided into a tetrarchy, the provinces parcelled out into 'dioceses,' or circles of administration, each with its chief town.

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, 2. 5.

Gaul was in two vicariates: one in the south, the Narbonensis and Aquitania; the other north of the Loire, stretching to the Rhine. The Gauls sank into great misery; and a peasant war broke out. This early Jacquerie followed the usual course: the people slew and ate the cattle, pillaged the houses of the rich, sacked the towns. They destroyed Augustodunum with her Latin schools. In some way the outbreak was mixed up with the ferment caused by the preaching of Christianity. It was easily suppressed.

The work begun by Diocletian in the east was continued by Constantine on the western side of the Empire. Born in the west, preferring it to the east, indeed to Rome herself, he was the man who, had the evils of the time been curable, would have cured them. But the curse of slavery crushed society, and Gaul went on sinking ever deeper. Yet she deserves no small honour, as the field on which the battle between Christianity and Paganism was finally fought out. It was the strength of Christianity in Gaul that made Constantine declare himself Christian: no sooner had he done so, than he found himself, like Henry IV of France long after, able to march straight to supreme power. The Gauls flocked to him, eager to fight under the Labarum[1]; and in A.D. 312 Constantine and Christianity entered Rome in triumph. He sanctioned public Christian worship: the Church modelled her dioceses on those of the civil power—they were similar in government, conterminous in extent. The Christian religion passed through a change answering closely to that of the state. The chief clergy, hitherto only private persons, became important magistrates: the Church, instinctively and unconsciously, adopted that form which best prepared it to cope afterwards with the barbarians. The bishop of each city, with his clergy, now took charge of it, and laid the foundations of that grandeur

[1] It was a lance near whose head a cross-bar was fixed, from which hung a purple veil interwoven with gold-threads and starred with precious stones. Above it rose the sacred monogram of our Lord, encircled with a golden crown. Its motto was 'Sub hoc signo vinces.' It was always carried near the emperor, defended by the flower of his army; the origin of the name is unknown. The Oriflamme of the Vexin was afterwards regarded with like feelings of reverence.

of position which we find the bishops of the eighth and ninth centuries enjoying. The curials (or members of the civil municipality) lost their authority, and the clergy, the aristocracy of the fourth and fifth centuries, took their place. What was before a simple ministry of the Gospel under chief pastors or bishops, now became a grand hierarchical system. In many places, in which the Christian religion was dominant, the curials handed over to the Church the temples, and even the law courts or basilicas. Where the Roman law had once been dispensed, the law and worship of Christ now alone were heard; figures of Christ and the Apostles replaced the images of the Caesars. Thus the new power was strengthened to work not only on the hearts of men, but on the outer world. Public buildings were transferred and adapted to Christian uses; the outward symbols of the older faith abolished: pagan idols, tombs, sculptures, all fell before the zeal of the Christians. It is curious that this epoch, in which the Church entered into new and close relations with the State, is the moment in which there came a great severance of the old relations of Church and State. In Pagan times the emperor had ever been Supreme Pontiff; head of the Church. Henceforth he ceased to have any such claim or office: he was no longer supreme head over the religion of mankind. And this separation prepared the way for the claims of the Papacy at a later date. The Pope inherited the great name of Supreme Pontiff, thus abandoned by the State; and rose to an imperial height in Rome, deserted by her emperors.

Thus, then, the Church prepared herself for her part in the future; not the least, by facing the theological questions which arose, and which especially affected the progress of Christianity in Gaul. This was the day of Arianism, which seemed likely to become the faith of Western Christendom. It was adopted by the Goths and most of the Christianised barbarians, it filled Italy, it was accepted by emperors. But it was thrust back by the Gallican Church. Athanasius, in his banishment, settled at Trèves, and was the teacher of Hilary of Arles. Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, was a Gaul. The Gallic Church, during

the Frankish era, smote down Arianism in a coarse and practical way, and settled the main question as to the dominant faith of Western Europe.

The state of Gallic society in the time of Constantine deserves some notice. At the head of it were the Senatorial families, wealthy owners of at least half the soil of Gaul, sprung from the chiefs of the old clans, free from taxation. Brilliant as their condition seemed to be, it was precarious and sad. They had no power, no influence, no independence: the emperor could seize their wealth and destroy them at will. Next to them came the curials, the municipal senators: responsible for the collection of the taxes in their cities, which responsibility crushed them. This century is filled with their desperate struggles to escape from these ruinous honours. The Empire forbade them to change their condition; neither as soldiers nor as churchmen could they find relief. They tried to become slaves; and even that consolation was forbidden them. They could do nothing but perish; as indeed they did. The government had to step in and appoint prefects in each city, called 'defenders.' In their turn these officers disappeared, and gave place to the bishops. Next came the small proprietors, a scanty body; then the merchants; then free labourers in cities who, almost all freedmen, were of no account or influence. Last came the slaves, closing the dreary procession: these formed the vast majority of the people: slaves of the house and field, the germ of death in the constitution of the Empire.

Standing in an independent condition, the clergy alone offered promise of the future. They were powerless to stay the downfall; but would be very powerful in building up again with new materials. This is probably the time in which the Gallic tongue perished, except in Armorica, the 'Lugdunensis tertia.' Among the upper classes it had long gone: the towns had abandoned it; the clergy discouraged it; even the slaves lost it rapidly. For as they perished in crowds, they were replaced by others from a distance, to whom the tongue was unknown. Thus a kind of Latin sprang up, a dialect as distinct from the Latin of ordinary

speech, as that was from the classical Latin of books[1]; and parent of that 'Roman' tongue which was spoken generally in the eighth century, and was in its turn parent of the French language.

Julian is the next emperor who calls for notice from us. His life was spent in struggles with the barbarians. The Allemans and Franks occupied all his energies. He was appointed head of the Gallic army in 355 A.D., and Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian, and Martin, afterwards the sainted Bishop of Tours, served under him. Julian drove the Franks back into the Batavian island: then fell on the Allemans at Argentoratum (Strasburg), defeated them, crossed the Rhine after them, and brought them to terms.

But henceforth the Frank was irrepressible. Though one of the latest born of German tribes;—in fact no tribe at all, but a confederation, traceable only to the middle of the third century; —he was full of vigour, ambition, and wild bravery. Magnentius, who made himself an emperor in 350 A.D., was a Frank. It is said he could not read or write. Northern Gaul, Batavia, and Toxandria, were filled with Franks. The seat of government was withdrawn from Trèves to Paris, where Julian spent the winter of 357—358 A.D. Hitherto it had been a mere village on an island in the Seine; henceforth it becomes famous in history. Julian 'the Apostate' is the true founder of the capital of France. He loved the place: called it his 'darling Lutetia,' praised its situation, vines, figs, its pleasant 'sea-breezes;' he built a palace on the left bank of the Seine. Ammianus tells us that in 355 both court and army were full of Franks. The names of the officers in Gaul are often barbarous at this time; Dagalausus, Charrietto, Balchobaudus, and the like, are in high place. A little later Nerobaldus, a Frankish 'king,' appears

[1] If one may trust a chance passage, there was an independent Gallic speech. Sulpicius Severus (circ. A.D. 400) speaking of St. Martin's death, says the people in their eagerness to hear tell of Martin did not care what dialect was used. '*Celtice* aut, si mavis, *Gallice* loquere, dummodo iam Martinum loqueris.'—Dial. I. 20. Here 'Celtice' and 'Gallice' seem to refer respectively to the old 'Celtic' tongue, and to some mixed dialects of the Latin then in use in Gaul.

with Gratian in the Consular Fasti[1]. These Franks changed neither name nor dress. A little later, Arbogast, Frank and Pagan, became virtual Emperor of the West, though he was nominally count, at first under Theodosius (A.D. 387–394); and he filled all offices with Franks. From his time may be dated that half-contemptuous, half-respectful feeling which sprang up in the Frankish mind towards the dying civilisation of the Empire. After Theodosius, Valentinian, nominal Emperor of the West, was a mere puppet. He tried to depose Argobast, handing him a writ of degradation, which the Frank took, and tore before his face, and trampled under foot. Soon after Valentinian was found dead in his bed, strangled. Even then Argobast did not make himself emperor, but set up one Eugenius, who had been a schoolmaster; and himself became an imperial 'Mayor of the Palace.'

Thus, though the Allemans were thrust back[2], the Franks entered in. Others also followed. The Saxons took ship, and sailed from their Elbe to the Seine and Loire; they even 'pulled over' their boats to the Rhone, and descended that river, none hindering them.

An entirely new invasion also followed: Maximus rebelled in Britain, and, followed by hordes of British, sailed for Gaul. He settled with his followers in Armorica, which hence obtained the name of Brittany.

One more invasion took place; saddest of all:—the invasion of bloodshed and persecution into the Church. One Priscillian, a Spaniard, became the teacher of a strange impure Gnosticism. He and his were condemned in A.D. 380 at Saragossa, and two bishops, Ithacius and Idacius, travelled all the way to Trèves to obtain Gratian's judgment against the sect. Gratian died, and the same bishops, with unwearied zeal, appeared before Maximus, and got from him sentence of death against the heretics. The Spaniard has ever signalised himself

[1] In the year 377.

[2] They were again thrust back by Gratian (A.D. 378) after a defeat at Argentaria (Colmar).

by the activity and joy with which he has persecuted: he has the credit of having begun the system for Christianity. An universal horror seized on Christendom. Ambrose of Milan and Martin of Tours protested against the sentence, and refused to communicate with the Spanish bishops. Martin especially denounced with eloquent and Christian warmth this new 'heresy of Ithacius,' that blood should be shed by Christians. Thus the great evangelist of Gaul, the pitiless destroyer of temples, the firm foe of Arianism, shewed that he drew a line between false opinions and the men who held them. Yet, though he was the most powerful man of his time, canonised by public acclaim before his death, he could not avert the shedding of blood. Priscillian and his followers were beheaded at Trèves. Martin had prophesied that he should 'be slain by Antichrist.' If it is true that his latter days were embittered and his end hastened by this misfortune that had befallen Christendom, his prophecy was to a certain extent fulfilled. The demon of Christian persecution, which tasted its first blood in 385, has been an Antichrist throughout the after-history of the Church: opposed to Christ, in being opposed to that love for man which is the highest quality of the Gospel.

We have already mentioned Arbogast as shewing how the Frank had penetrated into Gaul. He has another side; he was the last upholder of Pagan reaction in Gaul. But Christianity, thanks chiefly to St. Martin, was too strong for him. The cry of the Christians reached the ears of Theodosius, who hastened to the rescue. Arbogast advanced to meet him: under the walls of Aquileia Christian and Pagan met (A.D. 394). There for two days the struggle raged. The first day the Frank held his own: it is said that ten thousand Goths, fighting under Theodosius, perished. But next day the western army was utterly defeated. Eugenius, the schoolmaster-emperor, was given up by his guards, and killed; Arbogast fell on his sword, and died. So ended this Pagan reaction, hopeless from the beginning. Never again could the faith of old Rome lift its head: and Gaul itself was more and more felt to be the heart of Western Christendom.

The Roman had taught the nation equality under the Empire and the law; Christianity had taught it the equality of all men before God; yet neither had as yet lessened the evils of slavery. The Frank was to follow. His sense of personal independence was next to be infused into the Gaul: he, too, would leave slavery unmitigated. Yet the three influences were each really opposed in principle to the radical characteristics of slavery: and from their joint action, after ages of suffering, modern civilisition,—a civilisation free in the main from the curse of slavery,—has worked itself out.

It is now time to trace out the introduction of this third element,—the Frank.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IV.—*The German Settlements in Gaul down to Clovis.*

### A.D. 406—476.

'WHERE the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Roman civilisation and slavery, acting on the Gallic character, had by this time rendered the land defenceless, and rich enough to be tempting. The German, noble and keen as the eagle[1], his favourite bird, swooped down on Gaul. It is no longer some restless chieftain, or a roving band of plunderers. Settlements are made. The Goth in Aquitaine, the Burgundian in the Saone valley, the Frank in the northern borderland, sit down solidly, with no fickleness of purpose, and make the land their own.

On the night of the last day of the year 406, a great horde crossed the Rhine on the ice, and entered Gaul. Alans, Vandals, Goths, and Huns were there. They fell on Moguntiacum (Mainz), took it, and slaughtered thousands of its citizens in the cathedral. All northern Gaul fell at once. City after city was taken and plundered. The great horde pressed on across the land; they passed the Loire, and entered even Novempopulania[2]. The inhabitants suffered terribly along their devastating line of march. The old rising of peasants, called Bagaudes[3], again took place in the West, and spread across almost all Gaul; it embraced now not only runaway-slaves, but wretched cities and the wrecks of society. Hence the obscure 'Armorican Republic,' if such ever

[1] Adel, edel, *Adler*.

[2] The 'land of the nine peoples' lay in the extreme south-west of Gaul, from Bordeaux to the Pyrenees.

[3] The Bagaudes (a name derived from Celtic *bagad*, a company, troop) revolted against Rome, first about A.D. 270, and now again under pressure of the invasions.

did exist[1]. In 409 the mixed crowd of barbarians streamed over into Spain. But Gaul had no rest. In 412 the Visigoths left North Italy, and under Ataulf (whose name is Latinized into Adolphus) came down on the Rhone, to settle, not to plunder. It seemed well to him to make in Southern Gaul a kingdom and a home. He had married Placidia, sister of the Emperor Honorius, so binding himself to the social life and conditions of Rome. He dreamed of restoring the Empire, reorganising it and welding into it the new elements; joining the civilised to the barbarian, the old polish to the new vigour. He thought that nothing but the wild madness of his Goths hindered the fulfilment of the scheme[2]. But the decay of the Empire was at least as much in fault as the rudeness of the Goths. The old government could bear no such mending as that. This dream of the Gothic king is worthy of notice, as shewing us the influence that Roman ideas had over the German, and as a forecast of that transfer of Empire from the Latin to the German which is so prominent a feature of the Middle Ages. It slumbered till the days of Karl the Great; after him it became for centuries one of the central ideas of European politics.

At this time the Burgundians[3] took the district between the Rhone and the Jura, the old Sequanian land. They were a friendly, thrifty race, not very eager to seize the houses and goods of others; large of stature, good-natured, easy-going. They treated the Gallo-Romans like brethren, as Orosius says[4]. They were Christians, mostly Arians; the Gallo-Romans were orthodox.

At this time the Franks also made raids on the northern frontier; sacking Trèves and other cities, but not settling. They are of small account during this half century.

[1] The Armorican Republic lives only in the pages of Zosimus, 6. 5. If it did exist it was but a 'republic of despair,' formed of a few cities, and troops retaining some shadow of Roman discipline, in the wild parts of Brittany.

[2] Orosius, 7. 43.

[3] The Burgundians are said to derive their names from the *burgs* they built. If so, it indicates their more peaceful and settled habits of life.

[4] Orosius, 7. 32. Blande, mansuete, innocenterque vivunt, non quasi cum subjectis Gallis, sed vere cum fratribus Christianis.

In 419 Honorius ceded, by treaty, the second Aquitania, the second Narbonensis, and part of Novempopulania, to the Visigoths. Poitiers, Saintes, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Perigueux, Toulouse became theirs by this cession as well as by occupation. It is the first example of a distinct alienation of part of Gaul from the Empire. The inhabitants were the gainers: the Visigoths did not interfere with their faith;—for the Western Arian did not persecute:—they kept their laws and customs, and lived in peace and equality. Population increased, and the soil, ever fruitful, bore plentifully. The Visigoths were nominally under the Empire; both Ataulf and Wallia, his successor, were Roman generals. Both Visigoth and Burgundian aimed at a peaceable settlement. They shared lands and goods with the older owners; the Roman possessor was styled 'the host,' the German shared his 'lot'; his forcible taking of it was glossed over by the term 'hospitality.' He took half of all forests and gardens, two-thirds of all cultivated lands, one-third of all slaves; and so settled down in peace. And all would have been well, but for Aëtius, a Scythian, and a Roman general, who, under pretext of defence ravaged the whole of Gaul. His army was largely composed of Huns; and from them tidings of the good land spread to their brethren in the East.

In the year 450 all Gaul was filled with terror: for the dreaded Attila (Etzel[1]), with a host of strange figures, Huns, Tartars, Slaves, Teutons, head of an empire of true barbarians, drew near her borders. Barbarism—not the milder incursion of Goth or Vandal or even Frank, but the barbarism which lived only to destroy—now threatened the world. It had levied a shameful tribute on Constantinople; it now threatened the farthest West. If Gaul fell, Spain would fall, and Italy, and Rome; and Etzel would reign supreme, an empire of desolation, over all the earth. Theoderic the Goth and Aëtius tried to combine all Gaul against him. He reached Aureliacum (Orleans); but at the critical moment, just as the scared city was about to be given up to destruction, Theoderic appeared; and Etzel,

[1] He is the dark figure in the great German epic, the Niebelungen Lied.

having the nomadic horror of towns, and of being cooped up in them, and dreading also a hill country, in which his cavalry would suffer, fell back into the Champagne district to the plain of Châlons-sur-Marne (the Campi Catalaunici), where there was room enough for his gigantic host to spread out its strength. There was fought out the supreme battle: Goth against Goth, Frank against Frank, Burgundian against Burgundian; there were even Huns in both armies. The Gallo-Roman army seized the key of the position, a hill above the plain. There Aëtius and Thorismond, son of Theoderic, established themselves securely. The battle began towards afternoon, and it raged with a wild fury. There were no tactics; it was a simple murderous hand-to-hand struggle. At last the Visigoths decided the day. They repelled their kinsmen, the Ostrogoths, and then attacked the main army of the Huns in flank. Theoderic was killed; but the attack succeeded: the Huns were broken, and took refuge behind their wall of chariots. Night fell, after a horrible carnage, of which the numbers given are incredible; still they attest the tremendous nature of the struggle. Not till next morning did men know that Theoderic had perished. With cries and wild clashing of shields the Goths made Thorismond their king. Etzel, it is said, prepared for death; he piled a huge funeral-pyre of saddles, and was ready to mount it, if the Romans assaulted his camp. But Aëtius was too much exhausted to attempt it. He now took up a policy of inaction. He sent Thorismond home to the south, and Merowig, the Frankish chief, to the north; and lay watching Etzel. The Hun, after a time, suddenly broke up his camp and withdrew, still watched by the vigilant Aëtius. He moved northwards, recrossed the Rhine; and Gaul was freed, and with her all the West, from the scourge of Tartar supremacy.

But though the Empire was saved for a time it could not be for long. The evils of the age culminated in assassination. Stilicho, the able Vandal, who had so well defended the Empire, was murdered in 408: the young Thorismond, fresh from his laurels at Châlons, perished by the hand of his

brothers: and Aëtius himself, 'the Atlas of this tottering world,' was foully murdered by Valentinian's own hand[1]. These and a crowd of others weltering in their life-blood, testify to the evil of the times, and the imminent downfall of the Empire.

Aegidius was the last defender of the Empire in Gaul: he made a gallant stand at Arelate (Arles), the southern capital. But in A.D. 464 he too had his reward; he was assassinated. Syagrius his son, 'King of the Romans,' as Gregory of Tours calls him, was half independent in the North: the hilly Arvernian district, the very citadel of Gaul, afforded the Roman party a last standing ground: Armorica, always peculiar and dwelling apart, did not fall under the hands of the Germans. Ewarik, greatest and most ambitious of Visigothic kings, undertook to reduce the Arvernians; who, shut up in rocky Clermont, defended themselves with daily 'rogations,' or penitential processions, headed by Sidonius their bishop[2]; and also by the stubborn wills of the hardy inhabitants. Rome left them to their fate; but they forced the Goth to raise the siege. But finding themselves alone, they were presently obliged to cede to negociation the liberty they had so well protected against force. In 474 the shadowy Emperor of the West, Julius Nepos, granted all Gaul west of the Rhone to the Visigoths: it was the last act of imperial disgrace. All the provinces of the dying Empire lay desolate; cities were abandoned to beasts of prey, domestic animals perished, cultivation ceased. 'Gaul had been devastated: the ocean sweeping over it could not have added to the desolation.' Britain was in flames[3]; Greece a mere wreck; Spain and Italy fared but little better. Twice had Rome felt the hand of the barbarian. The nominal emperor, who had long abandoned Rome, was now about to vanish. In 475 Romulus was proclaimed; the people nicknamed him Augustulus; the Greeks altered his name in jest,

[1] Martin, Histoire des Français, I. 380.

[2] He was shut up with them, and has left us an account of this war.

[3] I quote from Salvian and Jerome. It is known that the Roman cities in Britain perished in flames.—Silchester, Wroxeter, &c.

and called him Momyllus. Rome began and ended with a Romulus; the last almost as shadowy as the first. Odoacer, a Herulian or Goth, seized on Rome, deposed the puppet emperor, the secretary's son[1], and sent the imperial emblems to Constantinople in 476[2]. The Eastern Caesar received the gift, and in return repaid Odoacer with the vague title of Patrician: the Herulian took to himself the more distinct name of King. The obsequious senate decreed that one emperor was enough in the world—perhaps not so far wrong in that: and that the seat of the Empire should henceforth be on the Bosphorus. Thus ended the Empire of the West. For twelve centuries she had moved a queen among the nations; and her death left all Europe in ruins. But even so her influences survived. That strange mixture of docility and strength, the German, would carry on her traditions, deeply modified by his own character, leading in due time to the 'Holy Roman Empire,' whose foundations were laid by Karl the Great in the year 800. On the other hand, the Church in her due time would build up her empire also, a spiritual 'Holy Roman Empire,' imbued with imperial ideas, parallel to, rival of, the great lay-empire whose seat was on the Rhine. Roman law, language, municipal institutions, magistrates, forms of procedure survived, affecting the career and institutions of the German chiefs, who threw over their national furs the consular robe, and thought to combine the old civilisation with the bolder qualities of barbarians.

Before Rome had perished, Gaul had been granted by her to Ewarik (or Euric), the sagacious Visigothic king; and it seemed likely that, in the general confusion, he would succeed in securing the grant to himself. Odoacer, in 478, gave up to Ewarik all his authority over the Empire west of the Alps, and contented himself with a humane and prudent rule in Italy. Ewarik made Toulouse the centre of his system: and tried to combine the civilisation of Rome or Constantinople with the

[1] Orestes, father of Romulus, had been Etzel's secretary.

[2] Gibbon, ch. 36 (vol. iii. pp. 334, 335), doubts whether the date should not be 479. I have followed the usual chronology. The very year of the fall of great Rome is doubtful!

vigour of Germany. At this same moment Theoderic (Dietrich), the Ostrogoth, who had been brought up at Constantinople, fell on Italy, and defeated Odoacer. The two branches of the Gothic family seemed likely to divide between them the Western Empire. But this did not take place in Gaul; for the Goths were too polished for the work,—a conqueror of a coarser fibre was wanted; and they were also hindered by their Arianism, which made it impossible for them to be in harmony with Gallic Christianity. Add to these the untimely death of Ewarik in 485; he left only a feeble boy behind him, Alaric II. And at this moment Hlodowig[1] (Clovis) a Pagan, a youth of nineteen, was already the acknowledged head of a petty Frankish tribe. He was destined to give permanent form to the German occupation of Gaul, and to begin a new period of European history.

In most parts of Gaul the whole vigour of the Gallo-Romans appears to have perished: there was no notable resistance to the invader, no public spirit, no combination. The whole of what we call the middle classes had disappeared. On the one side was despotism, all-devouring, with its administration of horse-leeches, its legions to pay, its foes to buy off, its pleasures to provide, its idleness to amuse with games: on the other side a spiritless crowd of slaves, who were the only inhabitants of the country, and formed also a very large part of the town-populations. The Gallo-Romans could have no patriotism. What enthusiasm could they feel for Rome? and at home the excessive weight of taxation had crushed the citizens. But one independent body of men remained,—the clergy. The Church had grown in esteem and wealth. She protected the fallen; she bettered the state of the slave. The clergy, gathered round the imposing figure of their bishop, rose in importance, until at last when the curials had perished, and the cities were like to perish with them, the bishops assumed the command, and became both spiritual and

[1] Hlodowig or Hlodewig, the first letter of whose name was a guttural, now lost (cp. A.-S. *hlâf*=*l*oaf), is usually called Clovis; the guttural being hardened into a *c*, gives the Latinised form Chlodovechus, whence Ludovicus. It is the same name as the German Ludwig, and the French Louis; of which the English Lewis is the older rendering.

temporal lords. Thus the medieval municipal system began to take the place of the Roman municipia; and at the same time the Church gained solidity when she most needed it for her struggle against her Pagan invaders. As head of a community the Bishop now constantly mediated between the old and the new. Invested by the simple barbarians with a strange sanctity, he was listened to with awe. His confidence in his mission, his high bearing, his dress, his education, the spiritual powers he asserted,—all deeply touched his conqueror. It is said that even Etzel, wild pagan as he was, carried Lupus, bishop of Troyes, with him to the Rhine, that he might get the benefit of his sanctity, as a kind of charm: Remigius won great influence over Hlodowig. Christianity alone seemed to retain vigour and power over men: and even her spirit was being modified. The belief in the supernatural sank into credulity; fays, spells, all kinds of intermediate powers sprang up; and grouped a fantastic and picturesque spirit-world round the simple forms of the gospel. Thus Christianity prepared to bridge over the gulf between Roman and German, and to create that magnificent medieval Church of Germany, and the somewhat less princely, but scarcely less powerful, Church of France.

The Church also at this time developed another grand thought: that of the Monastic community. Even before the fifth century religious houses had become centres of light to Gaul. From the Isle of Lérins came forth the greatest saints and scholars of the time. The wisest bishops fostered the growing institution: Martin, Ambrose, Augustine, all helped to plant the monastic life in the West. While in Eastern Christendom monasticism had meant solitude, contemplation, and speculation, in the West it meant active life, physical and intellectual; the life of vigorous communities, which, in all respects, stood out in contrast with the decrepitude of the age; as a protest against ignorance, against slavery, against the prevailing want of a true sense of religion in Gaul.

Lastly, this period of the decline of Rome is marked by the

growth of systematic law. It is the age of the Theodosian Code (A.D. 438), that great authority on Roman Law; which was followed, after a time, by the promulgation of the different German systems. The Visigoths' code was deeply tinged with Roman ideas, and shews, throughout, the hand of the clergy. The most distinct characteristics of Ewarik's laws are, perhaps, the *Trust*, or grouping of warriors round their chief; and the granting of lands in commendation, one of the early rudiments of feudalism. The Burgundians also aimed at an orderly code, though they fell short of the Visigothic distinctness. The chief characteristic of their law is the anxiety shewn to place Roman and German on the same footing. The Franks also issued their law, the rudest of all, and the simplest; for it was a bare recital of their customs, and foreshadowed the later distinction between the written and the customary law.

The age was one of a certain movement of mind: there was a considerable literature, varied, though debased in style and language. When the German invasion flowed over this superficial vigour it froze it to death. A century later, there was no literature in Gaul, and all desire of mental life was at an end. Between the old world of Rome and the new life of Europe there is a dead silence: men suffered, but ceased to complain:

'Leves curae loquuntur; ingentes stupent.'

To face p. 67

GAUL
THE GERMANS
CIRC. A.D. 500.
Franks
Burgundians
Visigoths
BRITANNIA
SINUS ARMORICUS
BRITANNIA MINORI
ARMORICA
SINUS AQUITANICUS
VASCONES
FRANCIA
AQUITANIA
GOTHIA
SEPTIMANIA
BURGUNDIA
PROVINCIA
ALLEMANIA
OSTROGOTHI
SAXONES
IALII
RIPUARII
PARISII

# TABLE II.—THE MERWING KINGS.

[To face p. 67.

A.D.

510 Hlodowig sole King of the Franks. At his death (511), subdivision into:—

| K. of METZ (Austrasia). | K. of ORLEANS. | K. of PARIS. | K. of SOISSONS. | K. of BURGUNDY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 511 Theodorik I. | Hlodomir, lands seized by Hildebert and Hlotair. | Hildebert I. | Hlotair I. | [Gundobald.] |
| 534 Theodebert I. | | | | [the kingdom seized by the Franks.] |
| 548 Theodebald | | | | |
| 555 died, his lands seized by Hlotair. | | | | |
| 558 | | died, lands | | |

558 seized by **Hlotair** I, sole King of the Franks.
At his death (561), subdivision into:—

| K. of AUSTRASIA. | K. of PARIS. | K. of SOISSONS. | K. of BURGUNDY. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 561 Sigebert I [Brunhild]. | Haribert, | Hilperik I [Fredegond]. | Gontran. |
| 567 | d. lands seized by Hilperik I. | | |

**K. of NEUSTRIA.**

575 Hildebert II (5 years old) [Brunhild regent].

584 **Hlotair** II (4 months old) [Gontran, protector; Fredegond died, 597.]

593 **Hildebert** II.

596 **Theodebert** II.

612 **Theodorik** II.

613 [Brunhild died.]

622 **Dagobert** I. [Pippin of Landen.]

628 **Hlotair** II, sole King of Franks.

631 **Dagobert** I, sole King of Franks.

638 **Sigebert** II (8 yrs. old).

656 **Hlodowig** II (4 years old).

656 On death of Sigebert, **Hlodowig** II becomes sole King of Franks.

660 **Hlotair** III (4 years old), sole King of Franks [Ebroin, Mayor of the Palace.]

670 **Hilderik** II (7 yrs. old).

671 **Theodorik** III (appointed by Ebroin).

673 **Hilderik** II, sole King of Franks (elected).

674 **Theodorik** III (restored).

**Dagobert** II [a monk, pretender].

679 [Pippin and Martin, Mayors. No King.]

680 [Pippin of Heristal 'Duke of Franks;' henceforth only nominal Kings.]

695 **Hlodowig** III.

711 **Hildebert** III.

717 **Hlotair** IV. **Dagobert** III. [714, Karl the Hammer.]

719 **Hilperik** II.

720 **Theodorik** IV [died, left no successor.]

742 **Hilderik** III. [741, Karloman and Pippin the Short.]

[747, Pippin sole Duke.]

Pippin, who is crowned King of Franks.

| K. of AQUITAINE. |
|---|
| Haribert. |
| D. of AQUITAINE. |
| Boggis. |
| Odo. |

## TABLE I.—THE MERWING (OR MEROVINGIAN) KINGS.

**HLODOWIG I**, 481–511.

- **Theodorik I**, King of Mettis, 511–534.
  - **Theodebert**, King of Austrasia, 534–548.
    - **Theodebald**, King of Austrasia, 548–555.
- **Hlodomir**, King of Orleans, 511–524.
- **HILDEBERT I**, King of Paris, 511–558.
- **HLOTAIR I**, King of Soissons, 511–561; sole K. 558–561.
  - **HARIBERT**, King of Paris, 561–567.
    - **Berhta**, Queen of Kent.
  - **Gontran**, King of Orleans and Burgundy, 561–593.
  - **Sigebert I**, K. of Austrasia, 561–575.
    - **Hildebert II**, King of Austrasia, 575–596; Burgundy, 593–596.
      - **Theodebert II**, K. of Austrasia, 596–612.
      - **Theodorik II**, K. of Orleans and Burgundy, 596–612; Austrasia, 612.
  - **HILPERIK I**, King of Soissons, 561–584; K. of Neustria, 567–584.
    - **HLOTAIR II**, King of Soissons, 584–628; sole King, 613–628.
      - **DAGOBERT I**, sole King, 628–638.
        - **Sigebert II**, King of Austrasia, 638–656.
          - **Dagobert II**, K. of Austrasia, 674–679.
        - **HLODOWIG II**, K. of Neustria, 638–656; sole King, 656.
          - **HLOTAIR III**, sole K. 656–660; King of Neustria, 660–670.
          - **HILDERIK II**, K. of Austrasia, 660–674; sole K. 671–673.
            - **HILPERIK II**, King of Neustria, 715–720.
              - **HILDERIK III**, King of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy, 742–752. †
          - **THEODORIK III**, King of Neustria and Burgundy, 670–691.
            - **HLODOWIG III**, King of Neustria and Burgundy, 691–695.
            - **HILDEBERT III**, King of Neustria and Burgundy, 695–711.
              - **DAGOBERT III**, King of Neustria and Burgundy, 711–715.
                - **THEODORIK IV**, King of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy 720–737.*
      - **Haribert**, King of Aquitaine, 628–631.
        - **Boggis**, Duke of Aquitaine, 631–688.
          - **Odo**, D. of Aquitaine, 688–735.

* Between A.D. 737 and 742 there seems to have been no King. See Dom Bouquet, tom. iv. p. 182.

† Pippin the Short deposed Hilderik III, King of Austrasia, in A.D. 752, and was crowned and anointed King of Franks in that year.

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# BOOK II.

## PART I.—THE NEUSTRIAN FRANKS.

### CHAPTER I.

*Of the Franks and Hlodowig (Clovis).*

A.D. 481—511.

AT Ewarik's death, the Franks were the smallest branch of the Teutonic stock. Visigoth and Burgundian had founded compact kingdoms in Gaul, while the Franks were still wild tribes with no unity, barbarous, fierce, and pagan. A century earlier the career of Arbogast, Mellibald, and other Franks, had seemed likely to bridge over the chasm between Gaul and Germany, and to make the Franks the most influential of Teutons. The Roman power, defending the north frontier, came into contact with them. But they had no taste for emigration; they clung to the right bank of the Rhine, and though single chieftains had dealings with Rome, the tribes themselves remained uninfluenced. A mere loose confederation[1], they were disunited up to the end of the fifth century.

Among their tribes, the Salians, who spread down into the marshy lands near the Rhine-mouths, became known for bravery and ceaseless raids on Northern Gaul. They became the most considerable of Frankish tribes; and their chiefs,

[1] This Confederation is known to have existed in A.D. 242, when Aurelian defeated them near Mainz, and his soldiers made a song there, beginning—'Mille Francos, mille Sarmatas semel Occidimus, &c.' They occupied much of Lower Germany, between the Weser, Main, and Rhine. The district which bears their name, Franconia, was of their later conquests.

Merewings or Merwings (Merovingians), the most considerable among the noble families of the Confederation. They had gradually learnt to consider the left bank of the Rhine their own, as well as the right bank. 'Friends and allies of the Roman people' the Franks had long shed their blood on behalf of that frontier-land. They slowly, as the Romans faded away, inherited the district, and settled in it. Chlodion, a Salian chief, defeated the Romans at Cambrai, and occupied the country as far as the Somme (A.D. 428). The other main branch of the Franks—the Ripuarians—lay on the Rhine, about Cologne, and did not move as yet. The tribes shewed signs of drawing nearer to one another. About the middle of the fifth century Childeric, the Salian king, and Sigebert, the Ripuarian, were both Merwings. In 481 Childeric died, leaving a boy of fifteen to succeed him—if he could. This son was Hlodowig or Clovis. His tribe was small but renowned, counting some four thousand fighting men, sprung from those who had made the Batavian island known for the bravery of its inhabitants. But in the fluctuating state of the tribes any chieftain of vigour was sure of a following. We do not know how Hlodowig won his reputation; but by the time he was twenty he headed a formidable army, ready to face the only power left in Northern Gaul. This was Syagrius, who kept up at Soissons the shadow of the Roman name. He ruled as an independent prince over the district east of the 'Armorican Republic,' between the Meuse and Loire: these two districts being the only ones not occupied by barbarian settlers. Here he administered justice, mediated between Gauls and Germans, and had a plan for gathering all the North under his rule, and governing as if by Roman law. On him broke in the young Frank in 486; the heartless legions fled before the lusty barbarians, and Syagrius had to escape for his life to Toulouse. There he claimed the protection of Alaric, the young Visigothic king; and he, not discerning the storm-cloud, delivered him up to Hlodowig, who slew him. Thus ended the last shadow of Roman power in Gaul. Hlodowig occupied the

only open space left; and there was nothing between the Gallo-Romans and the barbarians.

Rome having perished, to whom should the Church now turn? Visigoths and Burgundians were Christians, but Arians. The Frank was pagan; but then the Church had hope of the wild uncivilised tribes. Her instincts guided her rightly. The Frank became 'the sword of the Church;' the Church made the fortune of the Frank[1]. Remigius, bishop of Rheims, became close friend to Hlodowig long before he turned Christian. To his counsel, probably, it is owing that Hlotehild (Clotilde), daughter of a Burgundian chief, niece of the Burgundian king, an orthodox maiden, became the Frank's wife. The result proved the bishop's sagacity; it led to the conversion of the Franks. 'Women,' says La Vallée[2], 'were the most ardent missionaries of that faith to which they owed their own new life;' and this the bishop knew.

Hlodowig was yet but a petty prince: the turning-point of his fortunes was at hand. In 496 came this great trial. The Allemans, whose home was on the Upper Rhine[3], became restless, and made for Gaul. They had two ways by which they might enter—that between the Vosges and the Jura, and that through the territory of the Ripuarian Franks. They chose the latter. The Franks called in their Salian kinsmen: and Hlodowig came. The united Franks fell on the invaders at Tolbiac (Zülpich), about four-and-twenty miles south-west of Cologne. The battle went at first against the Franks. Then Hlodowig, remembering his pious queen, vowed that if 'the God of Hlotehild' would grant him victory, he would become a Christian. The battle changed; the Allemans were utterly routed, and the Franks proved that they would allow no fresh settlers in Gaul. Hlodowig was regarded as the first of Frankish captains. After some hesitation, followed by three thousand of his warriors, he was baptised in Rheims cathe-

[1] 'L'église fit la fortune des Francs,' says Michelet, 1. 188.
[2] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, Liv. i. chap. 2.
[3] In modern Franconia and Baden; and, generally, in the basin of the upper Rhine, from its source to its junction with the Main.

dral by Remigius. The Church historian, who says that St. Remi was great in rhetoric, tells us that he used a theatrical phrase: 'Sicambrian, bow the head! burn that thou hast adored, and adore that thou hast burnt[1]!' With all possible splendour the ceremony was performed. The barbarians believed that they were entering heaven itself. Thus did 'the Church take possession of her eldest son;' and thus began that form of warlike Christianity which marks these centuries. A vow on the battle-field; the answer, victory; the result, the baptism of an army. Such Christianity brought no softness or thought of peace to Hlodowig; but it brought him unscrupulous panegyrists and powerful friends. The clergy grouped themselves round him; under their influence the relics of the old Roman legions passed over, with their standards and their country, to the victorious and orthodox barbarian. The peninsula of Brittany and part of Western Normandy still stood aloof.

Thus Hlodowig became lord of Northern Gaul. His Franks ceased to cast longing looks on the Rhine; they settled down in the lands they had won. Historians date from this moment the beginning of French history, although true French history does not begin till the Capets were firmly established on the throne: and even then it is the history of a part rather than of the whole. Still we must go through these times, in which the foundations of French history were laid, and shew how the dominant Germans affected the subject Gauls; how the German was at last absorbed, and the race became French.

The Franks were ready to follow their chief whither he would: their chief was eager to lead. First they attacked the Burgundians, who were ruled by two kings, Gondebald and Gondegesil,—the latter secretly allied with Hlodowig. The clergy were more than suspected of the same treason: they turned from their Arian lords to the orthodox chieftain. Against

[1] Gregory of Tours, 2. 31. We have no contemporary life of Hlodowig. Gregory of Tours, our best authority, dealt with it in the spirit of a zealous churchman, and lived full half a century after the time on which we are engaged. Gregory was born in 544, and died 594 or 595. He calls Hlodowig a Sicambrian, because that tribe (which lay between the Lippe and the Weser) was thought to have become part of the Frankish confederacy.

these influences within, and the fierce Frank without, Gondebald could not struggle: he was defeated in A.D. 500. Hlodowig pushed on into Provence, ravaged it, and gave it to Theoderic the Ostrogoth, who was then his friend. He next levied a tribute on the Burgundians, made Gondebald confess himself his 'man,' and so withdrew to the North. Gondebald, free from him, resumed his reign, and seems to have governed wisely. The Gallo-Romans had seen enough of their orthodox friend; they returned peaceably to their old king, who treated them well, as equals with his Burgundians. Thirty-four years later, after Hlodowig's death, Burgundy was subjected to the Franks.

The Visigoths dwelt in a rich land. 'It much displeases me,' said Hlodowig, in the year 507, 'that the Goths, being Arians, should own a part of Gaul. Let us go, and God helping, seize their land[1].' And so the orthodox Franks, snuffing at the rich booty from afar, swooped down on the Visigoths. The two kings met in single combat: Alaric was slain, his army routed. This was the battle on the 'Vocladensian plain' (Vouglé or Voulon)[2], south of Poitiers. Then the Frank divided his army. Part, under his son Theodoric, overran Auvergne, and went eastward to Arles; part went southward, with himself, through Bordeaux, through Toulouse, to Carcassonne. Here, as he lay before the town, Theoderic the Ostrogoth came down on the Franks at Arles and routed them; and Hlodowig broke up from before Carcassonne, and withdrew to the north. The Ostrogoth thus saved a little remnant of the Visigothic kingdom, a portion of the old Narbonnaise, afterwards called Septimania, which remained under them for three centuries longer.

The Franks treated their new conquest with barbarity, and retired, when weary of it, with rich spoil and countless captives. The Gallo-Roman natives, amazed at their orthodox friends, conceived against them a hatred stronger far than any ill-will they had ever borne to the Goth, an ill-will which can be traced throughout the Middle Ages.

[1] Gregory of Tours, 2. 37.

[2] Gibbon, chap. 38.

Soon after his return to Tours, Hlodowig received an embassy from Anastasius, Emperor of the East, bringing him the dress and title of Consul Romanus[1]. With the love of splendour natural to the barbarian, he celebrated his investiture with much pomp in the Church of St. Martin, his 'excellent but expensive[2]' patron; he was invested with a purple tunic and mantle, and wore a diadem. Thus habited he rode through the streets to the cathedral[3]. The Gallo-Romans were much affected by the show, seeing in it the acknowledgment that the sword of the conqueror conferred a good title; the Teutons regarded it as a distinction which raised their chief, by the recognition of the Empire, above all other German chiefs: while, on the other hand, by wearing the purple Hlodowig bound himself to respect the Romans under his rule, and gave a pledge that his reign should not be one of mere desolation.

He had now done with distant expeditions. It only remained for him to secure his position as sole head of the Franks. He took the simplest steps,—murdering any head of a tribe who fell into his hands. He induced the son of Sigebert, king of the Ripuarians, by whose side he had fought at Zülpich, to murder his father. Soon after, he assassinated the son. Then he came to the Ripuarians, and advised them to take him as their chief: which they did, raising him on a shield, after their custom. Ragnachar, king of Cambrai, the chiefs of Arras and Le Mans, all Merwing princes, also perished. So he became sole head of the Franks, among whom the Salians, whom we may now begin to call Neustrians[4], were for more than two centuries the dominant tribe.

[1] Gibbon thinks it probable the real title was that of *Patrician*, and not *Consul*, as Hlodowig's name does not appear in any Consular Fasti, not even in those compiled by Marius, bishop of Avenches, in Switzerland.—Gibbon, ch. 38, and note 57.

[2] 'Bonus in auxilio, carus in negotio,' said Hlodowig of the Saint, when the clergy of Tours exacted a double ransom for his war-horse.

[3] Gregory of Tours, 2. 38.

[4] In opposition to the name Austrasian (Oster-rik, or Eastern Kingdom), by which name the Ripuarians were now designated: the word Neustria is said to be either the Neueste-rik, the latest kingdom, or Ne-oster-rik.

Then, says Gregory of Tours, who relates these bloody details without a word of blame, Hlodowig called together his people, and said, 'Woe is me! for I am left as a sojourner in the midst of strangers! I have now no kinsmen to help me, if misfortune comes.' But this he said in guile, not in sorrow: for he wished to see whether there were any surviving, that he might kill them also, if there were. But having said this—and finding no more to kill—he died[1] (A.D. 511). Though in all ways a barbarian, Hlodowig has won himself a place in history. Restless, ambitious, a man of living force, he still was not a great man; for he shewed no constructive power. Etzel the Hun was probably a greater man than he; but he stands on the page of history as a destroyer, while Hlodowig is inscribed in golden letters as the founder of a great nation. He had certain strong qualities: patience under provocation, which quietly waited for the moment of revenge, as we see in the well-known tale of the soldier and the vase of Soissons; a sense of humour, grim and German, as is seen in his speech to his men before the Gothic war, and in his reflection on his patron-saint, St. Martin of Tours; an indifference as to what means he used to gain his ends,—he would not pause from murder, if that were the road. He had the savage's love of blood, of fraud and falsehood. Nor did his becoming a Christian modify his ferocity; he certainly modified the character of the Christianity of his and after ages. God became more distinctly 'the God of Battles.' As Gibbon says, 'The Romans communicated to their conqueror the use of the Christian religion and Latin language; but their language and their religion had alike degenerated from the simple purity of the Augustan and Apostolic age[2].' Nothing was farther from their thoughts than that 'Peace on Earth,' which was sung by the angels at our Saviour's birth. When they told Hlodowig the sad story of the Crucifixion, his exclamation was, 'Had I and my Franks been there, we would have avenged the wrong'—and the fierce thought, the

[1] Gregory of Tours, 2. 42, 43.
[2] Gibbon, chap. 38 (p. 418, Milman's edition).

thought of the Teuton triumphant over the Roman, is a good commentary on the conqueror's view of his Christian duty. This Christianity of the sword, which now entered in, ruled religion for centuries. It was the life-blood of the Crusades; it impressed its character on even the wars of the sixteenth century. Well had Ulfilas, the Arian bishop of the Dacian Goths, read, long before, the risk to Christianity from his unruly proselytes. In translating the Bible into the Gothic speech[1] he entirely omitted the Books of Kings, lest his fierce converts should draw thence lessons opposed to the gentle spirit of the Gospel, and but too congenial to their own character. But the Gallo-Roman bishops who crowded round Hlodowig's throne had no such scruples. For him, a ferocious robber and murderer, they found sufficient precedents in the Old Testament. God's name was used as part of the Frankish title to their conquests: 'I hold my land of God and my good sword,' was said often enough before Hugh Capet or William the Bastard. In return, Hlodowig loaded the Church with gifts of land; till it was said that the Gallo-Romans recovered through their clergy what they had lost in war. The Church grew much stronger and richer during this period: she gained perhaps almost as much as Christianity lost. The Franks, bringing into Gaul their sense of the mysterious, transplanting thither the religious feelings they had had for their sacred groves and forest-priests, paid to the clergy of their new home an almost unlimited respect. The bishops became the advisers, and, in some sense, the educators of the chieftains. No Frank dreamed of taking orders; they left that to the Gallo-Romans, unless, chance-time, they wished to disable some long-haired prince. Then they cut off his flowing locks, and tonsured him, and he was thrust, as into exile, into the ranks of the clergy. Otherwise, the Franks held the sword, not the cross, of Christianity; and despised the life, while they venerated the sanctity, of the priest-

[1] Few relics of antiquity are more interesting to the Christian, the historian, and the philologer, than the fragments of this great work which have come down to us; for they are almost the sole remnants of the old Gothic speech.

hood. Moreover, as they brought into Gaul their old dislike of town-life, they left the bishops with sole authority in the cities: and thus the clergy continued to be the special representatives of the old Roman municipal life.

But the Church gained most by the change from a Roman Caesar to a Frankish king. Before the emperors she had been submissive, dependent; towards the Franks, she assumed the air of a benefactor, a superior: she had 'made their fortune;' she guided their policy, blessed their arms, partially tempered their fierceness, standing between them and the conquered inhabitants of Gaul: she lived under and administered the Roman law, and not the rude Custom-law of the Franks. How highly the clergy were valued appears from the barbarian codes. The weregild or fine for the murder of a priest was the same as that for an 'antrustion,' or trusty companion of the king; that for a bishop was far above all other sums mentioned[1]. Guizot has remarked that the clergy of this period had a share in all the elements of power. The bishops were sole rulers, magistrates and protectors of the towns; the counsellors of kings, and great landed proprietors, preparing to take rank in the coming territorial aristocracy; the clergy were the defenders and comfort of the vanquished, as well as the friends of the conquerors. Thus in every way the Church was ready to take advantage of each movement that might take place: come what might, she was prepared to rise[2].

Such were the relations of the Franks with the Church. Let us touch briefly on their relations to the land on which they settled, and whose older inhabitants they oppressed.

Their settlement was slow and irregular. They shunned the cities, and let much of the country fall out of cultivation. They forgot neither their old homes nor their old habits. The northern line of distinction between Gaul and Germany disappeared. The Franks long deemed the Rhine their home; and hence they

[1] At least this was so in the Burgundian code, in which a bishop's life was valued at 900 solidi, an antrustion's only at 600.

[2] Guizot, Civilisation en France, Leçon 8.

affected, in the end, the development of France far more than either Burgundian or Visigoth did. For their settlement was not once for all, as in the case of the others, but fresh Germanic blood kept on pouring into Northern France. This abolition of the northern frontier must be borne in mind in studying French history before Capetian times: for it explains the true position of the Austrasian princes, who were entirely German, and stood towards France in a very different relation from that of the Merwing kings who settled down in Neustria. Hlodowig was far more a French king than was Karl the Great.

When the Franks did settle in Gaul, it was under conditions which insured anarchy. Their older system, such as it was, perished. Neither did the German village-life, as Tacitus describes it, nor their camp-life remain. They were broken up into little knots, almost independent of each other. The kings, surrounded by their courtiers, passed from house to house: their palaces being simply large farms, or hunting-grounds with houses on them. Here they lived, consuming the stuff, and rejoicing in their idleness, hunting or carousing till their food was spent: then on to another manor. His large territories were also in another way useful to the king: he granted fiefs or benefices out of them to his friends; gifts which he, it seems, intended to resume at pleasure, but which gradually became first life-holdings, then, hereditary. This was the earliest and simplest form of feudal tenure. But the greater chiefs, who had followed the king with independent service, who were often more powerful than he, and eventually reduced him to nothing, were not likely, in the partition of lands, to submit themselves to the vague claims and authority of the king. As he took his share of conquered lands, so they took theirs; took it as their right, with full and independent power over it. Theirs was the 'alodial'[1] tenure, tenure of 'God and their good swords,' as has

[1] Alodium is probably the Latinised form of the old Teutonic *oðal* or *eðel*, noble, by metathesis: see Vigfússon's Icel. Dict. s. v. oðal. The Latin 'sortes,' by which the Gallo-Romans rendered the word alod, seems to countenance the notion that it is connected with Germ. *Loos*, a lot. *Feud* is probably fee-od, i.e. good in payment for value received, or for personal service rendered.

before been said. Each of these chiefs had his followers; to them he granted benefices, as the king did, and on similar terms. In all this it must be remembered that, according to the German way of thinking, the man is everything, the land nothing. The condition of the holder determines that of the land. Lords of territories, kings of countries, are things unknown in this period, and for long after. 'King of Franks,' not 'King of Gaul' was the title. Territorial designations came later; it was long ere men felt that they drew their nobility from their lands, not from themselves. The commoner sort of Franks took what they could get: their lot in the spoil,—their captives, share of cattle, dresses, vessels, ornaments, money. With these they took shelter under some powerful chieftain, formed part of his followers, perhaps got a benefice from him, or perhaps sank to a lowly condition in his household. A considerable part of the land remained with its old possessors, and became tributary, under very various conditions. These lands were also granted to chieftains, who took tribute for them. The cultivators of these lands were on the high road to serfdom.

Such was the state of the land. Part of it held as *alod*, independent of all service or duty; part as *benefice*, by favour of the king or chief who had granted it; part as *tributary* farms, cultivated by Gallo-Roman rustics.

The conquerors, being thus scattered over the face of the land, soon lost their interest in the old assemblies, the 'Fields of March,' and the 'Malls,' so characteristic of the old Frankish life. They were no longer a compact aggressive body of warriors, with like interests and passions. The annual Fields of March[1], at which they used to debate their affairs of state, plan their expeditions, pass their fighting power under review, fell into disuse: these parliaments of free men languished on the soil of France. The Malls too, in which justice used to be done in the heart of the tribe's life, were greatly modified; and were at last held in every district in the kingdom. Counts,

[1] These great assemblies were held about the beginning of each year (as the year was then reckoned) in the month of March.

bishops, abbots, sat in the greater assizes (the Placita majora as they are called), and in the lower courts sat official judges, named by the king. Here, too, the old centre-point of Frankish life was lost. In fact, they bartered their old wild freedom and tribal unity for a rich and broad territory, broken up into many half-independent districts. Instead of a simple state of society, chiefs, followers, and captives, they now had the rudiments of monarchy and aristocracy, with a town-life and a church-life beside them — the rudiments of modern Europe. But in its first stage it was little but a dreary chaos of all anarchic vices and crimes.

It is difficult to get at the state of the Gallo-Romans at this time. What records have we? Probably, their condition was somewhat bettered. Domestic slavery was almost unknown among the Germans, at least at first. But before long slavery grew frightfully, until we can see that there remained hardly any middle class at all, except perhaps in a few cities. But at first the Gallo-Romans, though conquered, were freed from the rapacities of the Roman Court. The Franks, in the matter of fiscal exactions, were not severe masters. The clergy too, being exclusively Gallo-Romans, doubtless protected their kinsfolk; and we know also that in some parts of Gaul the older inhabitants were on an equality with the incomers. They were also, to a large extent, ruled by the Roman law, in itself no slight boon. But their condition, though at first it rather improved, ere long fell from bad to worse, during the anarchy which followed the conquest.

## CHAPTER II.

### *The Neustrian Kings.*

### A.D. 511—687.

We come now to two centuries and a half of incessant and uninteresting struggles. History there can be none: a few essays on the time, a few biographical sketches, would give the best conception of the dreary waste[1]. Even the very terms we use require a caution: they have not their present significance. We are easily misled, when we talk of monarchy, aristocracy, the people; for the words do not bear their modern sense. The same is true of bishop, monk, churchman: the Gallo-Roman bishop, and the monk, the protestant of his age, must not be dressed up in the clothes of modern life.

The guiding lines through this historical desert are (1) the struggle of the Merwing kings with their chieftains; (2) the struggle between Neustria and Austrasia; (3) the movements of the Church.

It must also be remembered that towards the end of the time, the struggle between monarchy and the chieftains changed in character, and became a trial of strength between the Merwing kings and their Mayors of the Palace, represented by the great house of Pippin of Landen; absorbing into itself the struggle of Neustria against Austrasia; for Neustria went with the Merwings, while Austrasia supported the family of Pippin. Early in the period there are often independent kings

[1] Such essays are to be found in Guizot's Essais sur l'histoire de France, 3. 4. The biographies of Brunhild, Bishop Eligius, Dagobert I, Ebroin, St. Leger, Pippin of Landen, would do for the other part, were there materials enough to make them.

in both districts[1]; towards the end the Austrasian king ceases to exist, or exists only as a shadow. Early, we find the leudes, or nobles, of Austrasia, Neustria and Burgundy, sometimes acting separately, sometimes combining against their kings; later, we hear little of any chieftains save those of Austrasia. At the beginning, the two tribes are on one footing, the preponderance of power lying with Neustria; later, the Austrasian remains wild and unchanged, a fierce warrior, half pagan, uncivilised, energetic; while the Neustrian has adopted Gallo-Roman manners, has lost his strength, and is far below his ruder kinsman in power. The struggle could only end in the triumph of the Austrasians, under the great 'Karoling' family, and the renewal of the influences of feudal Germany over France.

This period falls into four obvious subdivisions, which, for clearness' sake, are here put down:—

I. From the partition at Hlodowig's death, to the division of Frankish Gaul into the three kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy, A.D. 511—567.

II. The struggle between Austrasia and Neustria, under Brunhild and Fredegond, A.D. 567—613.

III. The period of Dagobert, king of Neustria, A.D. 613—638.

IV. The Royal Nonentities, to the Battle of Testry, in which Austrasia, under Pippin of Heristal, vanquished Neustria, A.D. 638—687.

I. A.D. 511—567.—Hlodowig, before his death in 511, saw all Northern France occupied by his Salians, and the Ripuarians in due subjection; Aquitaine was a conquered land; Burgundy a vassal-state. A corner of Brittany, a corner of Provence, were untouched, but could cause him no uneasiness. He had fulfilled his task, and had established the Frank on Gallic soil, and had

[1] See Table II.

sown the seed of a feudal aristocracy. Though, in the prime of life, he may have had ambitious thoughts of a strong united kingdom, he must have known that his free Franks would accept the division of his power among his sons as natural, and would not regard it as a disruption of the Frankish power. It would be an anachronism to think of the division as a dismemberment of a proud kingdom. Yet it was a great misfortune: rousing endless jealousies, causing much bloodshed, weakening the one strong thing of the day, the royal authority, leading on to the rise of the Mayors of the Palace and the fall of the Merwings.

Theodorik, Hlodowig's eldest son, born before his marriage with Hlotehild, took the north-eastern part, and became king of what soon after this time began to be called Austrasia, a district lying on both banks of the Rhine[1]. He had also possessions in Aquitaine and Auvergne. He made Mettis (Metz) his capital, and is usually styled king of that city. Of Hlotehild's three sons, Hildebert the eldest had the central district, (central, that is with reference to Frankish Gaul), the country round Paris, together with Armorica;—he is styled king of Paris: Hlodomir fixed himself at Orleans, and had the west of Gaul south of the Loire: Hlotair went to Soissons, and was king over the old Salian territory, in the north-west corner of Gaul. He also had estates in Aquitaine. Thus we may see that the partition was a simple division of estates, not of governments; and that the kings all clung to the parts north of the Loire, regarding their possessions south of that river as outlying estates; lands suitable as fighting-grounds, for plunder, for all the wretched quarrelling, murders, and misery of the time. This is also true of the next partition, between the four sons of Hlotair. After that time the kingdoms become somewhat more territorial. But as yet a king was but a leader in war. The leudes looked to their king for expeditions, even compelling him at times to make war against his will. At home they deemed themselves independent. Surrounded by a court of idle warriors, they lived on their uncultivated lands, finding in war the excitement for which

[1] See below, p. 84.

they lived, or, if war was unfortunately slack, following the mimic warfare of the chase; caring for no man, recognising no social ties or moral obligations, laying the foundations of that feudal lordship which was afterwards so splendidly bad in France, so brutally bad (though never so cruel) in Germany.

The partition did not lessen the vigour of the Franks. They attacked their neighbours right and left. The Austrasians defeated the Thuringians[1] and some Saxon tribes[2], wild pagans all; then the Allemans[3] and Bavarians. The other kings attacked Burgundy in 524, and subdued it in 534. The Austrasians also went as freebooters into Italy, but their expeditions thither have no special interest for us.

In the first war against Burgundy (A.D. 524) Hlodomir, king of Orleans, was slain. He left three boys under the care of their grandmother Hlotehild, who had incited her sons to make this raid on her Burgundian kinsfolk. The kings of Paris and Soissons, Hildebert and Hlotair, seized the three children, and sent a messenger to Hlotehild, offering her a pair of scissors and a sword, with these words: 'Thy sons await thy wishes as to the three children: shall they be shorn or slain[4]?' In her anguish she cried out, 'Slain rather than shorn!'—for, like a true Frank, though she reverenced the clergy, she would rather see her descendants dead than disgraced by the tonsure. So the messenger returned and told the kings the queen approved, and they might finish their work. Whereon Hlotair seized the eldest boy by the arm, dashed him to the ground, and killed him. The second, hearing the cry of his brother, fled to Hildebert's knees, who, moved with pity, begged for the child's life. But Hlotair replied: 'Give him up, or die for him;' and the boy was given up, and also murdered. But among the crowd was one that had a heart:

[1] Who lay in what is now the Thüringer Wald, between the Main and Elbe, eastward of the Austrasian lands.

[2] The Saxons lay north of the Austrasians, nearly from the Rhine to the Baltic, across Hanover, Brunswick, &c. They were not really conquered till Karl the Great's days.

[3] The Allemans inhabited Rhaetia and part of modern Swabia.

[4] Gregory of Tours, 3. 18.

he snatched up the youngest child, fled out, and escaped. The child's life was saved; but it was thought well that he should—as the chronicler[1] has it—'despise a worldly throne.' So 'he passed to the Lord and died a priest[2],' shorn, not slain. His name was Hlodoald, and he afterwards became a saint, and gave his name to St. Cloud, a pretty village on the Seine, hard by Paris. Then Hildebert and Hlotair divided the lands of their brother Hlodomir; and after Hildebert's death, Hlotair succeeded to the whole.

This tale of Hlotair contains many characteristics of the race and time. We see the children with their long hair, denoting Merwing blood[3]; the Frankish dread of Orders, as closing the career of war and enjoyment so dear to them; the ferocity of the chiefs; the stuff of which the saints of the age were made.

In Austrasia Theodorik had died in 534, and was succeeded by his son Theodebert, who in happier times would have left his mark: he tried to govern wisely, with the help of Gallo-Roman ideas. He also kept alive the Frankish war-spirit by constant expeditions. This the Franks liked, but Gallo-Roman ideas and taxes they could not abide. So when Theodebert died, the Franks pursued his Gallo-Roman friend and adviser, Parthenius, into Trèves cathedral, bound him to a pillar, and then and there stoned him to death. Thus the Austrasian independence avenged itself on Gallo-Roman civilisation. But no one in Neustria murmured against taxation, except the clergy; they resisted, and warned Hlotair against 'spoiling the goods of the Lord, who might possibly spoil him of his kingdom;' and he, joining prudence to penitence, desisted.

Neustria was settling down into a monarchy. Round Hlotair were reeves (*grafen*) or counts, royal officers; the clergy made court to him, as usual; the name of 'leudes,' which had originally belonged to all Frankish freemen, was given to the 'fideles' or 'antrustions,' the king's trusty men, who filled

[1] Gregory of Tours, 3. 18. [2] Ibid.

[3] Θεμιτὸν γὰρ τοῖς βασιλεῦσι τῶν Φράγγων οὐ πώποτε κείρεσθαι.—Agathias, p. 14. A. 524.

various offices and functions in the state. The Gallo-Romans also struggled for position as the 'king's men.' Out of the huge royal domain benefices were granted to these court-followers. The Gallo-Romans, who knew of old the arts of courts, the uses of flattery, sapped the foundations of the old Frankish spirit, and taught kings and subjects their respective places. Still, even in Neustria there were remains of the old spirit. Thus, at one time there was trouble with the Saxons, and Hlotair, weary of the difficulty of dealing with them, was for making terms of peace: but his chiefs arose and said, 'No: they would again go into the Saxon land.' Hlotair declared he would not go. They burst out into the old lawless Frankish fury, and went nigh to kill him. Whereon he gave way, marched at their head, and got for himself and them a bloody defeat; after which the chiefs were glad to make peace as best they might, and go home again. In 555 Hlotair seized the kingdom of Austrasia; and in 558, on the death of Hildebert, Orleans fell to him, and he became sole king of Franks. The career of war and murder answered so well for him that he continued it to the end. Then, says Gregory of Tours, he fell ill of a fever, and in his torment he cried out, 'Oh! how great must be the King of Heaven, if he can thus kill so mighty a king as I!' and so he died (A.D. 561)[1]. In his death, we see once more the Frankish conception of God: a half-pagan belief in a Deity, strong and terrible, who can and will torment the great ones of the earth.

II. A.D. 567–613. At Hlotair's death the Frankish kingdom was again divided into four parts. Sigebert took Austrasia, Haribert had Paris, Hilperik Soissons, and Gontran Burgundy. When Haribert died in 567, Hilperik seized his domains, and made himself king of Neustria. This year 567 is the date of the definite division of Northern Gaul into the three real Frankish kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria[2], and Burgundy. Of these,

[1] Gregory of Tours, 4. 21.

[2] The boundaries of these divisions are always uncertain. Neustria, roughly speaking, lay between the Loire and Meuse; Austrasia between the Meuse and the Rhine. But Austrasia went beyond the upper Meuse, so as to include part of modern Champagne, and beyond the upper Rhine, including the Palatinate and even part of Switzerland.

Austrasia and Neustria were ever at variance, usually at war: while Burgundy, quietest and weakest of the three, sided now with the one, now with the other. The countries became more territorial, less personal: everything points to a more fixed royalty in the kingdoms.

This is also the period of the struggle between Brunhild, daughter of Athanagild, king of the Visigoths, wife of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, and Fredegond, the low-born mistress, and afterwards queen, of Hilperik, king of Neustria. The plots, rivalries, crimes, wars, murders, of these two queens fill up the latter part of this century. About the same time we hear of the Mayor of the Palace. This officer was elected by the chiefs, acting independently, and was a check on the royal power, under the form of a kind of regency. The first Austrasian Mayor of the Palace was appointed at the time when Sigebert was but a boy. The administration of justice was placed in his hands. The office is found established, before long, in both Neustria and Burgundy. But in Neustria the Mayor of the Palace usually sided with the king; in Burgundy he was insignificant, being overshadowed by an officer styled the Patrician, a relic of the Roman tendencies of that kingdom [1].

From this time we may date the beginning of a double rivalry —that of Austrasia and Neustria, and that of royalty and aristocracy. The clergy, to come to the other notable class, were already paying the penalty for their subservience to the Frankish chiefs. The kings soon learnt how to use the wealth of the Church: and the clergy sank to the position of worldly courtiers. They flocked round the throne, and kissed the hand stained with fraternal blood. The upper clergy became landed lords, vieing with the Frankish chiefs. They meddled in politics, and in the next period, are found mixing in all the bloodshed and intrigue of the age. On the other hand, rude Franks, seeing the wealth of certain bishopricks, got themselves ordained for the sake of the domains:—sometimes they even got the sub-

[1] In Austrasia the Mayors tended to overshadow the kings.

stance without the shadow, the domains without the tonsure. The kings interfered in episcopal elections, thrusting in whom they would, and violating the old right of popular, or at least clerical, election. At the end of this period we shall find the monks, the new religious element, chastising this worldliness, allying themselves with the new dynasty (while the bishops clung to the Merwings), and sharing in its good fortune. Still, the clergy were not all like this: even in the king's chambers they helped to tone down the roughness of Frankish habits, and in an age of universal turbulence the greater churches became refuges for the oppressed. The bishops grew into great alodial lords, under whose protection the weak sheltered themselves. With their spiritual powers they defended, on the whole successfully, those who sat as suppliants at their altars. Yet in the main, the spiritual life had lost much of its true character; and it was time that Christianity should once more assert her living power. This she did when Benedict of Nursia founded his monasteries on the Italian hills, and set before the world a new view of man's destiny. The Benedictine Rule spread swiftly over France; and for six centuries it was the only Rule in the land. The convents of the Order rose up to rebuke the worldliness of the Church. They preached simplicity and the dignity of labour; they restored the respect due to toil. No longer should it be servile to work with one's hands: 'laborare est orare,' was one of the axioms of their rule: and society needed to be reminded of this truth. For a harsh line had been drawn between the idle Frank who hunted and drank, and the wretched Gallo-Roman peasant who tilled the soil. The Frank in fact held that God had cursed the ground: the Benedictine arose to teach man once more how to win a blessing from it. Throughout Gaul the monastic lands became examples of happy industry, telling their own tale by force of contrast. The inequalities of race grew less before these missionaries and pioneers of modern industry; liberty seemed to rouse her fainting head within their walls: to labour, to sing, to build, to write; these were their four great tasks. The world has few

nobler histories than that of the Benedictine Order: few societies have left behind such monuments of ennobled toil.

The feud between Brunhild and Fredegond sprang out of a foul murder, done at Fredegond's bidding on Galswith, Hilperik's queen, Brunhild's sister. When she was dead, Fredegond was promoted, and became Hilperik's wife. Brunhild then induced the Austrasian leudes to force Sigebert, their peace-loving king, into the fray. They did not know that they were taking up the quarrel of a woman, beautiful and ambitious, full of Roman ideas, who would one day be their bitterest foe. The onslaught on Hilperik was sudden and irresistible: the unwilling Sigebert saw his victory with tears, and begged the chiefs to use their triumph modestly: they replied with reproaches, and went on to destroy all they found in Neustria. Hilperik was so thoroughly defeated that, next year, he yielded his crown to Sigebert. The Neustrian chiefs hoisted him on a shield, and proclaimed him King of Franks. At that moment two of Fredegond's pages drew near, and smote him on either side with poisoned daggers. He cried out, fell down, and died. Brunhild fell into the hands of her triumphant rival, who sent her, a prisoner, to Rouen; and Hildebert, a child of five years, was made king of Austrasia under tutelage of a Mayor. The Austrasian chiefs now consolidated their power, allied themselves with Gontran of Burgundy, and persuaded him to adopt Hildebert as his heir. Meanwhile, true to the strange mixture of romance and tragedy in her history, Brunhild was seen by Merow, a son of Hilperik, who fell deeply in love with her, rescued her from prison, and married her. Fredegond, furious at her escape, pursued the fugitives; but Brunhild escaped into Austrasia, while Merow, less fortunate, took refuge in the church at Tours. It is a pleasure in these gloomy times to come across a worthy deed; still more so when we know the actor well. Gregory the historian was at that time bishop of Tours; and he boldly refused to give the refugee up to Hilperik's men; and, fearing violence, which he could not have resisted, found means to

convey him away. He made for Austrasia: but Fredegond the implacable was on his track: near the border her emissaries caught and slew him.

The whole life of Fredegond is a calendar of crimes, ending, as was believed, in the assassination of her husband in 584. She murdered Praetextatus, archbishop of Rouen, at the altar; unfaithful to her husband, she murdered him and his children; she oppressed the Parisians; she moved through devious blood-stained tracks to an unworthy end. Between 584 and 587 she struggled against Austrasia, for a time detaching Gontran from the northern alliance. But the treaty of Andelot in 587 drew Gontran and Hilperik together again: by it they guaranteed the integrity of each other's territories, exchanged those leudes who had passed from one kingdom to the other; secured the gifts made to the Church, and set the benefices granted to their chiefs on a better footing. This treaty is appealed to as shewing the existence at this early time of the so-called Salic law of inheritance; that is, succession by the male line only. The good Gontran died in 593, and then Hildebert ruled over Austrasia and Burgundy. He too died in 595, leaving his two boys, Theodebert II, king of Austrasia, and Theodorik II, king of Burgundy, under their grandmother's tutelage. Thus the Frankish Empire was under the kingship of three children (for Hlotair II, king of Neustria, was but eleven years old), governed by the two old queens. Each child had also his Mayor of the Palace,—a dark shadow dogging his tottering footsteps. The two queens met for yet one more struggle; but Fredegond held her own: and at last we have the spectacle of these two fierce and wicked women ruling peaceably, even gloriously, over their children's shares of Gaul. In 597 Fredegond died in peace: her crimes met with no punishment, no reprobation here: she left her son established firmly on his throne; she had fulfilled all her ambition. For Brunhild remained yet sixteen years of life; in which she struggled vainly against the ever-growing strength and spirit of the Austrasian leudes, and perished at last by a revolting death. After Fredegond's death, she roused her Austrasians and Bur-

gundians, and wrested almost all Neustria from the weak hands of Hlotair II[1].

It is at this period of her career that the admirers of this queen, who, says Hallam, 'has had partisans almost as enthusiastic as those of Mary, Queen of Scots[2]' ought to draw her picture. Victorious over the Neustrians, she held her own chiefs at bay with a stout heart and clear eye. She became the patroness of art, the builder of churches, the maker of roads; her greatness was felt by kings, by emperors; she helped Augustin in his mission to the English; she reformed her clergy; she received a letter of praise from Gregory the Great himself. Meanwhile she smote and murdered the great leudes, till they rose against her and drove her into Burgundy. There she continued the struggle. The Church, hitherto her friend, now abandoned her side and made cause with St. Columbanus, who had been insulted by her for daring to tell her the truth. She still triumphed over and slew her grandson Theodebert, with his children. Theodorik II died, leaving her regent to four babes, her great-grandchildren. She still strove to carry out the design of her life, the erection of a firm monarchy in Austrasia. But now the leudes placed at their head two men, of a race destined to impress the world's history with a lasting mark; Pippin of Landen[3], and Arnulf, bishop of Metz. Here in the dreary waste we meet with the beginning of a line which will lead us out of disorder into the ordered tracts of real history. So wandering across a pathless moorland, we light at last on a little stream; we trace it downwards till it becomes a great river, a power and blessing to the cultivated world. And thus Pippin of Landen carries us on in thought to Karl the Great, and the days in which modern society was founded, when order once more began to reign on the earth. In Pippin and Arnulf the lay and spiritual aristo-

[1] All, in fact, except some twelve districts between the Seine and the sea.
[2] Hallam, Middle Ages, I. 1. 1.
[3] Landen is not far from Liége. Pippin was grandfather of Pippin of Heristal, who was grandfather of Pippin the Short, who was Karl the Great's father.

cracies combined against the aged queen. They roused the leudes of Burgundy and Neustria to make common cause, and agreed that they would slay Brunhild with all Theodorik's children and make Hlotair II sole king of Franks, overshadowed by a Mayor of the Palace for each of the three divisions of the kingdom. It is from this time that the real importance of the office begins. Originally the Mayor of the Palace seems to have been a somewhat unimportant person in the king's household. Petitions and requests had to pass through his hands: and he superintended the internal affairs of the court, as a kind of chamberlain. The office was Teutonic in origin, and can be traced back, in its earlier form, a long way: thus Badegisil was Mayor to Hlotair I, fourth son of Hlodowig. Nothing can be learnt as to the office from the name of it[1]. The Mayor was at first named by the king; then, elected by the chiefs; a change more marked in Austrasia than in Neustria, where the Mayors side with the kings against the chiefs. Presently, in Austrasia, the office became fixed in one family, that of Pippin of Landen: it was held for life, it carried with it the chief command in war, and involved certain duties of rude justice. From Chamberlain to Regent, from Regent to Duke, from Duke to King, from King to Emperor of the West; so rose the fortunes of the office with the great aristocratic family which held it, until it reached its highest in the person of the great Karl, inheritor of the imperial name and of almost more than imperial power.

[1] Here are some of the derivations suggested. (1) The obvious 'Major domus' seems to have been a real title; but not among the Franks. (2) 'Magister (O. Fr. *mestre*) domus'; answering to one title found in the Latin historians, 'Magister palatii.' (3) The Scandinavian *Mestr* = maximus; but this does not suit an office which was at first not 'maximus,' but of low repute. (4) Celtic *maer, mer,* a magistrate. But a Celtic origin to the name is most unlikely. (5) '*Mord-dom,* 'judge of murder,' which is Sismondi's suggestion; but this was not the original part of the office, and is like an anachronism. (6) *Meier, meyer,* O. Germ., as in Hausmeier, a bailiff (= villicus), a derivation which has much in its favour. The Latin chroniclers render the office by the names, 'Major in aula,' 'Major domus,' 'Palatii custos, dux, gubernator, magister,' 'Praefectus aulae,' 'Praepositus palatii,' &c. But nothing can be concluded from these names. See Du Méril, Sur la langue française, pp. 6, 7, 8, notes.

The undaunted queen gathered an army and met the confederate chiefs near Neufchatel. But her army melted away, and left her to fall, with the four children, into Hlotair's hands, who carried out the plan without flinching. The four children were murdered at once; but the aged queen was tortured for three days; and at last they tied her to the heels of a wild horse, which, more merciful than men, soon put an end to her misery. Thus shamefully perished (A.D. 613) one who for more than fifty years had been the greatest personage in the Frankish realm. The horrors of her death add one more touch to the picture of this wretched and terrible age, of which Gibbon has truly said that 'it would be difficult to find anywhere more vice or less virtue[1].' Brunhild engaged in two struggles, in both of which she was at a great disadvantage. Had she been Queen of Neustria she might easily have subdued her leudes;—for in that part of the Frankish Empire they were already failing; and with her great abilities, she might have made such use of the still preponderant strength of Neustria, as would have put the Austrasians beneath her feet. For Austrasia, though its leudes were the better fighting-men, was still the weaker state. In Neustria she would have met with less opposition to her favourite scheme of a monarchy, based on the recollections of the Roman Empire. But as Queen of Austrasia she had throughout to fight against unequal chances. She fought with wonderful skill and success till her grandson's death in 613. Then the whole fabric of her building suddenly crumbled away and buried her in its ruins. The time would come when monarchy would successfully resist aristocracy, and when Austrasia would subdue Neustria: but not by her hands, or as she would have wished. For the successful royalty would be the Neustrian; and the Austrasian conqueror, the head of the aristocracy. Dagobert, at the Neustrian court, was soon to show how high royalty could rise under a Merwing prince; and then, after half a century, Austra-

[1] Gibbon, chap. 38; and see Hallam, Middle Ages, I. 1. 1.

sia, led by the house of Pippin, would reduce the rest of the Frankish power under it. Could the aged queen have foreseen either result, she might have understood the helplessness of her struggle, the baseless nature of her policy.

III. A.D. 613–638. As agreed, the leudes made Hlotair II sole king of Franks. But they exacted from him in return (in 614 or 615) the confirmation of an ordinance, called 'The Perpetual Constitution;' an agreement drawn up by leudes and bishops in concert, the first definite proof of the growing superiority of the aristocratic party. It involved (1) the abolition of taxes; (2) the restitution of lands taken from leudes or churches; (3) the irrevocable confirmation of all grants; (4) the restoration to clergy and people of episcopal elections, the king retaining only the right of confirmation; (5) the freedom of clergy from the jurisdiction of the royal tribunals, and corresponding enlargements of the authority of ecclesiastical tribunals; (6) the independence of judges, and the extension even to slaves of the right to be heard before judgment. In every line we can trace the hand of the clergy: it was an attempt to introduce conceptions of justice instead of the law of force, while it strengthened the party of the chiefs and clergy united. But the chief part of this ordinance was never acted on. The great alodial chiefs grew stronger, and less likely to bow to law; the amount of tributary land constantly increased, the small proprietors finding it well to shelter themselves under some powerful chief. There was no central government; each chief, each bishop, was almost independent: bishops becoming daily more like mere territorial chiefs, with all the authority and all the vices of their rank. This is more particularly true of Austrasia; in Neustria the royal power was still strong, and Hlotair II, knowing that the Rhine provinces were his chief difficulty, placed his son Dagobert over them as king in 622, under the supervision of Pippin of Landen and Arnulf.

Six years later Hlotair died, leaving two sons, Dagobert and Haribert. Half a century earlier these princes would have divided the kingdom, as a matter of course; now Dagobert

gathered a force in Austrasia, and seized on the whole power. And to rid himself of his brother (and he deserves credit for self-denial, in not applying the compendious remedy of murder) he granted him a great part of Aquitaine. The down-trodden south accepted a new chief with joy: he fixed his court at Toulouse, allied himself with the Gascons, and in spite of defeat,—for Dagobert became jealous and sought to crush him,—he succeeded in founding a half-independent kingdom, which lasted for the rest of the century, and helped to lessen the wretchedness of the land.

Meanwhile Dagobert, seeing that if he would be a real king, he must be so in Neustria, after taking as hostages the persons of the greatest Austrasians he could seize, fixed his throne at Paris. There he made himself a splendid court; purchased friends with gifts of land and goods; made progresses through the country, redressing wrong; curbed the great; 'his coming struck terror into bishops and chiefs, but filled the poor with joy.' Under him the Merwing monarchy reached its highest; the Emperor of the East sought his alliance: there was no other western king of note. He re-issued the Frankish laws, under advice of Bishop Audoen (St. Ouen) and Eligius; he advanced architecture, influencing the growth of the 'Lombard' style, the first Teutonic modification of the Roman manner of building; gave a splendid example of this style in the Abbey of St. Denis, founded and built by him under the guidance of Eligius, who was a cunning workman in metal, and probably designed as well as superintended the building of the great church. Withal, his court was as dissolute as splendid; art and refinement quickly pass into licentiousness, especially in the hands of a half-barbarous race; he was surrounded by ministers of excess; the clergy, as in the time of Louis XIV, crowded round the court, and either winked at, or uttered an unheard protest against, the evils which flaunted in open day around them. Dagobert was the Louis XIV of the Merwing time.

But the years of his glory were not many. In A.D. 633 the Austrasians compelled him to make a complete division between

them and the rest of the kingdom. He gave them his babe Sigebert, who was but three years old, to be their king; and five years later he died. The splendour of his royal estate had been far more apparent than real: he had no hold over Austrasia; and though the rest of Frankish Gaul lay at his feet, there was no stability in his position. On his death in 638 his Merwing monarchy fell of itself to dust.

IV. A.D. 638–687. Sigebert is king of Austrasia: Hlodowig II, his second son, a child of four years, becomes king of Neustria. These two infants are the first of the so-called 'Rois fainéants' —do-naught kings, royal nonentities. The two Frankish kingdoms diverged more and more; royalty in Austrasia became a mere shadow, though the time for the change of dynasty was not come. Shadows and names of things long haunt the world after their substance is gone: and when Grimoald, the Austrasian Mayor, Pippin of Landen's son, banished the son of Sigebert to an Irish monastery, and proclaimed his own son as king, the leudes all rose against him, took him and his son, and sent them to Hlodowig II, who, naturally enough, put them both to death.

On Hlodowig's death in 656, Hlotair III succeeded; he was ruled by Ebroin, a man of some mark. His policy was to restore the Merwing monarchy, and to curb the Austrasian chiefs. But he could only delay for a while the inevitable result. The rivalry and friendship of Ebroin and Leger, bishop of Autun, leaders of two opposite factions, form a curious episode. St. Leger, at the head of the aristocratic party, overthrew Ebroin, tonsured him, and banished him to the monastery of Luxeuil; but soon, by the turn of Fortune's wheel, St. Leger also followed to the same place: there the two statesmen became friends, and on Hilderik's death, they once more plunged into the waves of the world's strife. Their friendship ended with their retirement: they resumed their old places as heads of rival parties. But now Ebroin was too strong for St. Leger, besieged him in his episcopal city of Autun, and took him; put out his eyes, imprisoned him, tried him before a council, condemned him as an accomplice in Hilderik's murder, and had him beheaded: a not unmerited

end. But after his death he became a saint; and the name of St. Leger is not unknown, even in England. Ebroin now recognised Theodoric III as king, and ruled over the Neustrians and Burgundians with absolute power. But in 678 the Austrasians chose as Mayors, Martin and Pippin, grandsons of Pippin of Landen, and resolved to pull down the champion of royalty. Ebroin succeeded in getting Martin murdered, but he failed to slay the stronger man. He was himself soon after murdered by a Neustrian, and with him perished the last hope of the Merwings. 'Teutonic France,' as historians sometimes call Austrasia, prepared to pour itself on 'Roman France,'—the German-speaking tribe on the Low Latin-speaking tribe. The last invasion of Gaul by German was about to take place; an invasion whose consequences were different from all before: for it led on to that new form of the imperial conception of rule and order, which produced the Holy Roman Empire, the grandest institution of the Middle Ages. We are now at the beginning of the power destined to cope with the growing strength of the Papacy, and to beat back the onslaughts of Heathenism and Mahometanism in Western Europe. The battle of Testry, fought in 687, between Pippin of Heristal and the Neustrians, closes the old chaotic period, and begins the new order of things. The Neustrians were headed by Berthar, Mayor of the Palace to Theodoric III; the Austrasians by Pippin. Testry is in the Vermandois, near St. Quentin; there the long struggle of Frank with Frank came to an end. From that day Merwing royalty faded away, and Pippin's house became almost absolute. Under that house the wild anarchy of the chiefs will be stayed; the elements of order will have time to gain strength; the aristocratic German Empire of Karl the Great will spread across Western Europe; law and justice will emerge; feudalism take shape for good and evil; the Church begin to shake herself from the dust; the see of Rome assert her proud position side by side with the Empire. All this begins with the battle of Testry: we hail it as the first sign of our release from the shadow of death, in which we have been wandering.

# PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Family of Pippin, or the Karolings.*

### A.D. 687—752.

We have now reached 'the bridge between barbarism and feudal life[1].' It was long in getting its foundations laid: one cannot build soundly on chaos. The first and second Karoling chiefs laid the foundations; the third and fourth built thereon. This chapter will be intermediate between the Merwing and the Karoling dynasties. For though the real power lay with the Austrasian chiefs, they did not yet feel themselves strong enough to sweep away the shadow-kings who still reigned in vain. 'Though the line of Merwing kings,' says Eginhard, 'may seem to have ended with Hilderik (A.D. 752), still it had long been powerless, with nothing great about it, save the empty name of king. With long floating hair and low-falling beard, he sat on his throne, pretending to rule: he gave audience to ambassadors, made them such replies as he was prompted, or even ordered, to make, and yet feigned that they were his own. All the while he had, beside the name of king and an uncertain allowance (secured only on the will and pleasure of the Mayor of the Palace), nothing of his own save one poor little poverty-stricken country-house, where he held court, surrounded by a very scanty retinue of servants. If he must go abroad, he was carried in a cart, drawn, peasant-fashion, by a yoke

[1] Guizot, Civilisation en France, Leçon 9.

# TABLE III.—PEDIGREE OF THE KAROLING PRINCES.

[To face p. 97.

**Pippin of Heristal,**
Austrasian Mayor of the Palace, 687; Duke of Franks (after Testry), 687; + 714.

- *Grimould,* Neustrian Mayor of the Palace + 714.
- **Karl the Hammer,** Duke of Austrasia, Mayor of the Palace, 715–741.
  - **Karloman,** Duke and Prince of Franks, 741–747 (resigned).
  - **PIPPIN THE SHORT,** Duke and Prince of Franks; Neustria, 741; sole Prince, 747; King, 752–768.
    - **KARL THE GREAT** (*Charlemagne*), King of Neustria, 768; of all Franks, 771; King of Franks and Lombardy, 774; Emperor, 800–814.
      - *Karl* + 811.
      - *Pippin,* King of Italy, 781–810.
        - *Bernard,* King of Italy, 810–818.
          - *Pippin,* Count of Vermandois.
            - *Heribert* of Vermandois.
            - *Pippin* of Valois.
      - **HLUDWIG I** (*'Debonarius'*), King of Aquitania, 781–814; Emperor, 814–840.
        - **Hlothar,** King of Italy, 820; Emperor, 840–855.
        - **Pippin,** King of Aquitania.
        - **Hludwig** (*the German*), King of Germany.
          - *Karloman,* King of Bavaria.
          - *Hludwig,* King of Saxony.
          - **KARL** (*the Fat*), K. of Italy and Emperor, 881–888; K. of France, 884–888. On his death, **Odo,** Ct. of Paris, elected K. by the Leudes.
        - **KARL II** (*the Bald*), 840–877; son of Judith, King of Neustria and Burgundy, 840–877; Emperor and King of Italy, 875–877.
          - **HLUDWIG II (I)** (*the Stammerer*), King of France, 877–879.
            - **HLUDWIG III (II),** Northern France, 879–882.
            - **KARLOMAN,** King of Aquitania and Burgundy, 879–884.
            - **KARL III** (*the Simple*), 892–929; opposed by **Odo** till 896; by **Robert,** 922; by **Rodolph** of Burgundy, 923–936; all Kings of the Leudes.
              - **HLUDWIG IV (III)** (*Outremar*), 936–954.
                - **HLOTHAR,** 954–986.
                  - **HLUDWIG V (IV)*** (*Fainéant*), 986–987.
                - **Karl** Duke of Lorraine.

* As Ludwig V died childless the crown passed strictly to his uncle, Karl of Lorraine; but the Barons chose Hugh Capet, crowned in 987.

**Pippin of Heristal,**
Austrasian Mayor of the Palace,
687; Duke of Franks
(after Testry), 687; + 714.

*Grimoald,*
Neustrian Mayor of
the Palace + 714.

**Karl the Hamme**
Duke of Austrasia, Mayo
the Palace, 715–741

**Karloman,**
Duke and Prince of Franks,
741–747 (resigned).

**PIPP**
Duke
Neustria

**KARL THE GREAT**
(*Charlemagne*),
King of Neustria, 768: of all Franks,
King of Franks and Lombardy, 77
Emperor, 800–814.

*Karl* + 811.

*Pippin,*
King of Italy,
781–810.

*Bernard,*
King of Italy,
810–818.

Hlo
King of
Emperor,

*Pippin,*
Count of
Vermandois.

*Kar*
Ki
Ba

*Heribert*
of Vermandois.

*Pippin*
of Valois.

* As Ludwig V died childless the crown

of oxen, guided by a cowherd: thus went he to the palace or assembly; thus returned he home again. 'But the whole administration of the realm, all things to be done at home or abroad, fell to the care of the Prefect of the Court'[1]. Thus the period between the battle of Testry and the crowning of Pippin the Short belongs in substance to the Karolings, in name to the older dynasty. But though the name of King only was left, it had a real weight: for it carried a certain power over men's minds. Otherwise, how could nearly a century pass with the inconvenient and contemptible series of Merwing kings still dragging its miserable line—a very chain—across the age!

What then is the guiding track through this chapter? It is the establishment of a new Roman Empire, a German Empire in fact, of which one limb was Romanized Neustria, another Southern Gaul or Aquitaine, while the actual seat of power lay on or near the Rhine. It is Gaul ruled from and by Germany. The Austrasian princes became more and more German: the Roman influences, which had so changed the Neustrians, hardly touched them; they held court at Heristal on the Meuse, or at Cologne, or at Worms, or at Aachen;—but never in Gaul. The Rhine is the main artery of their national life: they spoke German, not Latin, nor the 'lingua Romana' or earliest French, which now first comes into being; their Empire spreads eastward[2] as well as over Italy and Gaul. The Austrasian princes were never French kings. The phrase 'Teutonic France' means Western Germany. Karl the Great was no French sovereign: he ruled over France as Augustus ruled over Gaul: it was a conquered district under the general imperial government. The Empire which looms so large under Karl the Great is what it was under Pippin of Heristal and the first Karl; it is German not French[3].

[1] One of the many names of the Mayor of the Palace.—Eginhard, Vita Karoli Magni, 1.

[2] From this time the very name Austrasia seems to move eastwards, until at last it settles down on the Danube.

[3] For this cause we spell the names of the Austrasian princes after their German, not their Latinized, forms: as Karl the Hammer or Karl the Great,

From the very beginning of this period the German elements revive; the 'Field of March' reappears; the annual council of the warriors again is held; German conceptions of law and justice come again to light. Even the clergy grew less distinctly and exclusively Gallo-Roman; many German names appear among the greater bishops: they became more territorial, more like lay-chiefs. We do not hear so much of men like Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, who could pen a neat copy of verses at table, describing his happiness as a bon-vivant in elegiac verses addressed to St. Radegund, once Hlodher's queen, now abbess of a nunnery at Poitiers. Rather, we find them donning arms, coming to the Fields of March, lords of broad lands, taking up the ground they were to occupy throughout the feudal period. But above all, the army once more became the dominant feature of society. We shall see how Karl the Hammer created this strong power and bound it to himself. Its war-spirit becomes all powerful, but far more organised and orderly than in the Neustrian days. No longer will it dictate its own movements, and rush where the plunder is richest, the excitement most keen. It becomes an Imperial army, doing the bidding of one man. It raises its chief Captain to supreme power, secures the Empire's limits, consolidates for a time the floating atoms of society.

One more question: Why did Pippin's family rise to this height? We have already noticed the general causes which led to this result; the decay of Neustrian vigour, when kings, leudes, bishops, sank alike into sloth, unable to rule or to resist. There was no justice nor judgment: the popular assemblies had perished: the Church held no councils. Against the ruder and stronger Austrasians they were powerless. And Pippin's house led the Austrasians for the following reasons. The struggle lay between the landed chieftains, and the kings with their

not Charles Martel or Charlemagne. Why should we entangle ourselves in notions such as that in La Vallée's excellent history, 'Son surnom de Grand s'est mêlé à son nom propre, et ne peut en être séparé: c'est Charlemagne'?—Hist. des Français, 2. 2. § 4.

courts. He who had great territories would be sure to stand high among the chiefs: if also he had ability, vigour, keenness in war, then he might easily be their head. Now Pippin of Landen had these gifts; and, what is more, bequeathed them to his descendants. They steadily gathered lands, chiefly on the Rhine, till by the time of Pippin of Heristal they were the wealthiest house in Austrasia. Theirs was also a remarkable succession of great men. Four generations, from Pippin of Heristal to Karl the Great, pass without a sign of weakness. They understood the materials with which to work, the needs of the age. In war they smote back all races which threatened to overwhelm and destroy the Frankish Empire: at home they used all the instruments they found ready to their hand. The monks, that new force in Europe, became their most valued helpers, so long as the construction of the Empire was going on: when the Empire had to be organised and settled, then the bishops were used. Pippin of Heristal and Karl the Hammer made much use of the monks: but Pippin the Short and Karl the Great gathered the bishops round them, and found their help invaluable in bringing order to the Empire. But they especially shewed sagacity in their alliance with the Papacy. From the time of Brunhild to the death of Pippin of Heristal there was little communication between the Pope and the Franks. But the monks were then, as ever, the Pope's militia, and connected the two powers. There were no other real powers in Western Europe; and these were not yet far enough advanced to stand in each other's way. Each, therefore, helped to secure the ground for the other; each drew on the other towards his goal:—the Papacy to a spiritual Empire and headship over souls, the Frankish chiefs towards the revival, in part at least, of the fallen Empire of the West.

From the battle of Testry in 687 to the year 714, Pippin of Heristal ruled unquestioned over the whole Frankish race. His chief troubles lay on the German border: whither he often betook himself to wage desultory and defensive warfare against the wild pagans. He had two weapons: the sword and then

the monkish missionaries. It may be remembered that Gregory the Great, when sending monks to convert pagan England, had bidden them pass through Austrasia, and that Brunhild gave them welcome and God speed. This act of friendship was repaid a hundredfold, when English and Scottish monks came as missionaries to Austrasia, and went out thence to convert the German savages. They were the first of a long series of English heroes of the faith, chief among whom was Winfrith, also named St. Boniface, the 'Apostle of Germany.' Their labours began under Pippin, and went on in successive reigns. Pippin died in 714, leaving his authority as Duke of the Franks so well-established that he thought to bequeath it to his grandson, a child of six years, under the tutelage of his widow Plectrude. But here he was wrong. Things threatened to fall back into chaos. Neustria rose and defeated the German Franks, and seemed likely to crush their late masters.

Pippin however had left behind him a natural son, Karl, a man already known for bravery and vigour. But at this time he was in prison, thanks to Plectrude's foresight. Thence he escaped, rallied the Austrasian chiefs, and attacked the Neustrians on one side and Plectrude on the other. Though at first unsuccessful, he chanced to fall in with the Neustrians returning from the North, laden with the ransom they had extorted from Plectrude under Cologne walls; he met them near Cambrai, and utterly broke their power (717). Thence to the Rhine, where he repelled the Saxons; then he sent forth a strong force of monks to convert them, and returned to Cologne, took it, took Plectrude, whose little grandson was just dead, and became supreme head of all Franks. The Neustrians made one more attempt to shake off the Germans, appealing for aid to Odo (Eudes), king of Aquitaine. But Karl met them near Soissons, and down they also went. So were the Neustrians finally quieted: while, on the other hand, the Aquitanians were left alone, ruled by Odo as independent king: he was a man of ability and vigour, and bore the first brunt of Saracenic invasion.

Septimania[1] went with the Spanish Visigoths; the Rhone valley was under the leudes who had domains on its banks, and owed allegiance to no man. Brittany was still independent. The rest was under the Teutonic Frank.

Karl was soon to be called on to face the external foes of the Frankish power; but it was first necessary for him to secure a devoted army. He must do for his chiefs what the earlier Merwings had done for theirs;—attach them by land-gifts. But how could this be? He was not like Hlodowig, who had entered on an almost unoccupied land, to settle in it as a conqueror. He found the Frankish leudes in possession; he could not dispossess them: nor could he touch the tributary lands, which were also in the hands of the great chiefs. For on those chiefs his power rested; he dared not offend them. There remained only the vast Church-lands, to a great extent held by Gallo-Romans. Now the bishops had sunk in public esteem, and could not appeal to such public opinion as then was. Karl contrasted their ease with the self-denial displayed by the monks, who went forth as missionaries without lands or purse into the wild lands of the heathen. So he took the Church-lands, and distributed them among his warriors. The cry of the dispossessed Churchmen rings through the old annals: Karl the Hammer, a saint at Rome, is a demon in the eyes of the Gallic bishops. Their impotent wrath might vent itself; but the strong Frank was dear to his lay-lords, and they, the monks, and Rome were more than a match for the worldly bishops of the age, who had to solace themselves, as best they could, with a legend. When men opened Karl's tomb, in after days, out flew a horrid griffin; and the tomb was empty, its sides blackened. So, said the bishops, their order was avenged[2]. But his policy succeeded, and created a strong army devoted to him. It is the first instance of Church property used to consolidate the

[1] Septimania, a district of Southern France, received this name either from its seven chief cities, or from the Septimani, soldiers of the Seventh Legion, supposed to have been quartered there. It lay along the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Rhone, bounded northwards by the Cevennes.

[2] See below, p. 113, note 2.

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civil power[1]. This division of lands shewed an advance in the fact, that it was not a partition by lot or right; all flowed from the duke's will: an important change, showing the advance made towards a stronger form of government, and a new sense of allegiance and duty on the part of the Germans. These grants were not unlike the lands held by the military tenure, so common in feudal times.

These Church-lands saved Europe. For twenty years the warriors they had bought kept up an unwearied contest with the pagan Saxons, who had now risen to be the representatives of Teutonic barbarism[2]. With these warriors Karl also met and thrust back the new power, Mahometanism.

In less than a century after the Hegira[3], the Arab Empire had spread across all the southern portion of the civilised world. From India to Spain the simple doctrines of Islam were enforced by the simple argument of the sword. They shamed Christendom, by displaying a rigid monotheism in strong contrast with the half-concealed polytheism which had corrupted the purity of the Gospel. It was Karl's high fortune to be called to meet the career of Mahometanism at its highest point of vigour and success, and to arrest it. Fighting against them he won for himself a place with his sword, as one of the foremost champions of Christendom.

In 718 the Arabs, holding already almost all Spain, poured over the Pyrenees into the Narbonnese district; in 721 they attacked Toulouse; but Odo drove them back again into Spain. Again he smote them in Provence in 725; but he was not strong enough; and in spite of their defeat they held their own in Southern Gaul. That year the Arabs reached and sacked Autun, on the southern slopes of the Vosges. Odo then

[1] It is quite analogous to the grants of Church-lands at the Reformation to the aristocracy in England and Germany.

[2] They became the champions of the lesser German tribes, the Allemans, Thuringians, &c., and were filled with a deadly hatred for the Franks. They lay between the Rhine and the Elbe, and had formed a vast confederacy of the still pagan Teutons.

[3] The Hegira, or *flight* of Mahomet with his disciples from Mecca to Medina, took place A.D. 622.

allied himself with one branch of the Arabs: whereon Karl marched into Aquitaine and punished him, in 731. But in 732 Abd-el-Rahman, commander of the Khalif's army in Spain, crushed Munuz, Odo's ally, crossed the Pyrenees, and fell on Bordeaux. Odo was powerless to resist, and fled to Karl for help. The Arabs sacked Bordeaux, crossed the Garonne, ravaged Aquitaine; and, learning how wealthy was the Church of St. Martin at Tours, pushed northwards for so goodly a prize. But Karl gathered up all his strength and met them 'between Tours and Poitiers[1].' There 'the young civilisations of Europe and Asia[2]' stood face to face. There the horsemen of the East met the footmen of the West; the Semitic race made trial of strength with the Germanic. The battle was worthy of the cause; it was long and bloody. The chroniclers are not sparing of their numbers. Three hundred thousand Arab corpses, say they, marked the point at which the flood-tide turned. Of the battle itself we have no details. The scimitar proved vain against the 'Franciska[3],' in the muscular grasp of the brave German. Abd-el-Rahman perished: and his Arabs fell back slowly, relinquishing all they held in Aquitaine, though not in Provence and Septimania. From this day Karl became known by his name of 'the Hammer,' so mightily had he smitten and pounded the unbeliever[4]. The battle of Poitiers or Tours (for it is called by either name) has ever been counted as one of the world's decisive battles. But Karl did not rest on it: in a few years he had driven the Saracens from their last strongholds in the South of France.

The rest of Karl's life is a dreary record of ceaseless activity,

[1] These cities are seventy miles apart: but we have no better clue to the battlefield.

[2] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, 2. 1. § 7.

[3] The 'Franciska' was the Frankish battle-axe, with a handle some three feet long, and a small axehead, with a spur behind, like a Lochaber-axe.

[4] Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. 1. ch. 1. p. 5 (note), though he allows that 'a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes,' yet, with his usual judicial spirit, points out how rash it was to risk all on a battle; for, while defeat would have ruined the Franks, a policy of delay might far more safely have checked and foiled the invaders.

and as ceaseless resistance. Southern France and the Saxons alternately occupied him. No sooner had he passed the Rhine, than Aquitaine or Provence was in flame; when he was well over the Loire, the Saxons sprang again to arms. These two rivers limited his real power. Worn out with such endless toil, he divided his dukedom between his two sons, and died in 741, leaving the final settlement and consolidation of the Austrasian Empire to his great son Pippin, and his yet greater grandson Karl.

Karloman and Pippin the Short, his sons, divided the Frankish power. To Karloman, as the elder, fell the German part, Austrasia, Thuringia, Swabia; to Pippin, the Gallic share, Neustria, Burgundy, Provence. To Karloman the wars of the Saxon Mark; to Pippin the ill-will of Southern Gaul, and the threatening Saracen. But the dangers of such a partition were averted by the character of Karloman. Pupil of the monks, he was worthy of their best teachings. During the six years that he ruled over the Eastern Franks, he shewed the virtues of a good man, with none of the proverbial weakness. No jealousies or differences came between him and his brother. The two seemed to have one aim, that of repelling all invaders, and securing the Frankish power. For a time Karloman's vigour and success in war were as marked as Pippin's. He dealt firmly and well with the Church; reforming abuses with help of Winfrith (or Boniface), the English monk and missionary, whom he had made archbishop of Mainz. Boniface was the link between monks and bishops, and indicated the beginning of the change of Frankish policy towards the Church. But the monk was still strong in him; a few years later, he threw up his archbishopric, and, dressed as a simple missionary, once more went forth to the wild pagans, at whose hands he courted and won the crown of martyrdom: he was the most illustrious of all the Englishmen who in that age devoted themselves for Germany. By his help, Karloman dealt with the bishops: forbade them the use of arms, restored them part of their goods. But in the midst of all this good work his heart

yearned for rest. The monkish spirit, then so strong, had entered into him also, and in 747 he laid down the sword; his ducal rights and duties he placed in his brother's hands. 'He went to Rome; there changed garb and became a monk. Then, with brethren who had followed him to this intent, he built a cloister on Soracte, hard by St. Silvester's Church, and dwelt there for some years in the peace for which he had longed. Afterwards when it became the fashion for Frankish chiefs to make pilgrimage to Rome, it seemed to them their duty, as they passed by, to visit their former lord and prince. But by thus paying him their respects in great numbers they destroyed the leisure and the contemplative life he so loved, and forced him to change his dwelling-place.' Doubtless the rough talk of the Austrasians jarred on his pious ears; and possibly some stirring of his Frankish blood, more martial than saintly, followed on their tales of Pippin and his goodly deeds of war. So 'he left his mountain and withdrew to the monastery of St. Benedict, on the Monte Casino' (which lies far beyond the goal of the Frankish pilgrims); 'and there spent in a holy life the years that still remained to him[1].'

Thus Pippin the Short became sole duke of Franks, anon to be not only duke but king: but we must not forget that all this while a poor creature has been existing, the Merwing king for the time being. Between Pippin and royalty lay but two obstacles: the last of these phantom-kings, Hilderik III, whom he had not long before placed on the throne; and the old feeling in favour of the Merwing name and family. Hilderik was no real difficulty; that he knew; but the feelings of the leudes must be considered. So he looked round for help, and found it in the Church. Not long before this the Papacy had greeted the rising greatness of these new leaders of the orthodox and powerful Franks. In 741, Gregory III, being sore bested by the Lombards, had written to Karl the Hammer, seeking help, offering in return the old title of 'Patrician of the Romans,' and hinting at a revived Western Empire. But Karl

[1] Eginhard, Vita Karoli Magni, § 2.

and Gregory died that same year[1]; and the matter stood over. But the thought had sprung into life; and the Church was preparing to cast in her lot with the new power.

Let us look for a moment at the progress of this power to which Karl appealed. The primitive Church in Rome was Greek, not Latin; a foreign 'religion,' strange to the Romans, and chiefly embraced by strangers. Its life was in every sense underground; it was a struggle for existence. It was far less notable and flourishing than many other churches at the same time. But as time passed it gained strength and power; the bishop of Imperial Rome began to be looked on as the chief bishop of the Western Churches. He was listened to with respect by the African Church; and ere long the see of Rome rose to the level of the great patriarchal sees of the East. As their importance decreased, it was clear that that of the Roman bishops would advance. Presently, when the Church became strong enough in Rome, it began to identify itself with the Eternal City, and to assume some of its attributes. And so we see that when Christianity was recognised by the State, and the chief seat of the Empire transferred to the new capital on the Bosphorus, the Roman bishop was able at once to take up a very commanding position in the West, though the Eastern Churches regarded him with disfavour and certainly did not acknowledge his supremacy.

When the imperial authority in Italy was established at Ravenna, and the Western Empire fell away from Rome, the same result followed in the capital as in all the large municipia:—when the central authorities failed, the bishops stepped into their place; and men regarded them as their true heads, the fountains of justice and truth, each ruling over his city wisely and benignly. So they combined with their work as pastors of men's souls the protection of their earthly life. As best they could they upheld what was good in a world of evil. In the forefront was the Roman bishop, who played his part

[1] As did also Leo the Isaurian, the Greek emperor, the final promoter of the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches.

bravely; men saw that he was worthy to be their chief. To him they looked for defence against the barbarian and the protection of their rights, as well as for the comforts of religion, and the solace of looking to another life, in which the miseries they knew so well here would exist no more. So the bishop presently was regarded as sole head of the Eternal City. He became, in some way, the object of that belief in Rome herself, a half-pagan worship, which is a curious characteristic of the half-barbarous subjects of the later Empire. The quasi-divinity of the city was visibly expressed in the person of the holy bishop. There grew up in ambitious and vigorous minds a great dream of domination; of a Spiritual Empire answering to that Temporal Empire, whose memory never died out of Western Europe. The dream of one age became the claim of the next, the fact of the third; a historical sequence which the Roman bishops knew well and have often skilfully used.

At the beginning of the eighth century the Papacy saw before it either a great future or a great fall. Many things contributed to make it a very critical time: the old bonds were loosened, and society might either fall to pieces, or become newly knit by fresh bonds:—if the former, then Rome, her bishopric, her name, might sink to nothing, as that of Antioch and others had done; if the latter, then the bishop of Rome might grow to be the central figure of a new Empire.

The Mahometan conquests, which hindered the Byzantine emperors, and made it impossible for them to watch over their interests in Rome, helped to free the Roman bishop from their control. Meanwhile the great Iconoclastic controversy[1], rising to large proportions, widened still more the breach between East and West. The influence of Mahometanism may be seen reflected in the endeavour made by the Eastern emperors to remove that phase of the Christianity of the age,—the worship of images,—which threw Western Christendom into direct antagon-

[1] Of which Gibbon says well that it 'produced the revolt of Italy, the temporal power of the Pope, and the restoration of the Roman Empire in the West.'—Gibbon, chap. 49.

ism with the dominant ideas of the East. The more the Emperor insisted, the more the West clung to its images; the more the Pope stood out as its champion, and rose in public esteem. The ability and courage of the Lombards, who had now abandoned Arianism, were thrown into the same scale. As a sequel to the image-controversy, Liutprand, the Lombard king, took Ravenna in 727, thereby breaking the little thread which connected East and West. In 729 he went further, and did some kind of homage to the Pope, who now seemed to have found a lay arm on which to rest. But this was not to be. The Lombard was the instrument with which to sunder East and West; but the Papacy remembered that he had been an heretic for generations, was too near a neighbour, and would, if he grew strong, become formidable to the Roman see. So, though the popes were sometimes uncertain in policy, on the whole they drew away from the Lombards. They also came to see that the Franks alone could really free them from the remnants of their subjection to the Empire[1]. The Franks were already firm friends; they helped and honoured the monks; they had given the Papacy a footing in Germany; they were the strongest power in Europe, or at least gave promise of becoming so; they were far enough from Rome to be clear of clashing interests[2]. We have seen that the first overtures were made in 741, but failed through the death of pope and duke[3]. Now the moment was more favourable; for each needed the other. The Papacy saw that the Church required for its independence a basis of temporal possessions: she was suspicious of the Lombards, and was pressed by the Saracens in South Italy; while the Frankish duke wanted a sanction for his usurpation of the kingly title which had for

[1] The popes were still obliged to pay a sum down for the imperial confirmation of their election. Early in the eighth century, the emperor, without ostensible reason, had summoned Pope Constantine to his court.

[2] The Papacy at this time needed, to secure itself, (1) a territorial status; (2) strong lay friends; (3) those friends not too near; (4) nor representatives of too high pretensions (like the emperors); (5) nor too friendly to the claims of independence raised by the bishops. It is clear that the Franks alone fulfilled these conditions.

[3] See above, p. 105.

three centuries belonged unchallenged to the Merwings. He also had heard the whisper in which Pope Gregory III had suggested a future Empire of the West, as the blessing reserved for the most faithful defenders of the faith. Again, Pippin saw before him a congenial work: the conquest of North Italy would extend his name and power, would reward his followers, and satisfy their craving for adventure: while on the other side the Pope knew that if the Frank assumed the name of King at his bidding, the world would see that the Scripture phrase 'by me kings reign, and princes decree justice' was receiving a solemn fulfilment.

Lastly, there was not wanting, as the connecting link, the zeal of monks, eager to go between, and to unite their spiritual chief, the Pope, with their temporal defender, the Austrasian duke. How could such a negociation fail? In 752 Pippin's envoys, Burkhard bishop of Würzburg, and Fulrad abbot of St. Denis, his chaplain (an Austrasian and a Neustrian, a bishop and a monk), returned from Rome, bringing Pope Zachary's reply to his question as to that embarrassing shadow, the long-haired king. That reply was, 'He who has the power, ought also to have the name, of king.' And then another clause, not so clearly expressed, but in substance this:—'If you will smite the Lombard, we will transfer to you the signorial rights once belonging to the emperors, now in abeyance.' Thereon Pippin, with consent and counsel of all Franks, laymen and churchmen, with the papal sanction, with all possible concord of 'de facto' reasons, took Hilderik III and deposed him. No bloodshed followed: the knife that might have slain a more formidable rival did but shear the flowing locks of the phantom-king. As those long tresses fell, the royal name fell with it from the Merwing race. They disappear from history, uncared for, unwept. Hilderik was put into the convent of St. Omer; there he languished for two years, and then died.

And Pippin the Short,—we fancy him a stiff, sturdy little man, well-knit, and direct of purpose,—was at last made king of Franks in his stead, being crowned with high pomp in Soissons cathe-

dral by the great Boniface, the English monk, evangelist and archbishop. It was the last act of Zachary's pontificate, the final seal put to the supremacy of the German Franks. We shall presently see how completely the centre of power has changed, and how small a part of the whole of 'France,' as the name was at first used, was taken up by that 'Roman France' which answers to a part of our modern France. The Frankish land of Pippin's day, composed of Francia Orientalis and Francia Occidentalis, on the one hand, stretched far beyond the Rhine to the eastward, and on the other, did not occupy all modern France; for some of the southern provinces were quite independent of it.

There now stand up two powers in the western world. The light of modern days begins to break; and on the horizon are dimly seen two huge figures, side by side, on whom the first rays fall. The Empire and the Papacy begin their great work of moulding the world: they are the founders of Modern Europe.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Pippin the Short, the first Karoling King.*

### A.D. 752–768.

It is clear that there was uneasiness in Pippin's mind, even after he had thus, with every sanction, taken to himself the name of King. The Franks still seemed to feel that none but the Merwings had a right to that name. There was an indefinite awe about the title, which lingered long after every shadow of power had passed from the long-haired kings. At the same time, the kings had played so mean a part, that Pippin's warriors probably thought that he had lowered himself by taking the royal name. This accounts for two facts: one, the obvious eagerness of Pippin to give dignity to the title by the new and striking circumstances of his coronations; the other, the constant tendency of the Karolings to desire an imperial rather than a royal name. Though Pippin and Karl were kings for half a century, they were always looking upwards. Their kingship itself was half-imperial; that is, it had qualities which foreshadowed an imperial future. It spread over far wider ground than the original Frankish kingdom; it held a different position towards the popes: 'Patrician of Rome' was the connecting title, the link between them and the Empire. We find that both the kings valued this title highly. They felt that the name 'King of Franks' was in no sense territorial, and yet

they had, to some extent, formed for themselves a Territorial Empire[1].

In 753 Pope Stephen, second or third of that name[2], finding that Haistulf, or Ataulf (Adolphus), king of the Lombards, after seizing Ravenna had marched on Rome, fled to Gaul for help. He was there received with the utmost fervour and reverence. Pippin caught the fortunate moment; and though already crowned, he prevailed on the Pope to recrown him with additional solemnity in Rheims Cathedral in 754. The religious element thus introduced into the coronation ceremony was in time transferred to the Holy Roman Empire. The thought remained in germ throughout the feudal times, and grew and took new shape as royalty became stronger. The Pope at the same time conferred on Pippin the name of Patrician of Rome; an office which made him the representative of the imperial power in the West. It was the first step towards concentrating the attention of Europe on the Karolings as inheritors of the imperial idea; for the idea had never died out, though the emperors themselves were gone.

In 755 died Boniface. His martyrdom marks the highest point of monkish ascendency over the Karolings. He had converted the wild Germans in the interest of the Pope and the Franks. But from this time forward Pippin held out a friendly hand to the bishops. They were needed to organise his kingdom; they formed a counterpoise to the great leudes; they held in their hands such elements of civilisation as still existed. Litera-

[1] Sir H. Maine, speaking of the late growth of the conception of territorial kingship points out that the Karolings were inevitably thrust into the imperial position. There were but two conceptions of sovereignty: that of Kings of men, and that of Emperors. The former, he holds, was set apart for the Merwings, the latter was vacant. Therefore the Karoling princes became emperors. Though this remark is acute and suggestive, it leaves unnoticed the fact, that for forty-eight years Pippin and Karl were, both in name and power, Kings of the Franks.

[2] On Zachary's death in 752, a Stephen was elected Pope. He wore the triple crown three days, and died. Another Stephen followed, that is to say, the one mentioned above. Historians are equally divided, some calling them Stephen II and Stephen III; others altogether omitting the short-lived Pontiff.

ture, schools, mental activity, survived almost among them alone. They alone had a sense of law and tried to enforce it. The monks had brought Pope and King together; but the bishops were needed to give a practical form to that alliance. Pippin sought to rouse the clergy to a purer and nobler life. He gave them high place in the young state; he revived councils, improved the Church laws, brought the wilder clergy within bounds, restored part of the old endowments to the Church[1]. The king then bade the bishops take their place in the Field of March, which once more sprang into life. They turned these martial meetings into orderly assemblies, in which the Latin tongue supplanted the German, Roman ideas prevailed again, and the clergy once more took the lead.

Meanwhile, Pippin was not forgetful of his pledge to the Roman see. He crossed the Alps, fell on the Lombards, and shut Ataulf up in Pavia. There he dictated peace: the Lombard paid a heavy ransom and abandoned all his conquests; and thus the Exarchate of Ravenna fell into Pippin's hands. The Eastern Emperor made his claim heard: the Exarchate, he said, had been wrongfully wrested from him by the Lombard, and ought to be restored. The Frank advised him to settle that with the

[1] Part was restored, part retained by the leudes to whom it had been granted, under the title of 'Precaria;' i.e. the ownership of the Church was recognised by the payment of one golden 'solidus' annually for each farm. The lay-holders took care that 'possession should be nine points of the law,' and these lands never returned to the Church. Still the boon granted was very great, and restored goodwill between the king and the bishops. This act of Pippin, reversing Karl the Hammer's policy, has received the following mythical explanation, propounded when the bishops were in the ascendent:—'St. Eucherius being at prayer was rapt up into heaven. There he was shewn the prince Karl suffering torments in hell's lowest depth. The saint asked the angel why this was so? He learnt that he had been condemned to this by the judgment of the saints whose goods he had taken. Eucherius, on his return to this life, sent for Boniface and Fulrad, told his vision, and begged them to visit the duke's tomb, that if his body were not found there, they might believe that he spoke the truth. Thereon they went to St. Denis, opened the tomb, and lo! there issued forth a dragon, and the tomb was found blackened within, as with fire. Whereon Pippin called a Synod, and at once restored to the Church all he could: where he could not, he begged the bishops to grant the lands to him, under title of 'Precaria,' ordering that rent should be paid for them to the churches, until such time as the lands themselves could be restored.' Ex epistola Patrum Synodi Carisiacensis, A. 858. In Dom. Bouquet, Tom. 3. p. 659.

Lombard; but the imperial arm was not long enough to seize the distant province. Pippin then gave the Exarchate 'to the Pope and the Republic of Rome' (A.D. 755). This is the world-famous 'Donation of Pippin,' on which rests the whole fabric of the temporal power of the popes. Hitherto they had had a vague claim on the Roman territory, but no more; henceforth the Pope became a territorial prince; and his whole future career was modified by the fact.

Next year (A.D. 756) Ataulf took heart, and again attacked Rome. Then the Pope called loudly for his Frankish champion, and Pippin once more descended on Italy, defeated the Lombard, and gave into the Pope's hands the Pentapolis[1] and the Exarchate.

Thus began the interference of Germany in the affairs of North Italy; she henceforth became mixed up with every European struggle.

The rest of his days Pippin spent in the task of consolidating his Frankish Empire. Against the Saxon he made small progress; but in Southern Gaul he did good work. He recovered, after a seven years' siege, Narbonne, the Arab capital, and freed Gaul from the Mahometan (A.D. 759). He then warred against the Aquitanians, who, under their Duke Waiffer, and with help of the Gascons, held out against him eight years. But in 768 Waiffer was betrayed to the Franks and slain; and Pippin at last triumphed over Southern Gaul. But he did not occupy it, always withdrawing with his army to the Rhine; and Aquitaine, full of hatred towards those who had worked her so much woe, never became a true part of his Empire.

[1] A district on the Adriatic comprising the five cities of Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia, and Ancona. It nearly answered to the sea-coast of ancient Umbria, while the sea-coast of the Exarchate nearly coincided with that of Gallia Cisalpina.

# CHAPTER .III.

## *Karl the Great, otherwise called Charlemagne.*

### I. The Life of Karl.

That same year (A.D. 768) Pippin fell ill; divided the Empire between his two sons Karl and Karloman; and died at Paris. He was buried at St. Denis, beside his father's bones. For more than three years the two brothers divided the kingship over the Franks, and shewed no very friendly disposition for one another. But their mother, Bertrada (or Bertha), a woman of capacity and sense, stood as mediator between them, and kept their jealousies from bursting into flame. Feeling that she needed external help in her anxious task, she made alliance with the Lombards. She negociated marriages between her two sons and the two daughters of Desiderius[1], the Lombard king, and also between her daughter Gisla and the Lombard's son. Karl married Desiderata, repented, and divorced her;—the first of a long series of wives; some reckon nine. The other marriages were frustrated, chiefly by the Pope, who looked with alarm at so threatening a combination.

In 771 Karloman died, and Karl was elected sole king of all the Franks. In 800 he was proclaimed Emperor at Rome: in 814 he died. The long reign of this great German lord of Gaul has always been regarded as the most important epoch of early European history.

But it is of European much more than of French history.

[1] The French call him Didier.

For he was in all respects Teutonic, not French. In birth, bringing-up, dress, speech, dwelling-places, habits, tone of mind, he was entirely German; the Rhine was his home; France was only one part of his Empire, however important it might be. Every touch given to his portrait by Eginhard[1] shews this. 'In person he was large and stout; of commanding stature, yet not too tall[2]; his forehead and upper part of his head were round; eyes very large and bright; nose rather above the usual size[3]; and he had beautiful hair: his was a bright and cheerful expression of countenance. Though his neck was thick and short, and his person rather too fat[4], still, whether standing or sitting, his appearance was dignified and princely. His step was firm, his whole bearing manly, his voice clear but rather shrill—too shrill for so noble a body[5]: his health excellent, till the last four years of his life; and even then he paid but small heed to his doctors, whom he almost hated, because they prescribed boiled meat instead of his favourite roasts.' After the manner of his race, he loved horseback and hunting[6]. He (like the German to this day) delighted in spas and natural hot springs. In them he often swam; for he was an unrivalled swimmer. This is why he built a palace at Aquae Grani (Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle), and lived there during the latter years of his life. 'He would invite not only his sons to bathe with him, but his nobles and friends, nay, even his satellites and

[1] Eginhard was Karl's friend and secretary.

[2] Eginhard (Vita Karoli M. c. 22) says he was 'seven times as tall as his own foot,'—but as we do not know how long his foot was, we can only guess that he was probably rather over six feet of our measure. The Pseudo-Turpin says 'he was eight times the length of his foot,' and that '*his foot was a very long one*,' shewing the tendency of the legends towards the marvellous. The priests at Aachen still shew a thigh bone among his relics: it is that of a tall man.

[3] 'Naso paullulum mediocritatem excedenti.' Students in physiognomy will look at it with satisfaction. It is what is called the 'conqueror's nose,' when seen in profile, and is certainly the prominent feature of the face.

[4] 'Venterque projectior videretur.' Eginhard is describing him when from forty-five to fifty years of age, not when he first became king of the Franks.

[5] 'Voce clara quidem, sed quae minus corporis formae conveniret.'

[6] True of all Franks and Normans too.

body-guards, so that sometimes a hundred or more were in the water at once.

'He wore the dress of his country, that is, the Frankish dress —a linen shirt and drawers next his skin[1]; above these a tunic with a silken hem, and breeches of the same: then he wrapped his knees and legs down to the ankles with strips of linen: he wore boots on his feet: his shoulders and breast he guarded in winter with an overcoat of fur (of ermine or otter): over that a Frankish cloak, and, slung across him by a gold or silver belt, a scabbarded sword. . . . Foreign dress, how rich soever it might be, he hated. He never wore it, save twice at Rome; once at the suit of Adrian, and once at the request of Leo, when he condescended to put on the Roman tunic, chlamys, and sandals. At ordinary times he dressed almost like any of the common and low folk around him[2].

'He was moderate in eating and drinking, especially in the latter; for he detested drunkenness in any man. He could not well endure abstinence, and often complained that fasting was bad for his health. He very rarely gave a feast; if he did, it was on high feast days, and to a very large company. His usual dinner was of four dishes, besides his favourite roast meat, which his huntsmen served up on spits, hot from the fire.' Conversation not having yet been invented among the Franks, 'he listened during his meal to some reading or lecture, histories and ancient deeds of war. He also took delight in St. Augustin's books, especially in the De Civitate Dei.'

After his mid-day meal he ate some fruit, took one draught of wine, and then lay down to sleep for two or three hours. He was easy of access to all friends, delighted in receiving strangers, would often call in suitors and hear their case, and give judgment, if the Count of the Palace asked him so to do. In his time, among the Franks and elsewhere, the marriage-tie was very weak, and men broke it or ignored it much as they liked. Karl was far from blameless in this respect; and, as

[1] 'Ad corpus camisam lineam et feminalibus lineis induebatur.'
[2] 'Habitus ejus parum a communi et plebeio abhorrebat.'

we have already said, he had, in succession, no less than nine wives. One of them, Fastrada, was probably the chief cause of the few acts of cruelty which disfigure his reign. Still his domestic life was cheerful. He lived ever surrounded by his children. From whatever cause, from policy or affection, he never let his handsome daughters marry neighbouring princes, but, as far as he could, retained his whole family around him throughout his life. He brought them up in Frankish fashion: the sons learnt to hunt and ride and use their weapons manfully; the daughters span, and were brought up in all honourable knowledge. He lived chiefly at Engelenheim (Ingelheim, on the Rhine, not far from Mainz), or at Nimwegen (on the Waal), or, later in life, at Aachen.

In all these details his Teutonic character appears. We see it too in the colouring of his court. Of all the learned men he gathered round him, Churchmen though they were, only six of note came from Gallic districts (even counting Septimania as part of Gaul), while more than double that number were drawn from other parts of the Empire[1]. Again, looking at the places at which he held councils, we find among them only one Gallic city, Boulogne, in an enumeration of thirty-five Malls[2]. It is true that he draws nearer to the Gallic mind in the intellectual bent of his character: but that was partly caused by the Churchmen whom he encouraged, and partly by his marked ambition to be the head of the Roman world. To this is probably due his admiration for the De Civitate Dei, with its grand conception of the Church rising above the pagan and the barbarian worlds. He deemed himself fit chief for such a Society.

Like all really great men, he is distinguished for the untiring vigour of his mind. It grasps at everything. From high dreams of universal empire, of civilisation centering in himself, and effected by means of the Church, down to the regulation of the details of his crops and lands, he wearied of nothing, feared nothing as too great, despised nothing as too small. He was,

[1] I follow the table given in Guizot's Civilisation en France, Leçon 20.
[2] The nature of Karl's Malls is explained on p. 77.

as Hallam says, 'born for universal innovation.' His Capitularies are of a most varied kind. Innovation with him was not destruction; patiently it built up society. His strong and manly sympathy with intellectual greatness led him to surround himself with the learned of every country. Alcuin was an Englishman, Leutrad a Norman, Peter a Pisan, Agobard a Spaniard, Theodulph an Italian Goth. He was warm in his friendships, always choosing capable men, and clinging to them, sometimes (as in Alcuin's case) longer than they liked. He had the cheerfulness and sociability of a man of robust and even health. Nor was he a mere patron of learning. He was reckoned to be, after Alcuin, the most learned man in his Empire. He found leisure to become master of Latin, which he spoke as fluently as his own German tongue: he knew enough Greek to understand it well, though he could not speak it with ease. Like many great kings he took a minute interest in theological questions. He studied grammar under Peter of Pisa, and is said to have composed a treatise on the subject; he worked at rhetoric and logic; was a good speaker; and, for the age, a passable poet. He reformed the Calendar, and took much delight in astronomy, following with the utmost curiosity the course of the stars. He collected all the ballads current in his time, and did what in him lay for art and music: he recast the services of the Church; the Roman Missal was, in large part, substituted for the previous Gallican use; the Gregorian chant for the Ambrosian: 'only,' says one of the chroniclers, 'the Franks with their naturally harsh voices could not render the trills, the cadences, the varied movements of the Romans. They broke, rather than expressed, them in their rough throats[1].' He was attentive to questions of law, and made some attempt to reconcile the different codes in use—the Roman, the Salic, the Ripuarian. He also tried to learn to write, and to this end had tablets and writing materials under his pillow, so that in spare moments he might practise himself in

[1] Vita S. Gregorii Magni, auct. Johanne Diacono, 2. 9, 10; and the Monk of St. Gall. 1. 10.

forming the letters. But this alone seems to have been too hard for him, and he gave it up[1].

The encouragement he gave to the learned; the care he took in importing men from the more fortunate British Isles; the eagerness with which he tried to push on his Franks in the ways of learning; his own studies;—all bear the impress of the same greatness of character. He gave to literature a real impulse: it is one of the definite results of his reign over the western world, and one which may always be fairly cited against those who declare that nothing followed from his life, and that his Empire crumbled to pieces. But the Frankish nobles had no heart for learning. His son Hlodowig (Louis) was, in this respect, worthy of his father; but he was an exception. The Franks had many practical gifts, but not that of book-learning. We read in the Chronicle of the Monk of St. Gall[2] that one day two Irishmen or Scots came to court, and gave out, to those who asked their business, that they were come to offer wisdom for sale. For they saw that folk think nothing of what they can have for nothing, but prize what they must buy. When this was reported to the king, he, as ever, eager to welcome foreigners, and attracted by their reply, had them into his presence, and asked them if what he had heard of them was true. They made reply that it was true, and that they had brought wisdom for sale. He then asked them their price. They said they asked but a suitable school, and souls well disposed, and food and raiment. The king, well pleased, kept them at his court. But after a while, having to go forth to war, he bid one of them remain behind, and placed under his charge a number of youths, some of noble race, some of the middle rank of life, others sons of the poor, and provided for them, according to their needs, a home and sustenance. On his return from war, Karl bid the Scot bring before him all his pupils, with their

[1] 'Parum successit labor praeposterus et sero inchoatus.' Eginhard, Vita Karoli M. c. 25. We must remember that 'writing' probably meant the ornamental style then in use, perhaps something more like illuminating. We know that Karl could sign his name.

[2] Monachi S. Gall. Chron. de Gestis Karoli M. 1. 1—3.

work. The sons of the two lower classes of men laid before him work filled with all that was beautiful and learned; but the young nobles had nothing to shew but incomplete work, the sure witness of their idleness. Then the wise king, imitating the justice of the King of kings, placed those who had been industrious on his right hand, and said to them, 'I thank you, my children, for you have done my bidding and your duty, so far as in you lay; I now bid you go on unto perfection. I will give you bishoprics and rich monasteries, and you shall ever be honoured in my eyes.' Then, turning to those on his left hand, he startled them with his look of fire, and spoke to them bitterly, as with a voice of thunder: 'You, young noblemen, you, sons of the great, you, who are trim and nice, you have trusted in your birth and wealth, have neglected my orders and your own sanctification; you have given yourselves to riotous living, to gambling, to idleness, or to vain exercise.' Then, with his usual oath, lifting his noble head and hand heavenwards, he added, 'By the King of Heaven, I think small things of your nobility and your trimness, though others may admire you: and know of a surety that, if you do not make up for your idleness by hard work, you will never get any good from Karl.' A tale which shews the king's zeal for learning, and the idle resistance of his Franks; it incidentally illustrates his love for the inhabitants of the British Isles, and also his undoubted power over Church appointments. The tale is not without significance even now, though a thousand years have passed since the monk made or transcribed it[1].

Another sign of his greatness was his love of building, and that on a grand scale. All great men have something of the engineer in them, and are aroused by the resistance of nature; the difficulties of construction are a pleasure to them. We find Karl constantly engaged on great works; he gave a strong impulse to architecture. The churches throughout the Empire were his especial care. The men he placed in important bishoprics reported to him what they had done in rebuilding

[1] The Monk of St. Gall wrote towards the end of the ninth century.

or restoring God's houses in their dioceses. He himself superintended the building of the great Church at Aachen, destined to be the shrine wherein his body should be laid to rest. He also built palaces there, at Engelenheim, and at Nimwegen. But perhaps the most remarkable of his works, as combining the greatest engineering difficulties with the highest practical usefulness, was his great bridge over the Rhine near Mainz. All the Empire seems to have contributed towards it. Ten years it was in building; and, when finished, was a huge mass of woodwork, half a mile in length, founded upon wooden piles driven into the river-bed. It was intended to connect more closely the two halves of his Empire, the Rhine being the central stream and artery of the whole. But it was burnt to the water's edge a short time before the emperor's death, a mishap which Eginhard places among the portents preceding his decease[1]. The emperor, undismayed by the misfortune or by the labour, was planning the substitution of a stone bridge in its stead when death overtook him. His design has remained unfulfilled to our own times: it is but a few years since another solid bridge was thrown across the Rhine near the same place.

Now that we have touched on the personal qualities of this greatest of Teutons, we may, having caught a glimpse of his bearing and look, go on to a brief account of his doings in war and peace. Fortunately, most of his wars lie away from our borders, and need not be mentioned. But as to his great attempts to organise the nascent Empire, we shall find it less easy to distinguish what part of his instructions and legislation is Teutonic, and what part belongs to Gaul. Still, even here, we will endeavour to confine ourselves, as far as may be, to the Gallic side of his labours.

Karl's wars were all offensive and defensive at once. His work as a warrior was to thrust all threatening neighbours back from the frontiers, and to secure independence and a time of

[1] Eginhard, Vita Karoli M. § 32.

quiet growth for the field that he had sown with the new seed of modern life. His long reign, his many campaigns, fulfilled this end. The end did not answer to his expectations; nor could his genius secure his Empire from falling asunder. But the great characteristic result of his time was a distinct consolidation of western society. His Empire perishes, but the kingdoms in a way remain; his imperial policy gives place to the growth of a strong feudalism, in which independent chieftains subdivide each kingdom into smaller states, ruled from the lord's castle, and subject to such central government as was then possible;—a number of small political bodies, each with its own laws and interests, and with some amount of organised life. These have replaced the shapeless chaos of previous times, and are the elements of the future in Europe.

During his reign of forty-six years, Karl went out with, or sent out, no less than fifty-three notable expeditions, and doubtless many more of less importance. This unwearied industry of war was directed against twelve different nations, and smote every race which seemed to threaten the borders of the Empire. These expeditions have little or no history. In all the eighteen campaigns against the Saxons, only two great battles seem to have been fought. The rest were 'military promenades,'—forts built, wild natives captured and Christianised at the sword's point, forests traversed, rivers crossed, submission exacted, and then back to the West, till another uneasy movement shewed the need of another expedition. Rough measures were occasionally resorted to: for Karl could grow impatient with the stiff-necked race of heathens. Once he transplanted ten thousand Saxons from the Elbe to the thinly-peopled parts of his Gallic and German dominions; once he gave the order, and 4500 Saxons were slain in cold blood in a single day. His legislation breathed the same spirit of savagery towards them. Death was the penalty for the least infringement of Church order. The open profession of Christianity was bound up with their allegiance; if they failed in the one, they were failing in the other. But Karl's wars were not all of this ferocious kind. In the case

of the Saxons, their stubborn resistance, which lasted three-and-thirty years (A.D. 772—804) tried his patience, impeded his power, and hindered the organization of his Empire; and at last betrayed him into the only acts of cruelty and barbarism which stain his history.

We have mentioned the Saxon wars out of course, both because they run through the chief part of this reign, and because, as they lie away from our subject, it was well to dispose of them at once.

Of the other wars, which we will take in their order as they come on, those against the Aquitanians, the Lombards, the Bretons, and the Spanish Arabs, alone call for a detailed notice. The rest we need only mention.

1. While Karloman was still lord of half the Frankish Empire, in 769, the Aquitanian war broke out. The south of Gaul had been subdued, and Waiffer slain, at the end of Pippin's reign: subdued but not satisfied; the southerners thought they saw their opportunity in the death of the vigorous little thickset king. Two youths divided the Empire, the elder some seven-and-twenty years old, the younger still a boy. So the war began again. The old Duke Hunold, Waiffer's father, after having worn the monkish frock for five-and-twenty years, took sword to deliver his country. But the Aquitanians were no gainers by the change of Frankish king. Karl beat the old man in the field, and built himself a stronghold, 'Castellum Francicum[1],' on the Dordogne, as a centrepoint for his soldiers. Hunold fled to the Wascons, but they dared not harbour him: they gave him up to the Franks. He escaped out of their hands, took refuge with Desiderius the Lombard, where he had rest, till he again saw the Frankish king from the walls of Verona, and fell defending the last stronghold of the Lombards against his and their hereditary foe. The Aquitanians then made his grandson Lupus their duke, and continued the struggle as best they might. Some years later (A.D. 778) Karl took

[1] Perhaps Châtillon on the Dordogne.

Lupus and put him to death, divided Gascony among his sons and certain powerful lords, and in like manner partitioned Aquitania into fifteen counties, over which he set officers who were either Germans or Gallo-Romans whom he could trust, and granted much of the territory in the form of benefice to his soldiers. But as the imperial system unfolded itself before his eyes, and he felt himself strong enough to be head over vassal kingdoms, he resolved to yield to the strong wish of the southerners, and established a state, under the name of the Kingdom of Aquitania, which by the end of the century stretched from the Ebro to the Loire. Over it he set his third son, Lodowig (afterwards Emperor), then but three years old, under the tutelage of Wilhelm 'Courtnez,' 'the Snubnosed[1].' The baby-king was established at Toulouse, and educated after the manner of the Aquitanians. From that moment both Karl, sure of the honest allegiance of his son, and the Aquitanians, delivered from immediate Frankish rule, went on their way rejoicing; Karl to his other labours, the Aquitanians to the restoration of their ancient and wealthy cities. Thus they retained their distinctive character through another period. They were still, in the cities at least, thoroughly Roman, and in arts of life and general well-being far advanced beyond the northern parts of Gaul. This preëminence they kept up till it was destroyed by the religious wars of the thirteenth century.

2. Five years before this work was accomplished (A.D. 773), Karl had been called to interfere in the affairs of Lombardy by Adrian the Pope, who desired his aid against Desiderius the Lombard king. They were already foes; for Karl had ignominiously divorced his first queen, the daughter of Desiderius. The war was short and simple. Karl crossed the Alps, beat the Lombards in open field, shut them up in Pavia and Verona, and then, traversing North Italy as a conqueror, entered Rome, and confirmed to Adrian the donation of his father Pippin.

[1] 'Dont les romanciers ont fait un chevalier errant, et les agiographes un saint, tandis que l'histoire n'en a conservé que le nom.'—Sismondi, Hist. des Français, 2. 4.

In 774 Pavia and Verona were forced to capitulate; the Lombard king was thrust into a monastery; his son took refuge at Constantinople, and doubtless fanned the growing jealousy of the Eastern emperors towards the ambitious and powerful Frank, who was beginning to overshadow all the West. All Italy, excepting the Duchy of Beneventum and Calabria, became part of the Frankish Empire.

At first Karl left Italy much as he found her, and contented himself with the additional title of King of Lombardy. But the Lombards leagued themselves with the Southern Italians, and revolted. Adrian again appealed to Karl, who came (in 776), removed the Lombard chiefs, placed Franks in all high places, and created Italy into a separate kingdom, whose crown he conferred on his second son Pippin. Thus he destroyed the only power which lay between him and supremacy in the West —the only nation which could possibly stand between him and the popes. Here, and presently afterwards (as we have seen) in Aquitaine, he began the imperial policy of creating dependent kingdoms, closely subordinated to himself—a federal union of states bound not to make peace or war, or even to give reply to ambassadors, without his consent.

3. The Saxon wars began in 773 and lasted till 804, ending with the deportation of whole tribes into Gaul and Italy.

4. The Saracens of Spain were suffering from those schisms and internal troubles, which first checked the onward movement of Islam, and gave Christendom time to breathe and form in front of the danger. Karl, mindful of his task of securing his frontiers, readily listened to the call of certain Emirs on the Pyrenees, who, remaining faithful to Bagdad, were pressed by Abd-el-Rahman, lieutenant of the Khalif of Cordova. Karl raised two armies; the one, composed of Aquitanians and Italians, entered Spain near the Mediterranean and marched straight towards Saragossa; the other, composed of Franks and other Germans, commanded by himself, entered by the passes of the western extremity of the Pyrenees, took Pampeluna, and joined the rest of his forces at Saragossa. But

beyond this nothing seems to have been done. For some reason—either the ill-will of the Saracens and natives, or a consciousness that his base of operations was insecure, or tidings of a Saxon rising—Karl thought it well to retreat, and made his way back to the pass of Roncesvalles. He himself, with the main part of his army came through in safety; but his rear-guard and baggage were attacked by the wild Asturians and the men of Navarre, guided by Lupus, who hoped to catch his great enemy like a lion in toils. The surprise was complete. Of the rear-guard not a man escaped, and all the baggage fell to the mountaineers. In this sore disaster fell Eggihard, steward of the royal table, Anselm, Count of the Palace, who probably were in charge of the baggage, and 'Hruodland, Prefect of the Breton Mark[1].' This short notice is all that history has to say of Roland, or Orlando, the famous paladin of romance.

Karl was unable to avenge this disaster: 'For,' says Eginhard, 'the enemy, when they had done the deed, dispersed so completely that there was no possibility of telling where to fall in with them.' Probably, also, the prudent king did not care again to entangle himself in Pyrenean defiles. The war in northern Spain went on independently, under Hlodowig and his tutor Wilhelm, until, by the end of the century, the kingdom of Aquitania had firmly secured to itself the frontier of the Ebro.

The sixteen years from 785 to the end of the century were spent in incessant wars on every frontier. Thuringians, Bretons, Lombards of Beneventum, Bavarians, Huns or Alans, Sclavonian Weltzes or Welatabes, Saxons, and Arabs, all felt the power of the Franks. But the campaigns are all of the same colourless character, resulting in a slow but steady beating down of all opposition, and a growing sense of security throughout the Empire. We need only notice the Breton war, which broke out in 786 or 787, when the Armoricans refused to pay their tribute to the Frankish king, and were attacked by one of his lieutenants. There was the stubborn resistance characteristic of the district.

[1] Eginhard, Vita K. M. 9.

The war began in 786 or 787, and did not end till 811. At its close, Brittany became for the first time a part of the Frankish Empire. The effects of this subjugation were probably very slight, and the Bretons were but little touched by Frankish manners or ideas: they have never ceased to be a race distinct and characteristic.

On the death of Adrian I, Leo III was raised to the Papal throne. He made oath of fidelity to Karl, as Patrician of Rome, and shewed himself submissive to the Frankish king. He probably knew that his position was insecure. In 799 the Romans rose against him, accused him of many crimes, and would have thrust out his eyes, but for either the fears or the soft hearts of the persons entrusted with the task[1]. He fled to Karl, who was at Paderborn. The king received him with gladness, and had long consultations with him, in which, probably, the two agreed to confer each a boon upon the other. Karl should restore the Pope to Rome; the Pope should crown Karl Emperor of the West. Then was the Pontiff escorted back to Italy by a strong band of Frankish lords, charged to see that all due respect was shewn to him, and that his enemies remained silent till Karl himself could come and judge of their complaints. Meanwhile the king for about a year pursued his own course; watched over his frontiers; visited northern Gaul, already suffering from

[1] Eginhard, Vita K. M. 28, says distinctly, 'Leonem pontificem, multis affectum injuriis, erutis scilicet oculis linguaque amputata,' &c. Now as Eginhard was at Karl's court when Leo came thither, and was therefore not only a contemporary but an eye-witness, one might have believed that the Pope really lost both eyes and tongue. Yet it seems clear that he lost neither. Eginhard himself, in his Annals, while telling the same story with more detail, adds the significant words 'ut aliquibus visum est.' (Annales sub anno 799.) Theophanes, the Greek historian, a contemporary, says that they wished to blind him, but that his executioners' hearts failed, and they did it not. Even the Monk of St. Gall says they only cut his eyes with a rasor, but did not blind him. (Mon. S. Gall. 1. 26.) I believe that the solution of the matter lies in the desire of both Karl and the Pope to raise the affair to its highest point of marvel; and that they favoured the tales of miraculous restoration to sight which sprang up instantly. Eginhard's Life of Karl was written for the court. Angibert, the court poet, who wrote an epic for the emperor, first gives us this version of the tale, and Eginhard has followed him.—See Paris, Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne, p. 421. (1865.)

KARL'S
EMPIRE
Circ. A.D. 800
Dania
Northymbria
Mercians
Saxons
Britons
Frisia
Saxonia
Bohemia
Avars
Avaria
Pannonia
BULGARIA
Britannia
NEUSTRIA
AUSTRASIA
KINGDOM
OF
AQUITANIA
Marca
Carantana
Liburnia
Dalmatia
Serbia
EASTERN
EMPIRE
Epirus
KINGDOM OF ITALY
Corsica
Sardinia
Beneventum
Sicily
Hispanica
Septimania
Provincia
Massilia
Barcelona
Zaragoza
Lerida
Bordigala
Cadurna
Valencia
Arenis
Aquis
Strasburg
Constantia
Spira
Trevis
Colonia
Mattiaco
Divio
Nivernum
Lugdunum
Aurelianum
Turones
Pictavi
Legeris
Kanonetes
Bajona
Kaskonia
K. OF ASTURIA
EMIRAT OF CORDOVA
Balearicae I.

Danish piracies; stationed men and ships at the mouths of the greater rivers; visited the chief cities, Rouen, Orleans, Tours, Paris; held the national assembly at Mainz, and finally passed over the Brenner[1] with a powerful army, more as a matter of state than for fear of any opposition, and reached Rome. The trial of the Pope began forthwith, but the assembled bishops confessed that they had no power to try one who sat in the apostolic seat. Then Leo declared his innocence by an oath, and Karl, satisfied, caused the Pope's enemies to be chastised.

On Christmas Day in this last year of the eighth century, Karl sat in the seat of state, hearing mass, which was celebrated by the Pope himself at the Vatican. All the greatest Franks and Romans were there. Suddenly the Pontiff stepped forward to the King, poured on his head the holy oil, and crowned him with a golden crown. The crowd, not untutored to be ready for the occasion, cried, 'To Karl Augustus crowned of God, great and peaceful Emperor of the Romans, life and victory!'

Thus was revived the Western Empire, in a very different age from that which saw its death. 'Thus Christian Rome,' says La Vallée[2], 'found once more her ancient power, and once more created a Roman Emperor; but there was now nothing Roman left in the world: a Christian priest gave to a German soldier the title of that which had ceased to exist. It was then but a vain ceremony;—and yet it was the base of the political system of the Middle Ages, while Popes and Emperors disputed as to the government of the Christian world; and it was the origin of that great quarrel which disturbed the West for three centuries— the quarrel between the Empire and the Priesthood.' Karl gathered round himself all the floating traditions of the nations as to the lost imperial name. He ruled emperor-wise over a broad extent of Europe. Almost all the

[1] The low pass which connects Northern Tyrol and Innspruck with Southern Tyrol and Italy.

[2] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, 2. 2 (p. 179, ed. 1865).

Germans, all the Latins obeyed him. His Empire embraced almost all Gaul, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, together with the Spanish March, which stretched to the line of the Ebro; all Italy, excepting the Greeks and the Duchy of Beneventum; all Central and Western Germany, and a large part of the Saxon territory; North Germany to the Vistula and across to the Danube eastward. Sundry Slavonic races acknowledged him as their head; Pannonia, Dacia, Istria, Liburnia, Dalmatia obeyed him, saving that he left the seacoast towns in the hands of the Eastern Emperors. He had, too, allies and friends far and wide; Alfonso, King of Galicia and the Asturias, stooped to call himself the Emperor's 'man[1];' the kings of the Scots styled him their lord and chief; 'Aaron, King of Persia,' (that is, the famous Haroun al Raschid,) 'lord of all the East, except India,' was so much his friend that he sent him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, with splendid gifts, such as the East can give[2]. Lastly, in spite of their natural jealousy, the Byzantine Emperors thought it prudent to be on good terms with him[3], for, as Eginhard well remarks, there is a Greek proverb, 'Have the Frank for your friend, but not for your neighbour[4].'

The rest of the reign of Karl the Great was passed in comparative tranquillity; the expeditions were fewer, and the Emperor himself went out to war only twice during the fourteen years: once against the Northmen or Danes, in 810, and once against the Sclavonian Weltzes, in 812. It is said that his stern

[1] 'Non aliter se apud illum quam *proprium suum* appellari juberet.'—Eginhard, Vita K. M. c. 16.

[2] At one time an elephant, at another tents, precious silks, unguents and perfumes, but 'especially a clock of gilt bronze, wherein a clepsydra marked out the twelve hours. As each hour ended, a little golden ball was released, and, falling on a bell, struck it, and made a sound. Moreover, the clock had in it twelve horsemen, which issued forth from twelve windows, at the end of the hours, and by the shock of their issuing forth, closed up twelve other windows, which before were open. Many other marvels were there also in the clock, too long to tell.'—Eginhard, Annales, sub a. 807.

[3] Eginhard (Vita K. M. c. 16) notices the fact that the Byzantine Emperors were exceedingly jealous of the assumption by Karl of the imperial name. 'Erat enim semper Romanis et Graecis Francorum suspecta potentia.'

[4] *τὸν Φραγκὸν φίλον ἔχῃς, γειτόνα οὐκ ἔχῃς.*—Eginhard, Vita K. M. c. 16.

repression of the Northmen from the German frontier, and his line of forts on the Elbe, caused the Danes to take to their ships, and so led to that remarkable phenomenon of the ninth and tenth centuries, the settlements of the Northmen in England, France, Sicily, and elsewhere. There may be some truth in it; but the Northmen were always a sea-going folk. Did they not call the Baltic (which the Germans hardly knew at all[1]) the eastern highway, and the German Ocean, the western highway? Had not Danes in their ships attacked the English coasts as early as 787? and did not their ravages go on, without intermission, long before Karl's war with them? Did not Karl find himself obliged to defend the Gallic coasts in 799? And, lastly, if these are not enough, the troubles of Harold Harfagr's reign had great influence in pushing the terrible Northmen to take their pastime on the high seas.

During these latter years of his reign, Karl claimed imperial honours, and endeavoured to consolidate that 'royalty by divine right' whose foundations had been laid at the coronation of his father Pippin, in 752. He exacted of his leudes a new oath; not now as head proprietor of Frankish lands, or as Frankish king, the elect of his people[2], but as sovereign by a higher title, elect of God, blessed by God's high priest. He stood as sovereign face to face with his free men, not as a lord with his vassals. The oath was analogous to that taken by a benefice-holder on accepting his gift of lands, but it differed essentially from it in being personal and not territorial. The Emperor carried his point; few of his men could dare to refuse, most of them, doubtless, failed to grasp the significance of the act. But his success was hollow, and rested on his own character. No sooner was the firm hand gone than it became plain that the imperial theory, as he had designed it, would not stand. The tendency of the age was towards terri-

[1] 'Sinus ab occidentali oceano orientem versus porrigitur, longitudinis quidem incompertae, latitudinis vero quae nusquam c. millia passuum excedat, cum in multis locis contractior inveniatur.'—Eginhard, Vita K. M. c. 12.

[2] Some lingering feeling about the right of the Merwings may possibly have survived the half century of Karoling kingship.

torial sovereignty, that 'tardy off-shoot of feudalism[1],' as it has been called, which, though late in taking the form of royalty, or rather in altering the conditions of royalty, was quick in asserting itself as the foundation of the power of the greater nobles. Karl, setting himself against this tendency, and lifting his own personal authority so high, was fighting in vain against the inevitable course of things.

In 806, at the assembly held at Thionville, Karl carefully settled the succession of the Empire. His eldest son Karl was to have the imperial crown, and to hold the position he himself had held as supreme lord of all Franks, but ruling more immediately over Austrasia and Neustria. Pippin[2] and Hludwig were to retain the kingdoms of Italy and Aquitania. But death bereft him of both Karl[3] and Pippin[4]. Feeling that his life was drawing to its close, he held a diet at Aachen in 813. There he presented to the Franks Hludwig, the only surviving son of his second wife Hildegard; made him his colleague, crowned him, and bade them salute him Emperor and Augustus. Then, sending his son back to his kingdom, the aged Emperor, in spite of his infirmities (he suffered much from fever and was lame of one leg), spent the rest of the autumn hunting in the forests round Aachen, returning thither as to his winter-quarters. But in January 814 a fresh attack of fever seized him, followed by pleurisy, which he soon felt to be fatal. He then devoutly received the Holy Communion, and died in peace, at the age of seventy-one. There was a question whether his body should be laid at St. Denis where his parents lay, or at Aachen. The Germans prevailed. The greatest of Germans lies in the great church that he himself had reared in the city he loved, among those who spoke and speak his own tongue, and belong to his own race[5].

[1] Maine's Ancient Law, p. 107. It must be remembered that Sir H. Maine is speaking of the conception of royal power and authority.

[2] Karl had an illegitimate son, handsome but humpbacked, whom he also called Pippin. He, for whatever cause, conspired with some Frankish chiefs against his father, was detected, and banished to a convent.

[3] In 811. [4] In 810.

[5] Eginhard gives the inscription which was engraved upon his tomb: 'Sub

'In a life restlessly active, we see him reforming the coinage, and establishing the legal divisions of money; gathering about him the learned of every country; founding schools and collecting libraries; interfering, but with the tone of a king, in religious controversies; aiming, though prematurely, at the formation of a naval force; attempting, for the sake of commerce, the magnificent enterprise of uniting the Rhine and the Danube; and meditating to mould the discordant codes of Roman and barbarian laws into an uniform system[1].' Thus has Hallam summed up his account of his labours. The summary, though brief and imperfect, gives us some conception of the many-sided activity of his long life. Guizot has also well stated the general results of the reign. 'The huge Empire could not survive the powerful hand that had fashioned it, but none the less had a great work been accomplished: the invasion of the barbarians in the West was arrested; Germany herself ceased to be the theatre of incessant fluctuations of wandering tribes; the states there formed by the dismemberment of Karl's inheritance, became solid by degrees, and became the dyke which stopped the human inundation from which Europe had suffered for four centuries. Peoples and governments became settled, and modern social order began to develop itself. This is the vast result of the reign of Karl, the dominant fact of the epoch[2].'

hoc conditorio situm est corpus Karoli Magni atque orthodoxi Imperatoris, qui regnum Francorum nobiliter ampliavit, et per annos xlvii feliciter rexit. Decessit septuagenarius A.D. DCCCXIIII indictione vii, v Kal. Febr.' But his reign can only be made to have lasted forty-seven years by reckoning the years 768 and 814 as whole years, though he was crowned 9th Oct. 768, and died 28th Jan. 814. Consequently his reign really lasted forty-five years and (nearly) four months. Eginhard himself says he was in his seventy-second year when he died, so that the 'septuagenarius' must be taken to refer to the decade.

[1] Hallam, Middle Ages, 1. 1 (p. 11, ed. 1846).

[2] Guizot, Essais sur l'Histoire de France, 3. (p. 76, ed. 1836).

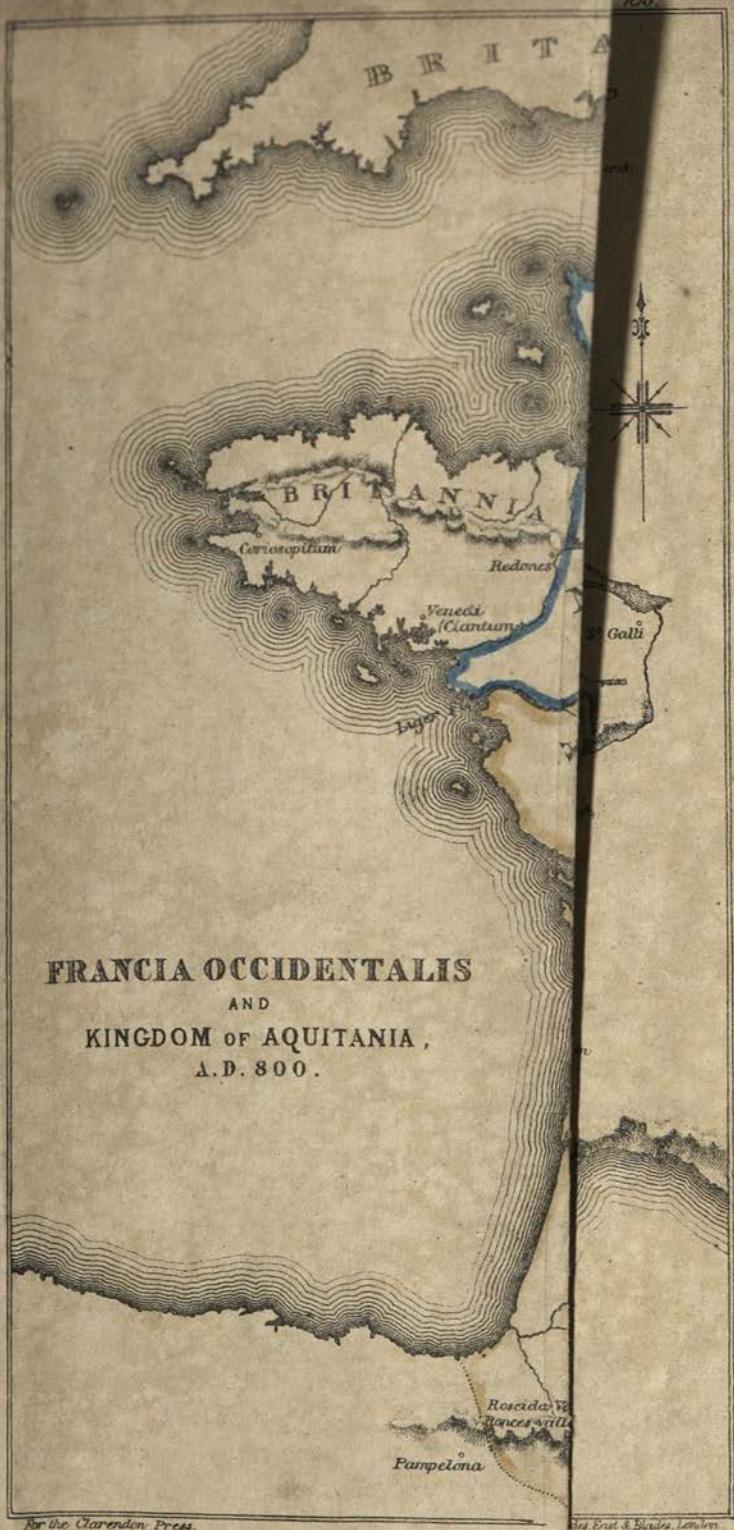
## II. *The Administration of Gaul under Karl the Great.*

It must first be noted that Karl divided what we now call France into two chief districts: (1) Francia Occidentalis, reaching to the Loire; and (2) Aquitania, from the Loire to the southward. Of these, the former was again divided into Neustria and Burgundy; the latter, into the districts of Aquitania proper, Gascony, Septimania, and the Spanish March. The northern part of Gaul was under the same general conditions as the rest of the Frankish part of the Empire, which was immediately under the Emperor; while the kingdom of Aquitania, under Hlodowig and Count Wilhelm his tutor, was governed in accordance with Roman laws and usages.

The sketch of the political and social state of Gaul here attempted will refer only to that part of the country which was under the the Emperor's own immediate government.

We have already seen that the land was divided into Alodial, Beneficiary, and Tributary territories; and that the inhabitants were either Frankish nobles, clergy, free Franks, citizens, or slaves. It is also clear that the Frankish chieftains, who settled down in districts far from the centre of government, paid but small heed to the wishes of their nominal head. He was at Engelenheim or Aachen, and they, out of reach, in Burgundy or on the Seine. The aim of the Emperor was to bring them under his direct supervision; their aim to be as unmolested and as independent as possible. He had a partial and transient success; they became presently the lords of France, the great feudal seigneurs. It must also be borne in mind that even the clergy and monks were sunk to a very low moral and intellectual level. Karl had to preach the rudiments of morality to them, to keep the bishops and abbots from becoming mere lay lords, who followed the army a-field, or hunted and idled at home. He had also to watch over the ever-increasing numbers of slaves; while often he was powerless

**FRANCIA OCCIDENTALIS**
AND
**KINGDOM OF AQUITANIA.**
**A.D. 800.**




# FRANCIA OCCIDENTALIS
AND
# KINGDOM OF AQUITANIA,
A.D. 800.

For the Clarendon Press.

to save them from the horrors of famine, or the brutality of barbarous masters. The wonder is, not that his success was so partial and transient, but that he had any success at all.

So far as Karl did succeed, it was by his personal character and position. He was supreme head of the Frankish Empire, and held all the threads of government; a system which worked somehow while he lived, but made little or no provision for the future, and failed utterly in weaker hands. But while his position was specially personal, that of his chief lords was becoming more and more distinctly territorial. They began to base themselves upon the land. The owner of land had to find his war-contingent according to the size of his estates. This is one of the first signs of the change from Frankish chieftain to French noble. Karl saw the danger, and tried to establish grades among the Franks. He decreed that the King's leudes should rank before all others, in other words, that a personal service should stand above all territorial greatness, however great. The struggle between the King and his Court, on the one hand, and the great landed noblesse on the other, was here dimly foreshadowed. It is worthy of notice, in passing, that some of the King's leudes were Gallo-Romans, and not Franks.

Thus, as the personal sovereign of all Franks, Karl retained in his own hands all final appeals, the initiative in the assemblies, the appointment and removal of his officers, and, through certain of them, the right and power of inspection of his whole realm. He taught the clergy to regard him as their head also, as the fountain of their wealth and privileges; at home he sought to be the intellectual guide and chief of his people; he won their full confidence in war.

His chief instruments for welding together his vast Empire were four :—War, the national Assemblies, the Missi Dominici or inspectors of provinces, and the Church.

1. He had, as his inheritance, a compact race of warriors, a ready-made army at his back, trained by the great capacities and needs of his father Pippin, and his grandfather Karl the Hammer. Much as his success in collecting army after army for the num-

berless campaigns of his reign may astonish us[1], we cannot fail to see that these expeditions attached the Franks personally to him, and were of great importance to him as tending to wean his greater chiefs from their territorial leanings. Internal policy as well as external need may have contributed to the warlike activity of the reign.

But without depreciating the importance—how great it was history shews on every page—of Karl's position as 'Head of the Army,' it is fair to say that the great Emperor thought far more of, and took more pains over, the peaceful organisation of his realm, the administration of justice, the spread of learning and morality, than the warlike vigour and more barbarous qualities of his reign.

2. Twice a year the Emperor called together a general assembly, composed nominally of all Franks, really only of their chiefs. They met in May and in autumn. To the May meeting came all the grandees, lay or clerical, followed by their men-at-arms; the higher chiefs to deliberate, the lower to receive and confirm the conclusions come to, by adherence and expression of opinion; but no more. To Karl alone belonged the initiative. He laid subjects before them, received their opinion, and gained an insight into the views, the wishes, the grievances of the different parts of his Empire. At the autumnal assembly were present only the greater grandees and the royal counsellors; they received the gifts of the kingdom, and discussed and prepared the matters to be laid before the larger assembly of the follow-

[1] Perhaps nothing so clearly shews the great influence of Karl's name, as the ease with which he collected sufficient forces for his many wars. He began life, it is true, with a nation behind him quite accustomed to war, and fond of it. His father and grandfather had left him the inheritance of warlike success. He was himself at least their equal as a leader (though his wars have little of interest or generalship), and from the beginning he commanded the complete respect of his soldiers. His own lands probably provided the nucleus of every army (they were about a quarter of all Northern Gaul). The Frankish taste for adventure and fighting was unquenched: the wars brought, sometimes, an amazing share of booty to each chieftain—they were not all waged against wild Saxons. The plunder, for instance, of the Avar ring must have made the Franks keen for any number of expeditions. A large part of Karl's armies was composed of subjected tribes; yet, allowing for all this, the supply of warriors was astonishing.

ing spring; pressing questions they settled off-hand, but did not usually bring more difficult points to a conclusion. The lay and clerical bodies debated sometimes separately, sometimes together, according as the subjects under discussion required it.

There are signs in Karl's Capitularies of an unwillingness on the part of the leudes to appear, answering to the disfavour with which the burden of parliamentary attendance was regarded by Englishmen at a later period. But Karl's strong hand kept these assemblies from becoming slack, or from being converted into clerical synods. There seems sometimes to have been a difficulty in finding work for them: and they probably often discussed questions of a local character, by way of 'something to do.' Their conclusions were sent abroad throughout the Empire, and formed that strangely mixed and multifarious collection which, under the title of Capitularies[1], is the best source of information we possess as to the real condition of mankind at this period. No contemporary historian throws so much light on the social questions of the age. By these assemblies, far as they are from what we now understand by a legislative or deliberative chamber, the object Karl had in view was, partially at least, fulfilled. He brought his greater subjects into immediate contact with himself; they felt the weight of his personal character, and carried back into distant provinces those fresher and clearer conceptions as to justice and government, which were ever receiving practical illustration in the palace. Thus their isolation was partly counteracted, their territorial tendencies arrested: they remembered that they were Franks, under the chief whom they had, in name at least, elected to rule over them; and that this chief was, in reality as well as by position, the greatest man among them. To honour a man for his position, rather than for himself, is the common error of ancient

[1] Capitularies, or Collections of *little Headings*, is the name given to the decrees issued by the Emperors, after consultation with their assemblies. They were of the most varied description; not codes of law at all, but decrees, advices, opinions, upon particular questions as they arose. Those of Karl's reign have been classified and briefly described by Guizot, Civilisation en France, Leçon 21.

or modern society. Karl was the last man for centuries who succeeded in holding his own against the growing force of localised powers. We may go farther, and say that Karl was the only prince between Hludwig and Philip Augustus, that is, for nearly seven centuries, who could make the great vassals feel and bend before the royal power. This, not his wars, nor his dubious saintship[1], shews the true greatness of his character.

3. Setting aside the dukes and margraves, whose position depended on war rather than on peace,—the dukes as heads of great provinces, the margraves[2] as guardians of the wild frontier districts—we find Gaul governed by an apparently complete system of officers, counts and their vicars, centeniers, and others, whose duties and position in the general system of administration we must now consider. But it must be remembered that this apparent completeness of order and administrative rule is only skin-deep. It was far better than what had gone before; but it was usually quite inefficient, often very corrupt.

In every town of note there were two prominent officials, the count and the bishop. The former represented the Frankish element in the cities, the latter the Roman. The bishops had taken the place of the extinct 'Defensores.' They had a jurisdiction of their own; they administered the Roman law; they were supposed, at least, to have influence for peace and civilisation over the cities. The count administered the Frankish law, as well as its confusion admitted. He represented his master as Frankish king, while perhaps the bishop shadowed forth his imperial and ecclesiastical character. It is needless to add that these authorities, side by side, often clashed, and not unfrequently were but two different forms of oppression.

Besides administering justice, the counts were expected to help in levying troops for war, and in collecting such taxes as might be imposed. They were, in fact, prefects settled in the

[1] He was canonised, in spite of his personal irregularities, by Pascal III, an Anti-pope, in 1165 or 1166, under pressure from Frederick Barbarossa.

[2] The title of Margrave, or *Mark-graf*, Reeve of the March, properly belonged to those chiefs who guarded the frontiers.

chief towns of each district. In some sense the system was a shadow of the offices and arrangements of the latter Roman Empire. We may note in passing that these Gallic cities, seats of count and bishop, had not as yet fallen under the influence of the great lords, and were still able to maintain some slight vestiges of their old municipal character. They presently are overwhelmed by the high tide of feudalism; but they are never absolutely drowned, and emerge early into some part of independent life, and begin their important part as the buttresses of royalty against the great nobles. The counts had their 'vigueurs' or vicars[1].

Under the counts appear, somewhat indistinctly, certain local officers, holding local courts. Centeniers, or head men of hundreds, administer justice in small matters in bourgs and villages[2]; while there are traces here and there of a still lower organisation, that of decuries or tythings, under a 'decanus' or tything-man. These lower courts had but limited jurisdiction, and an appeal lay from them to the count. We see more clearly the officers called 'scabini' (schöffen) or local judges, appointed by the Missi Dominici, or by the counts, and charged to hold those courts which a short time before had been held by the free Franks. These courts, the ghosts of ancient freedom, had become utterly corrupt; the free Franks either refused to appear at them, or did so to see what they might reap in bribes[3].

The administration of justice (or what bore its name) was not confined to these imperial officers and their courts. Each alodial chief, each great beneficiary, each great abbot, had his own powers over his own people; with what effects on wretched slaves and powerless free Franks, now just dropping into slavery, can easily be imagined.

To retain his hold over all these half-independent elements

[1] 'Vice-comites,' viscounts, afterwards.

[2] The centeniers' court could not condemn to death or slavery.

[3] These free Franks are called *boni homines*, or *Rachinburgs*, sometimes also *Arimans*. The term 'free Frank' was not properly opposed to leude or vassal, but rightly included all Franks; the tendency seems however to have been to use it specially of Franks who were neither lords nor vassals.

Karl appointed certain high officers, who are called 'Missi Dominici,' 'Lord Commissioners,' whose duty it was to travel through the provinces, and to see, as with their master's eyes, the real state of things in the different districts over which the counts of the Empire usually presided.

The Missi Dominici are among the most characteristic figures of the period. They were Karl's threads, by which he hoped to draw together isolated and half-independent officers, to reform abuses, to encourage just judgment and fair dealing. He has left us, among his Capitularies, a tolerably clear account of three districts in Francia Occidentalis, assigned to three different pairs of Missi[1]. A layman and an ecclesiastic were usually sent forth together. Four times a year they traversed their districts, they held 'placita,' or courts, whither the neighbouring counts were bound to come; they looked into the state of the administration, reformed what they could, reported to Karl upon all; they appointed 'scabini,' advocates, notaries, and sent the Emperor lists of their appointments; they had authority to remove at once all bad functionaries, beneath the rank of count. The counts they could not remove; they might report on an unfaithful one; and if any count were insubordinate and unjust, they might settle in his house, living at his charge, keeping daily watch over him, till, in hopes of losing so unwelcome a guest, he repented and did justice. Above all they were instructed to watch over and protect the poor, to assuage their wants, to shield them from oppression. The Emperor's instructions to these commissioners figure largely in the Capitularies. If any one wishes to get a notion of the work of a commissioner, let him turn to Guizot's 'History of Civilisation in France'[2], in which is described the mission of

[1] (1) Starting from Orleans to Sens, then to Trecae (Troyes), Lingones (Langres), Besançon, and so back to the Loire and Orleans (this circuit went over the borders into Burgundy). (2) From Paris to Melcae (Meaux), Melun, Provins, Etampes, Poissy (a much narrower district than the first). (3) From Le Mans to 'Hoxonum,' Lisieux, Bayeux, Coutances, Avranches, Evreux, thence to the Seine, ending at Rouen.

[2] Leçon 23.

Leitrad and Theodulf in Southern Gaul. He will find, in the report of the two Missi, a graphic account of their work, their difficulties, and the state of society with which they had to deal.

4. Lastly, we may reckon the Church among the means of consolidation within Karl's reach. She alone had a sense of unity running throughout. While lay-folk were under many different national laws, each different law being to some extent an element of disunion, which even Karl could not succeed in overcoming, the Church had but one code, applicable to all men everywhere. It was the 'omen of her future greatness.' The clergy were a centralised, organised body, in spite of the corruption and unfaithfulness festering within. They had united interests throughout Gaul. They rose into the new aristocracy by position, learning, wealth[1], and yet they did not cease to be attached to, and to protect the old inhabitants. Their higher level of intelligence provided Karl with instruments for his reforms. They protected and cherished the few civic rights that still remained. Whatever had been the earlier use, by Karl's time the nomination to high places, rich abbeys, powerful bishoprics, lay entirely in the Emperor's hand. The clergy therefore looked up to him as their powerful friend and patron. He was to them 'power at the beck of religion;' the secular sword wielded in their behalf: and what can be dearer to the heart of proselytisers than a strong arm ready to carry their desires into effect? No wonder then that they drew close to him: nor indeed is it strange that he should have allowed and encouraged the growth of their power: on the one hand, he conceded to them large powers of jurisdiction in civil causes, and, on the other hand, made them independent of the secular courts. This part of his policy Hallam regards as 'his greatest

[1] When the Franks settled in Gaul, the clergy were all Gallo-Romans, and sympathised only with the oppressed. But in course of time, as the Franks became Christians, endowed churches, and looked up to the bishops, the clergy naturally drew more and more to the upper class, and identified themselves with lords, not with slaves. Still some even of the higher clergy were Gallo-Romans, and their general influence was such as is described above.

political error.' The clergy doubtless seemed to him a counterpoise to the wild turbulence of the lay-chieftains; he did not foresee that ere long they would so far secularise themselves as to join those chieftains in building up a strong aristocracy on the ruins of the royal power.

These, then, are the elements by means of which Karl sought to consolidate his huge Empire. We see him leading his Frankish warriors, himself tall of stature, unerring in war[1]; we see him presiding over, originating, regulating, ratifying the deliberations of his assemblies, himself the source of law and order: his royal commissioners, his local officers present him to us as the fountain-head of justice, the preacher of righteousness, the redresser of wrong; and, lastly, his relations with the clergy shew us this 'new Constantine' understanding, as no other Frankish prince did, his position as 'head of Church and State.' From the commencement of the ninth century we must recognise Karl as the apex, the great crowned head, of the Western world. If we search history for parallels, we feel instinctively that we must look only in the highest rank. There alone shall we find a like restlessness of energy; a like vigour and tenacity of mental grasp; a like administrative skill and force; a like nobleness and breadth of character. Napoleon, in the days of his exile, was wont to compare himself with the great creators of society. 'Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, I myself, have founded great Empires,' said he on one occasion; and his classification was obvious and just. We may perhaps think well to add two or three more names: on this high level stand Solomon, the great ruler of the Jewish Empire, and Akbar, the contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth, the true founder of the Mogul Empire. In some respects we may also compare with Karl two very different persons;—the Czar Peter, who recast the Muscovite Empire, and gave it its place in the European system; and our own King Alfred, who in times and position, as well as in his anxiety for the bettering

[1] If we except, perhaps, the surprise and tragedy of Roncesvalles.

of his people, was nearer Karl than was any of the other great men mentioned; Alfred, whose mental and kingly qualities do not lose by comparison with the gigantic Frank, and whose nobler moral nature raises him, from one point of view, far above all the rest.

## III. *The State of Society in Gaul under Karl.*

If we pass from the review of the great kingly qualities of the Emperor to his personal and moral life, we feel that we almost sink down into barbarism. In spite of the complaisance of Churchmen, we discern gross outrages on propriety and morality, which, though they may be called only a reflexion of the age, are none the less drawbacks to our estimate of Karl's greatness. An analogous feeling passes over us, if we turn from viewing his administration and his attempts to organise the Empire to the consideration of the social state of men in Gaul during this period. Indistinct and dark it must ever appear as we look down into it. No historian deigned to touch upon the subject[1]; not till our own age did the passionate love of humanity lead writers to try and piece together the fragmentary indications to be met with in the Capitularies of the time, and in the chance and unintentional touches of the chroniclers. And, all done, we know scarcely anything.

We have no need to treat further of the Emperor and his Court; for both were thoroughly German; nor, indeed, would it help us in our inquiry, which is now confined to the condition of Gaul under the imperial system. Nor need we delay long in considering the Frankish chiefs. They lived coarse and brutal lives; hunting, warring, feasting and drinking, and all upon the produce of the soil, tilled by thousands of slaves. We note that the number of chieftains grew smaller, through war and other causes; also, that at this period holders of benefices were still striving to convert their tenure into alodial possession. A century later the tide ran the other way. We may note too, that

[1] See the opening remarks in Sismondi's Histoire des Français, part 2. c. 3.

benefices, at first granted under no very distinct understanding as to their continuance, were now shewing a tendency to become hereditary and permanent[1], save when forfeited by treason. The Emperor's share of the soil of Gaul is said to have been about one quarter. Over this vast area he spread his beneficiaries, rewarding not only war service, but any kind of work done faithfully for him, by grants of land 'with all their inhabitants, houses, slaves, meadows, fields, fixtures, and furniture.' Of the remaining three-fourths of the soil a large part belonged to the Church, which had probably by this time recovered all it had lost through the policy of Karl the Hammer; the rest of the land was divided among the great proprietors.

In the castles of these chieftains there had been large numbers of free Franks, 'boni homines;' also throughout Gaul there were many free Franks cultivating the soil. But at this time they were being steadily driven downwards. The incessant wars lessened their numbers. Those who had attached themselves to the great houses sank into vassalage, being neither free nor slaves; those on the soil were despoiled of their little holdings by their stronger neighbours. Abbots and bishops, counts and centeniers, as well as the great proprietors, are accused of this injustice in Karl's Capitularies[2]. At the same time many of these small Franks, aware of their weakness, gave themselves up voluntarily, sometimes to the King, often to privileged Churches. This marks the commencement of the tendency to convert alodial into beneficiary tenure which afterwards became so strong; though, probably, this surrender by free Franks of their small alodial possessions reduced their holdings rather to the state of tributary lands than to that of benefices. The tributary lands were under the protection of some powerful lord, who stood to them in something like the modern relation

[1] The contrast between benefices and *precaria*, as seen in the attempt of Pippin the Short to restore Church-lands to the clergy, is enough to shew this. See above, p. 113.

[2] See Cap. Kar. Mag. A.D. 811, §§ 2, 3; Baluze, I. p. 485; cp. Baluze, I. p. 427.

of landlord to his tenants. They were not held by slaves but by freemen, or freedmen. The tendency, however, was clearly downwards. The old free Franks, so prominent before, independent, claiming equality with their chieftains, had long disappeared; their Austrasian successors were now likewise perishing through the operation of analogous causes.

The free Gallo-Romans were in nearly the same plight. A few of them, the wealthy ones, might be found at court; these were ambitious of ranking as equals with the Frankish chiefs; some of them were doubtless beneficiaries. We see from the account of Karl's first attempt to govern Aquitania after its subjection, that they had not altogether lost position and influence. He appointed fifteen counts, many of whom were Romans, not Franks, the Roman element being naturally stronger in the South. In the towns also they perhaps retained some security and independence, though not enough to leave any mark on the page of history; elsewhere they were fast disappearing, sinking into slavery.

If we look for anything brighter or more hopeful in the character and position of the higher clergy, but little light breaks upon us. The bishops, who are little but Frankish lords, mere secular dignitaries, do their full share in the oppression and extortion of the age; they head their men and go to war, not disdaining the spoil; they take bribes, they drink freely, their morals are loose and reckless. The Capitularies are full of instructions and exhortations to the upper clergy, proving their tendency, if nothing more, to be luxurious, idle, sensual, drunken, greedy of gain, or turbulent and wrathful, rude warriors and men of blood. When Karl forbade them to take the field in person, he felt himself obliged to declare that he did not intend a slight to their authority or position. The bishops were ever engaged in a threefold struggle—against the patriarchal position of the archbishops, against the lower clergy, and against the monks. They triumphed in all; and the ninth century is, as Hallam calls it, the Age of the Bishops, just as the twelfth is that of the Popes. But in the struggle and in the victory we have but little to satisfy

us. It was a struggle for temporal power, for wealth, for immunities; not a struggle against evil, not even an attempt to introduce a higher civilisation; far less a struggle for truth. There was a constant scramble for 'good things.' He who had the power ejected his weaker brother from his rich cure, and sat in it himself; when a bishop went on progress, his track was marked by exactions and greed.

The lower clergy during this time were tied down for life to the diocese in which they were ordained, never might rise to higher position, nor even change their home. Their one privilege was that they were not slaves; otherwise, their condition seems to have been utterly mean. The monasteries were sunk in apathy and wealth, except a very few in which the vigour of Karl and Alcuin had succeeded in establishing thriving schools.

These were the free elements of the population of Gaul. Frankish lords, growing fewer in number, and more powerful in territories every year; free Franks, who were scarcely able to hold up their heads above the level of the slaves; then the Gallo-Romans, far too weak to leave much mark on the times, and evidently, with a few exceptions, also dropping into slavery; and lastly, the clergy in their various ranks, not fulfilling their vocation, the higher ecclesiastics assimilating themselves to the Frankish lords, the lower scarcely raised above the servile level.

Nine-tenths of the population of Gaul at this time were slaves[1]. Masses of human beings without hope or ambition, living only as the instruments and chattels of their lords, defenceless against violence, against the risks of bad seasons, against the desolations of war, with a horizon bounded by the neighbouring fields, and those not pastoral or beautiful, with no love of country or sense of personal responsibility, mere num-

[1] Karl made Alcuin a present of an estate, on which we learn that there were 20,000 head of slaves; though this was as nothing in comparison with the numbers on the lands of the greater lords. It is probable that in many parts, especially in Frankish Gaul, the proportion of slaves to freemen was far greater.

bers, without even the poor comfort of feeling that the work of their hands was their own. Not that their condition was solely or entirely miserable. They probably, as a general rule, had enough to eat and drink, and the lower passions of our nature had tolerably free play; nor did they generally feel any aspiration after better things. On the Church estates their condition seems to have been comparatively fortunate; and in material possessions and advantages they were not so very far behind the poorer parts of the agricultural population of modern France[1]. But they were liable to fearful evils. Karl interfered, by one of his Capitularies, between his own slaves and their superintendents; giving the slave the right of access to himself, and ordering the 'judge' in no way to hinder that access. But it is easy to imagine how little such a privilege could be acted on; what chance had a friendless slave of breaking, save by some happy accident, through the barrier of contemptuous, or even hostile, officials who stood between him and the throne? Slaves belonging to Frankish lords do not seem to have even had the solace of this illusory privilege. They must have perished by thousands in any time of famine. The years of scarcity, 805 and 806, were terrible to them. Even Karl himself expresses a fear lest his slaves should perish of hunger, and if his,—then woe to the rest. In their darkness they appear to have turned instinctively towards the religious houses, under whose more conscientious care they would be somewhat safer. One of the Capitularies, touching on this point with a delicate hand, enjoins that 'not too many slaves are to be allowed to flee to the monasteries, lest the country estates be left desolate.' Karl, wise and just-dealing monarch, could not fail to see that they were justified in seeking such asylum, though the effects might be disastrous to the lands of the lay-lords.

I do not know that there is much more to be gathered out of the materials we possess concerning the state of the ancestor of the present Frenchman. He was a spiritless slave. He seems

[1] See a note in La Vallée, Histoire des Français, tom. 1. p. 174 (ed. 1865), bearing on this point.

to have been thought unworthy even to go to war together with his German masters. We read of no levies of Gallo-Roman armies, nor were the few men of note among them employed in warlike commands. Contemporary history does not deign to notice, even in the gross, the destinies of those who could take no part in the active life of the age; and opinion doubtless agreed with history, and despised and neglected the wretched slave. Karl stands out honourably as an exception. The sense of justice, so strong in him, the unflagging activity of his character, would not let him shut his eyes to any under his imperial care. We therefore find traces here and there of beneficent instructions and legislation for the Gallo-Romans. The clergy had not utterly forgotten the traditions and principles of their faith and their order. They too did something for their poor fellow-Christians—something, but not much. The Frankish spirit had entered also into them, and they, to a very large extent, looked on their slaves with the eyes of their brethren the lay-lords.

Among these poor creatures many strange superstitions flourished. Charlatans and vagabonds abounded: the Capitularies bade them be arrested and punished. They wandered about naked, dragging a chain, pretending they were doing penance, and levying alms. Akin to these ugly symptoms was the rage for pilgrimages, to which all flocked:—priests, because they believed that a pilgrimage atoned for their scandalous lives; lords, because they raised money from their wretched slaves on the pretext that they needed it for the journey; the poor folk went, because they liked the beggar life, and because, no doubt, it was more pleasant to be a tramp than a slave. Magical usages were rife among all classes. The chrism was used as a charm, as medicine; even the criminal who was happy enough to get a drop or two of it down his throat believed that it gave inward rights of sanctuary, and that he would escape punishment. And as (in common with the rest of his class) he probably did escape, his faith in the remedy was never shaken. Woods and trees were still regarded with superstitious reverence. All

things combined to shew that though many arts existed, practised too, by slaves, and many forms of cultivation were known, still men's minds were in the rudest state; great crimes were rife, and every class of men corrupt.

These men were the elements of society; and this the time in which, thanks to war, to differences of race, to the new position of the sovereign, the transition was slowly going on from the older system of chief and slaves with a considerable free population beside them, to the newer phase of lord and vassal and serf, with the free population extinguished. It was feudalism in all but the development of that independence in the greater lords, which was delayed by the strength of Karl, but fostered, at the same time, by his wars and his policy towards the higher clergy. The chaos into which society presently fell gave these lords time and space to secure their position, and feudalism then sprang into full life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Hludwig the 'Pious' and his Sons*, A.D. 814—843.

THE latter days of Karl the Great had been sad enough. The peace of the Empire was preserved; but there were ominous mutterings on many frontiers. The Saracens were busy on the Italian coast; the Northmen uneasy and eager for booty; the Spanish Moors had held Hludwig in check; the Greeks insulted the Frankish name in Venetia. Death came, and rent asunder the well-planned imperial scheme, which Karl had hoped should carry on the Frankish power after his death. But Karl, his eldest son, died in 811. Pippin, his second son, also died before him, leaving a son, Bernard, who became king of Italy. There remained only Hludwig. Karl, as we have seen, summoned him to Aachen, and made him Emperor; then dismissed him to his kingdom, caring little to have a joint-emperor at his side; perhaps not liking over-well his clerkly son.

When he died, Hludwig succeeded him with the goodwill of all. Had only a good prince been wanted, the Frankish Empire would have been happy in its new lord. But the days needed brute strength and sagacity combined, not monastic virtues, gentleness, forgiveness, learning. And so it fell out that the days of Hludwig were evil and turbulent, and his life a trouble to him. From his father's death to his own, in 840, things followed one course, ending in the disruption of the Empire in 843, by the treaty of Verdun.

'Louis the First,' as French histories call him, that is, Hludwig

the 'Pious' or Debonair[1], was thirty-five years old when he succeeded his father. His life, almost from the cradle, had been spent in war and government, first under wise and prudent guardians, then under a wise and prudent wife. As a child he was sent to Aquitaine, when it was thoroughly hostile to the Northern Franks, and menaced with Saracen inroads along its Pyrenean frontier. He,—or rather William Courtnez first, and he afterwards,—turned disaffection into content, dislike into love, thrust back the Moor, and added a fine territory to the kingdom, advancing the frontier-line from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. He grew up surrounded by Churchmen: his quick and sound intelligence drank in the principles of Roman Law, which still formed the basis of Aquitanian justice. The Churchmen, the representatives of all that was Roman, filled his mind with conceptions of rule and order; they made him half a monk, as men said; and there were times when he gazed after the quiet cloister with eager, weary eyes. He ever leant on others; in the world this had proved to be his snare; but in the cloister, as one of God's servants, he could rest on Him alone and be at peace. But this was not the thought with which he began his reign. High and conscientious aims guided him. His father had been a conqueror, a queller of pagans, fierce of temper, a man of blood: he would be a man of peace, building up instead of pulling down, and ruling over all men equally. His father's court had been learned, but full of rudeness and iniquity; his court should be learned also, but refined and pure. His father had crushed the great lords; he would raise them, and govern by them. The clergy should have high authority. The free Franks had sunk to serfdom; he would lift them out of the mire, and re-create a strong and faithful people, as a counterpoise to the lords. In this way he hoped to lift all classes of men higher. Thus

[1] Ludovicus Pius, in German *der Fromme*, in French *le Debonair*, got his soubriquet from his character. Pius in Late Latin means both religious, and kindly or gentle. Debonair is by no means 'de bon air,' 'genteel;' but is a Low Latin form of 'bonus,' signifying one who is pious, gentle, kindly in disposition.

did he begin his reign; with such noble intentions as these did he desire to rule. We shall see with what results.

We may read in Thegan what manner of man he was; for these old writers had a gift of minute drawing which we are apt to think peculiar to our day. 'He was of middle stature, eyes large and clear, face bright and intelligent, his nose long and straight, his lips fairly thick, perhaps not firm enough in their setting. He was strong-chested, broad-shouldered, very powerful of arm; no man could better handle bow or lance; he was large-handed, straight-fingered; his legs long and shapely, his feet long, his voice manly[1];' wherein, had his utterances answered to the volume, he had far surpassed his father. He was right learned in Latin and Greek, skilled in the Scriptures, expounding the same like a Churchman, after their 'moral, spiritual, and anagogical' sense. As to the Frankish ballad-poetry which he had learnt in youth, he cast it from him, and would neither read it, hear it, nor have it taught. Thus he was strong of limb, quick, unwearied, slow to anger, swift of pity. He was very exact in religious exercises, and strict in his life; very liberal, in both giving and forgiving, sober in meat and drink, moderate in dress, like his fathers. He was never known to laugh heartily, 'never shewed his teeth[2],' he would smile a grave smile, sometimes. He had no liking for jesters and fools, and court-shows. He hunted from August till 'bear-time,' but not with much heart. He trusted his counsellors too much, though he was otherwise prudent; was too fond of psalmody; he also 'took of the lowest of the people' and made of them priests and bishops; and Thegan bewails, as one that had felt it, their upstart pride, and the vices into which their elevation led them[3].

Here, then, we have the whole man. Not at all like his fathers, rude Frankish Christians of the sword, with fits of piety and fits of brutality, and an under-current of sensual vices; but a clerkly southerner of the gentler type, a pure unselfish devotee, a grave

[1] Thegan, Opus de Gestis Ludovici Pii Imp. c. 19.
[2] 'Ille nunquam vel dentes candidos suos in risu ostendit.'
[3] Thegan says they were 'iracundi, rixosi, maliloqui, obstinati, injuriosi.' c. 20.

man, with large thoughtful eyes, which descried truth and the lie. But his virtues were dangers. Amiable and pliable, he forgave where a more prudent man would have crushed. For in his day forgiveness was a perilous weakness. He was too refined for his Frankish life. That dislike of the stirring rough ballads marks the man. He was not hearty, liked neither broad fun, nor the broad laugh, nor the rude verse in the mother tongue. Above all, he was weak of will, and did not know how to make even those of his own household obey him. A great part of his life was passed in a wretched struggle with his children.

He married twice; first Hermingard and then Judith; while the first lived, all went well with him; she bare him sons, Hlothar (Lothaire), Pippin, and Hludwig.

In 817 he called an assembly of all Franks, and created two kingdoms under the Empire: Aquitaine, over which he set Pippin his second son; and Bavaria, given to Hludwig his third son; Hlothar he seated by himself on the imperial throne. These lesser kings should not make either war or peace, or cede town or territory without his leave. Like conditions were also imposed on his nephew Bernard in Italy; but Bernard would none of them, and set out to fight the Emperor. His men deserted him, and he surrendered himself at Châlons-sur-Saône. The Emperor made him some assurances of safety; but these were passed by. The Frankish assembly condemned him to death, and he was slain, and his kingdom passed to Hlothar.

In 819 Hermingard died, and it is said that the sorrowing Emperor much desired to lay down the sceptre and become a monk. Happy for him if he had! But his court overruled the wish, and he set himself, instead, to chose another wife. The fairest ladies of his realm were sought out; from among them he chose Judith, daughter of Welf, said to have been a Frank settled in Bavaria; a lady of exceeding beauty, clever and ambitious. In 823 she bore him a son, Karl, called afterwards the Bald, fruitful source of many troubles to his father.

Jealousies sprang up; ill-will against Judith and against the king's favourite and minister, Bernard, duke of Gothia, who

was said to have as much power as one of the older Mayors of the Palace. Under their influence Hludwig, in 829, called an assembly of Franks at Worms; and, with the consent of Hlothar, formed an arbitrary kingdom out of the country between the Jura, the Alps, the Rhine, and the Main, and called it Alemannia, after the name of its old inhabitants, and gave it to his little son Karl. What more was needed to kindle into flame all the latent jealousies? The princes saw in it a proof that Judith's interests clashed with theirs; the nobles seized it as a means of raising themselves; the clergy, for their own reasons, were ready enough to spurn their friend and benefactor: all who loved war, that is the whole Frankish race, saw with grim joy the coming troubles. The outbreak of a Breton rising in 830 gave the opportunity. The army revolted; and the heads of the conspiracy, which had been brewing for some time, called Pippin to be their leader. The other sons speedily joined; Hludwig bent before the storm; Bernard, duke of Gothia, fled to Barcelona, Judith to Poitiers; Hludwig fell into his son's hands. It was agreed that the name of Emperor should be left him, but that he should be shut up in a convent, Hlothar reigning in his name. The kingdom of Alemannia was taken from Karl, the arrangement of 817 restored. Forthwith rose up the old ill-will between German and Gallic Frank; the Teutonic branch returning to the Emperor's side. He called an assembly at Nimwegen, refusing to hold it in France. The Germans crowded thither; Pippin and the younger Hludwig also came, and the Emperor was restored to power.

The rest of the weak Emperor's reign is monotonous and sad. Constant troubles from ambitious and jealous princes, from clashing interests of nobles and Churchmen, based on the stem-differences of race and tongue, fill up the remainder of his life. Bernard, the Emperor's favourite, gives place to Gundobald, the lay-lord to a monk, and joins the insurgent sons. The Pope, Gregory IV, blesses their unnatural warfare;—this often came to be part of the papal duties. In 833 the Emperor met his sons at Rothfeld, not far from Basle. But his

whole army slipped away from him; every promise, oath, protestation, was broken, and men for ages called the spot Lügenfeld, the 'Field of Lies.'

The bishops of Roman France, under Hlothar's influence, had forced the deposed Emperor to submit to a humiliating penance at Compiègne. But though his meek spirit bore the Churchman's foot on his neck, Teutonic France did not. There was a violent reaction; and in a few months Hludwig found himself the head of an apparently unanimous people, again supported by his younger sons, Pippin (who died in 838) and Hludwig. One partition followed another; till, at last, under Judith's influence, the old Emperor in 839 made a treaty at Worms, dividing the Empire between Hlothar and the young Karl; leaving Bavaria only for his son Hludwig. He flamed out into open revolt: the Emperor drove him back into Bavaria, but returning from this dreary war against his own son, the old man, whose health was broken, rested on one of the Rhine islands, over against Engelenheim; and there doing humble devotion, he passed the last few weeks of his life. Early in the summer of 840 he sent his rebel son Hludwig the assurance of his forgiveness, with a sad and dying remonstrance against his undutiful conduct; and so closed his eyes[1].

Then broke asunder the whole fabric of Karl's Empire. Hlothar took the imperial name; calling himself sole head of the Frankish race: Hludwig and Karl treated his pretensions with contempt. Hludwig (the Bavarian, or German, as he is often called) was backed by the whole Frankish power beyond the Rhine; Karl by all Northern Gaul; Italy went with Hlothar. Pippin II of Aquitaine, eager to get clear of Roman-France, allied himself with Hlothar, as did also Bernard, duke of Gothia; and war at once began (A.D. 841). Hlothar was not wanting in vigour, and made ready to attack his brothers Karl and Hludwig. At first he amused them with offers of peace,

[1] 'He turned his face away, and with a kind of wrath, cried twice, as loud as he could, Huz! Huz!—that is, Out! Out!' and so died.—Vita Lud. Pii anonymo auct. Dom Bouquet, tom. 6. p. 125.

till he had given the Aquitanians time to join him. He then thought himself strong enough to declare himself; and challenged them to battle. On the very next day was fought on the banks of the Cure, not far from Troyes, the pitched battle of Fontanet (25 June, 841), which decided the question whether there should be one Empire or separate nations: in it the griefs of a century were brought to an issue. This great battle marks the division of the three medieval nations of the continent, France, Germany, Italy.

The whole Frankish Empire was represented there. Hlothar had Italy, Austrasia, and Aquitaine at his back; his brothers had the Germans, the Neustrians, and the Burgundians. The numbers were nearly equal, perhaps 150,000 on each side. The battle was fought out on an open plain, by sheer 'tug of war,' to see who could push the other off the field. The bloodshed was terrible. Forty thousand are said to have fallen on each side; and in the end the Northern French and Germans pushed the Emperor's army off the field, and won the victory. The carnage fell most heavily on the Franks: it is hardly too much to say that Fontanet is the burial-ground of the Frankish name. 'The free men and leudes almost entirely perished; and as they were the men-at-arms of the age, nothing was left to arrest the Normans. Such nobles as survived reformed themselves, and joining with the remaining free Franks, began the second age of aristocracy, which continued till the fourteenth century. Henceforth the Franks, as a class, disappear; there remain in Gaul nothing but lords and serfs; the field is ready for feudalism[1].'

Hlothar fled to Aachen. Bernard of Gothia deserted him, and took oath of allegiance to Karl. But though beaten, Hlothar was not inclined to give in. He gathered fresh troops, and with Pippin of Aquitaine, once more shewed a menacing front. Then Karl and Hludwig again joined forces, and made ready to defend their ground. Then took place a memorable

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, tom. 1, livre 2, chap. 3, § 7.

scene. The two brothers, who had throughout acted as champions of national feeling, agreed that, to strengthen their confidence, and that of their men, they would take to each other a solemn oath of fidelity before their two armies. Hludwig first spoke to his men in the German speech: Karl addressed the Neustrians and Burgundians in the 'lingua Romana rustica,' the Roman tongue, now spoken in various dialects throughout all Gaul. They told them why they were going to take the oath; they explained the justice of their cause, once already decided by the God of Battles. Then Karl, standing before the Germans, took oath in the Frankish tongue, and Hludwig, standing before the Roman-Franks, or, as we may now venture to call them, the Frenchmen, took the same oath in the Romance tongue. The Oaths still remain, and that taken by Hludwig is the oldest monument of the French language[1], A.D. 842.

Thus the national life of German and Frenchman appeared, distinctly marked. Though we relapse again into shapeless chaos, still here is a marked advance, an epoch in history.

The brothers immediately drove Hlothar before them to Aachen: thence he fled to Lyons: then, finally, seeing that his battle-cry, imperial unity, roused no enthusiasm, and that no one would fight for it, he sent a message to his brothers, that he would be content with one-third of the Empire, if they would grant him a somewhat larger share than their own, by reason of the name of Emperor, which he held from his father. The three brothers should then govern each his own states, and eternal peace be established. The brothers agreed to this; and Hlothar's proposals formed the base of the famous treaty of Verdun, in 843.

By that treaty the three kingdoms were clearly marked off. Speaking roughly, Karl had France, Hludwig the Bavarian had Germany, Hlothar Italy and a long narrow strip lying between the other two, together with the name of Emperor. Karl's kingdom included all Gaul west of the Scheldt, Meuse, Saone,

[1] See Brachet, Historical Grammar of the French Tongue, pp. 14, 15.

and Rhone, running down to the Mediterranean, and bounded by it, by the Pyrenees, and the Atlantic. This was the kingdom of the French.

Hludwig had all the land from the Rhine northwards to the mouth of the Elbe, and southward as far as the Alps. It was still called Eastern or Teutonic France. The old name lingered on, and survives in Franconia: but the kingdom came to be called Teutschland, the 'land of the Dutch,' or Germans as we call them.

Hlothar had Italy, and a long strip of country, crossing Europe from south-west to north-west, hemmed in on one side by Karl's kingdom, on the other by Hludwig's. It lay between the Rhine and the Western Alps on the one side, and the four rivers, the Rhone, Saone, Meuse, and Scheldt, on the other side. This strange ribbon of land was parti-coloured: four races dwelt on it, speaking four tongues; these were the Germans, the Flemish, the Italians, the Provençals: it was called Hlothar's share. It is a proof of its want of real unity that the northern and central part of it was presently called Lotharingia after its lord, the second Hlothar; a name which, in its more modern form Lorraine, was retained in Europe till the end of last century, and, indeed, is still in common use, though it denotes but a small part of the original Lotharingia. The struggle between Germany and France for this border-land has lasted to our days; as is shewn by the changes of the frontier-line after the war of 1870, 1871.

Thus perished the grand imperial conception of Karl the Great; and thus in its stead began the nations of Europe.

# TABLE IV.—THE FRAGMENTS OF THE EMPIRE OF KARL THE GREAT.

[*To face p.* 159.

| A.D. | ITALY. | GERMANY. | LOTHARINGIA. | PROVENCE or CISJURANE BURGUNDY. | TRANSJURANE BURGUNDY. | NORTHERN FRANCE. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | [Has the imperial crown at first.] | | | | | |
| 879 | | | | **Boson.** | | |
| 887 | | **Arnulf**, King by election. | | | **Rodolf** I. | [**Odo** (Eudes), Duke of France, son of Robert the Strong, elected, *not a Karoling*]. |
| 890 | | | | **Ludwig**, son of Boson. | | |
| 891 | **Guido**, Emperor. | | | | | |
| 894 | **Lambert**, son of Guido, Emperor. | | | | | |
| 895 | | | **Zwentibald**, son of Arnulf. | | | |
| 896 | **Arnulf**, King of Germany, Emperor. | | | | | |
| 898 | | | | | | **Karl** the Simple. |
| 899 | | **Hludwig** III (IV), of Lotharingia, *last Karoling in Germany.* | | | | |
| 900 | | | **Hludwig** IV, son of Arnulf. | | | |
| 901 | **Hludwig** of Provence, Emperor. | | | | | |
| | | | [Contested between | | | |
| 911 | | **Conrad**, D. of Franconia, elected King. | | | **Rodolf** II. | |
| 916 | **Berenger**, D. of Friuli, | | France and Germany: | | | |
| 918 | *last Karoling Emp.* | **Henry** I, D. of Saxony, King of Germany. | | | | |
| 922 | [Anarchy for 50 years.] | | but | | | [**Robert**, Duke of France, *not a Karoling*]. |
| 923 | | | | **Hugh** of Arles, who cedes his kingdom to Rodolf II in 933. | | [**Raoul** (Rodolf), Duke of Burgundy]. |
| 933 | | | | | | |
| 936 | | **Otto** I, the Great. | falls to Germany under Otto the Great; though many feudal vassals are independent.] | | | **Ludwig** (Louis) IV (D'Outremar), son of Karl the Simple. |
| 937 | | | | **Conrad** the Peaceful. | | |
| 954 | | | | | | **Lothar** (Lothaire), son of Louis IV. |
| 961 | Italy falls to Otto I. | | | | | |
| 962 | | **Otto** I, Emperor. | | | | |
| 973 | | **Otto** II, Emperor. | | | | |
| 983 | | **Otto** III, Emperor. | | | | |
| 986 | | | | | | **Louis** (Ludwig) V, son of Lothaire, *last of the Karoling kings.* |
| 987 | | | | | | **Hugh Capet**, Duke of France (elected King by the great Lords). |
| 993 | | | | **Rodolf** III, who cedes his kingdom to | | |
| 1002 | | **Henry** II, Emperor. | | | | |
| 1024 | | **Conrad** II, Emperor. | | | | |
| | | | | Conrad II in 1033. | | |
| 1033 | The Holy Roman Empire, under Conrad II. | | | | | |

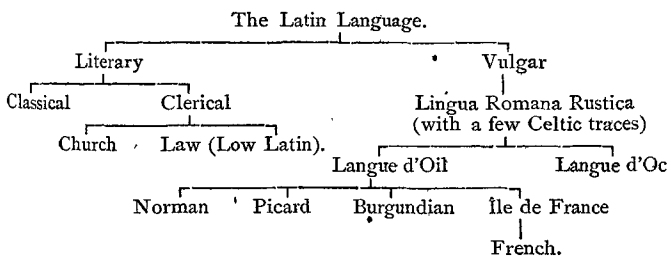
# CHAPTER V.

## *From the Peace of Verdun to Hugh Capet.*

A. D. 843—987.

### I. *The Origin of the French Language.*

TABLE V.—THE PEDIGREE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.




THE Oath which Hludwig the German took before the Franks of France was spoken in a tongue which, though far from Modern French, was still in substance French. How did this new speech come into being? It is clear that it has the Latin for its foundation, and little else; spelling has changed, inflexions are degraded, the whole language is more analytical[1] than Latin; but still it has come from the Latin. The Oath gives us an illustration of the way in which

[1] Languages are said to be 'synthetical' when they use many inflexions and few auxiliaries; 'analytical' when they use few inflexions and many auxiliaries—i. e. *babui* is synthetical, but *j'ai eu* is analytical.

the Romance languages[1] sprang out of Latin; as it stands midway between the two.

In the best days of Rome there were two kinds of Latin in use; that of the study and that of the market-place; the learned and the vulgar. We may catch a glimpse of these by comparing Cicero with Terence. And even in Cicero's days the distinction was clear between the patrician and the plebeian speech, the 'sermo nobilis' and the 'sermo plebeius' or 'rusticus[2].' They differed in vocabulary, but above all in accent. Speaking generally, every Latin word has one syllable on which the voice lingers; the tendency of the vulgar (as in all lands) was to exaggerate this tonic syllable at the cost of the rest of the word; and so we find that such words as 'pónere,' 'stábulum,' 'oráculum,' soon became 'pón're,' 'stáb'lum,' 'orác'lum,' in common Latin. When Gaul fell into Latin hands, both dialects entered in with the new masters. In the cities the rhetoricians, poets, men of letters, and, at a later time the upper clergy, cultivated the refined upper-class dialect; while the common soldier, the merchant, and presently the slave, spread the common Latin far and wide. The whole of Gaul seems to have accepted the new speech without protest[3]: we have elsewhere tried to explain the remarkable fact that while the bulk of the people continued to be Celtic, their mother-tongue perished, leaving in its vocabulary and inflexions no trace, or only the very slightest, of the popular language[4]. The Merwing invasion crushed the literary Latin; for the Gallo-Roman gentlefolk could not stand up against their German lords: it survived in a low form among the clergy, as the language of religion, based more on St. Augustine than on Cicero. This was the Low

[1] The chief Romance languages are French, Provençal, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Wallachian, as well as the 'Romansch' of eastern Switzerland.

[2] Cassiodorus gives us an instance of words in the two dialects. The common folk said 'batalia' where the upper classes said 'pugna.'

[3] Strabo says there was so much Latin (especially of the high-class kind) in Gaul, that he could scarcely count it a land of 'barbarians.'

[4] See above, p. 53. This is the more remarkable when we see the opposite results in Brittany and Wales.

Latin of the Law Courts, a dialect which the Merwing Franks used in amalgamating the new Roman law with their own institutions and customs. It is a barbarous Latin, full of German words. But they could not destroy the common Latin, the speech of the people.

By the end of the eighth century the 'Lingua Romana Rustica,' now no longer called Latin, was established. Even as early as the seventh century the life of St. Faro was sung in the rustic speech—'juxta rusticitatem.' About A.D. 800 Adalhard, a noble German, spoke it eloquently and elegantly [1]. By the time of Karl the Great the Austrasians despised in their hearts the new kind of fine Latin brought in by the Church, but still, in their intercourse with the clergy, tried to use it. The Merwings had destroyed the 'classical-fine' Latin; this may be called the 'Church-fine' Latin. Karl himself could speak it. But it was a mere court delicacy; the great lords in their Neustrian settlements soon dropped it—who was there to understand it, if they did use it? They also dropped their German speech. Even the clergy in country places knew nothing but the common Latin: the nobles followed; and soon men all had one speech, the 'Romana rustica.' As early as 813, at the Council of Tours, this speech was enjoined on the clergy; homilies were to be read in either Romance or 'Teutsch' [2]. And finally the Oaths of 842 shew that this Romance is the acknowledged speech of the whole French army, chiefs and men. It afterwards divided itself into dialects [3], each with its own peculiarities and literature; but as Paris became more and more the heart of France, the dialect of the district round the capital, the Ile de France, became the standard of speech and writing, and the other dialects fell before it. The southern dialect,

[1] So says Paschatius Radbert in his life of him: 'Quem si *vulgo* audisses, dulcifluus emanabat; si vero idem *barbara*, quam *Teutiscam* dicunt ... praeëminebat; quod si *latine*, jam ulterius prae aviditate dulcoris non erat spiritus.'—Pertz, tom. 2. p. 532.

[2] 'In lingua romana rustica aut Teotisca.'

[3] Such were the Norman, the Picard, the Burgundian, that of the Ile de France.

the Langue d'Oc[1], which reached a high state of literary excellence at a very early time, stands aloof from these northern varieties of the Langue d'Oil, and is long before it bows the head before the dominant dialect of the Île de France.

## II. *The later Karolings.*

In thirty years there had been five partitions of the Frankish Empire; ending with that well-marked division carried out by the treaty of Verdun in 843. We have seen how Italy fell to Hlothar, with the imperial name, and the strip of land afterwards called Lotharingia; Germany to Hludwig; France to Karl the Bald.

This king and his successors have some claim to be accounted French. They rule over a large part of France, they are cut away from their older connexion with Germany. But in reality they are still Germans and Franks. They speak German, they yearn after the old imperial name, they have no national feeling at all. But the great lords of Neustria, as it used to be called, are ready to move in that direction, and to take the first steps towards a new national life. They cease to look back to the Rhine, and occupy themselves in struggling with their kings. Feudal power is founded, and with it the claims of the bishops rise to their highest point. But we have not yet come to a kingdom of France: for (1) the kings were not French; (2) their kingdom was narrow; at times it was little beyond the frontier-fortress of Laon with its dependencies; at best it had no hold on Brittany, Aquitaine, or Septimania; (3) the Norman ravages reached its very heart; (4) the feudal lords were in fact independent of the king. It was no proper French kingdom; but a dying branch of Karl's Empire.

There was a twofold movement throughout the period; first,

[1] Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oil are the names given to the southern and northern dialects of the Gallo-Romance speech. The names are taken from the word signifying *yes* in south and north. The Latin 'hoc' was used alone in the south; in the north they said 'hoc-illud', whence *oil, oil.*

against Germany and the imperial idea; secondly, towards the dismemberment of France herself. Karl the Great had founded an Empire with vassal-kingdoms under it; but the tendencies of the age were opposed to it: even the Church, to a great extent, shook off the Papal Empire, became feudal, anti-central. No oecumenical Councils were held, there was no united action, each bishop tried to win an independent jurisdiction; the high pretensions of Hincmar of Rheims will be noticed presently.

All tended to produce a local, territorial independence. The Empire and the Papacy will strive in vain against this tendency; feudal nations headed by feudal kings will consolidate their power; Pope and Emperor will also turn their arms against each other, in a feud of centuries. Meanwhile, France, lying off the line of this struggle, will have time to grow into a great monarchy.

This dreary period may be divided into three parts:

1. From A.D. 843—888, to the deposition of Karl the Fat.
2. From A.D. 888—911, to the settlement of the Northmen in Western France.
3. From A.D. 911—987, to the accession of Hugh Capet.

## 1. *To the Deposition of Karl the Fat*, A.D. 843—888.

Karl the Bald, entering on his part of the Karoling Empire, found three large districts which refused to recognise him. These were Aquitaine, whose King was Pippin II; Septimania, in the hands of Bernard; and Brittany under Nomenoë. He attempted to reduce them; but Brittany and Septimania defied him; while over Aquitaine he was little more than a nominal suzerain. His home-territories were also in evil case. Northern vikings[1] ravaged his coasts, and had to be bought off from Paris itself; on the Seine they were beginning to secure their footing, and to settle. Ceaseless squabbles went on between King and nobles;

[1] A Viking is 'a man of a *vik*, or bay;' he was a Scandinavian warrior-pirate.—See Vigfússon's Icel. Dict. s. v. *Vikingr*.

he had granted them all he had, to buy their help against his brothers; and now he tried to repossess himself of his domains by force. The nobles rose against him, and, calling in Hludwig the German, compelled him to fly. But when the Germans came the old local jealousies revived; the French-Franks once more rallied to their King, the German-Franks had to retire; and the party of the chiefs, who had been headed by Wenillon, archbishop of Sens, came to terms with Karl. He acknowledged himself to be King by episcopal consecration, and therefore to be liable to deposition by the same judgment. The Church accepted this position; and Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims, and the King's chief minister, laid down the principle that kings are subject to no man's government, while they rule by God's law and will; but if they transgress that law and will, then they must be judged by the bishops without any reference to Papal authority[1]. A high-tide mark in the pretensions of the Episcopate, which, however, soon ebbed again.

Karl's reign is also notable for the dawn of a greater power, destined to have its centre at Paris, though its chief men are not French. This is Scholasticism.

The Philosophy of the Schools is the first European mental effort. Though not marked by great originality, it fills the whole intellectual life of five centuries, and its influences were felt for centuries after its fall. Its first task may be said to have been the application of Aristotle's principles to the study of Theology. It had other and more fruitful results in the hands of those who inquired into Nature's doings, and were the forefathers of modern experimental philosophy. At Karl's court was an Irishman, last representative, as he is called, of Greek philosophy. He was also the first representative of the philosophy of the Middle Ages. Joannes Scotus Erigena (i. e. John Scot, Erin-born) was at the head of Karl's palace school. He set himself to introduce Platonism into Western Christianity; his appeals to human reason against authority, his

[1] Hincmar's Works, 1. 693–5.

tendencies towards materialism and pantheism indicate more than one of the lines on which the modern mind was destined to travel. Hincmar resisted him, and had him condemned. At a later period, though some followed Erigena, the main body of schoolmen turned to deductive logic, authority, and the words of Scripture, and saved themselves from the dangerous paths of inquiry which he had so hardily pursued.

Karl's brother Hlothar, Emperor, King of Italy, died in 835. Of his three sons, who again divided his domains, the last survivor, Hludwig II, Emperor and King of Italy, died in 875, leaving two princes in possession of all the old Empire of Karl the Great: Hludwig the German and Karl the Bald. The latter, restless and ambitious, thought to restore the Empire; got himself crowned King of Italy by the Pope. Hludwig died the next year, and his three sons, as usual, divided his kingdom. But Karl the Bald intrigued with the German nobles, and compelled the three brothers to take up arms. Then the French king, needing help, held a diet at Chiersi in 877, and granted his leudes the hereditary possession of their benefices[1]. Hereditary succession was already the custom; this diet made it a right. It is therefore rightly regarded as an epoch in the history of feudalism. Henceforward the political importance of the alodial tenure passes away; dukes and counts, hitherto (in name at least) the king's officers, become independent princes; the greatest alodial lords can be no more than this.

With his nobles thus gratified, he set forth for Italy. But his concessions availed him nothing there; Karloman, son of Hludwig of Germany, defeated and drove him homewards. On Mont Cenis death overtook him, as he rested in a poor hut, and cut the thread of his somewhat tattered web of life. Hludwig his son[2] succeeded (A.D. 877). His father had been a man of some gifts, but this man, 'the Stammerer,' was feeble altogether. The nobles forced him at the outset to ratify their old privi-

[1] See the Capitularies in Baluze, 2. p. 259.
[2] Sometimes called 'Louis II, King of France.'

leges, and to grant them new fiefs. He yielded, and was crowned. We draw towards a new series of puppet-kings. This stammering Hludwig soon passed away, dying in 879; and the nobles thought good to divide the kingship between his two sons; Hludwig III in the North, and Karloman in the South. Their kingship shrank to very narrow limits; Boson in Provence founded the kingdom of Arles in spite of their efforts; the Northmen ravaged the Atlantic coasts with impunity. In 882 Hludwig died, Karloman two years later. There now remained but two to represent the Karoling family: Karl, a child of five, a posthumous son of Hludwig the Stammerer, and the Emperor Karl the Fat[1]. To the latter fell the nominal lordship over almost all the Empire.

But the incessant partitions, squabbles, deaths, of the kings, their sons, their cousins, had sapped the strength of the race; each noble sold his services to one or another, buying therewith also his independence; and the wretched Karl, in his bulky incapacity, was a type of the huge and ill-knit Empire over which he was the head. No sooner was he on the throne than he was met by a strong league, whose head-quarters are to the west, on the coast and rivers. The fierce Northmen under their great chief Hrolf (Rollo) joined Hugh of Lorraine, and beleaguered Paris in 885. Paris had shrunk back into the 'Cité,' which was built on an island in the Seine; so terrible was the neighbourhood of the Northmen. But in that little island were three captains of good heart: Gozlin their bishop, Hugh 'first of abbots,' and Eudes or Odo, count of Paris. Gozlin and Hugh perished in the siege, but Odo held out. Meanwhile the unwieldy king was far off in Germany, and heeded not the cries of Paris. For eighteen months the citizens held out: the rude warfare of the Northmen, unskilled in sieges, made no impression on the fortified bridges. At last Karl came with a host of men, the forces of the Empire; and from Montmartre saw the heroic defenders and their foes. The hollow-eyed citizens thought

[1] Charles III in French histories.

to see their pagan enemies scattered to the winds; but the feeble king had no energy, and did but beg the Normans to name their price; they were willing to retire for seven hundred pounds of silver. The fierce citizens, with a cry of disgust, refused to be parties to such shame; they rushed forth and drove the Northmen from the Seine, compelling them to drag their boats across a neck of land before they could embark. The fat king had no wish to dwell in that land; he withdrew to Germany. There he was abandoned by all, deposed, degraded. He sought shelter at Reichenau, on the Lake of Constance, where under the roof of the monks he lingered a while, a mere wreck, and died in 888. In him the French Karolings seemed to reach their lowest point; cowardly, lazy, incapable, sickly, the degenerate grandson and namesake of Karl the Great was a lamentable contrast to his vigorous ancestor and to his great contemporary, Alfred of England. Few sovereigns have attained to so great contempt as he; and the kindest view to take of him is that he was insane.

## 2. *To the Settlement of the Northmen in Western France.* A.D. 888—911.

The great lords now set up six several states; Italy, Germany, Lorraine, Provence, Transjurane Burgundy, and France. In the last there was a strong feeling against the Karolings; and the nobles chose Odo, the stout defender of Paris, the count of Paris and duke of France, to be their king. It is too much to say that he was the first real French king; but he was more like one than the Karolings had been; and he foreshadowed the race that was to come. His authority extended over the land between the Meuse and the Loire, and was not very well defined within those limits. All France was a loose bundle of petty states, which multiplied through this period: a century later, when Hugh Capet was made king, there were as many as eighty of these small princes between the Meuse and the Loire. These were the feudal elements or units of a later

time; castles were built and garrisoned with tried men-at-arms; a rough justice was dispensed, towns began to grow round the stronghold; the feudal lord found it well to have peace within his own borders; he defended his villains; agriculture began to lift up the head, thrift and handicrafts gained time and security, and sprang up into life[1].

Let us sum up the causes which led to this victory of feudalism over the Karoling family; it answers to that struggle which raised the Austrasians above the Merwing princes, with the difference that society had made some slight advance since then.

These causes are: (1) the severance of Germany from France; (2) the independence of Burgundy, Brittany, and Aquitaine, and the weakness of the kings in their strife with these districts; (3) the personal feebleness of the kings; (4) the Norman incursions, which led to the fashion of castle-building, which in its turn led to the independence of the builder; (5) the influence of the great Churchmen, who used their power over weak princes in favour of the nobles; (6) the battles of the century, and notably that of Fontanet, which destroyed the free Franks; (7) the custom of Recommendation or Commendation, which led the smaller land-owners to range themselves under the nearest lord, to the neglect and permanent weakening of the nominal head of government; and (8) lastly, the gradual growth of privilege, consolidation of the greater lordships, and the change of the old court offices (duke and count) into territorial and hereditary dignities. In all these ways feudal independence gained and royalty lost, until it fell.

But though the lords were strong enough to dethrone the Karolings, they did not care to abandon all the traditions of the past. Consequently they met, and chose Count Odo (or Eudes) as their king. A quarter of a century earlier an adventurer, of low birth, a Saxon[2], it was said, had been useful

[1] Sismondi, Histoire des François, tom. 3. p. 283.

[2] Afterwards men succeeded in tracing his descent from Childebrand, brother of Karl the Hammer.

to different petty kings; eventually he attached himself to Karl the Bald, who set him in the front to defend the country between the Seine and the Loire. This adventurer was Robert the Strong, who perished fighting against the Normans. By his side fought Tertullus the Rustic, a peasant's son, whom the king made seneschal of Anjou. From Robert spring the Capets; from Tertullus, the Plantagenets. The two families of the Christian world, who have worn the greatest number of crowns[1], stood side by side at their beginnings, conscious only of vigour and courage, ignorant of their high destiny. This Robert was the father of Eudes, whom the nobles elected king. Eudes struggled vainly for six years; then the Karoling party recovered heart, and in 893, at an assembly at Rheims, they called in Karl the Simple[2], and chose him king. Arnulf, king of Germany and head of the Karoling family, now interfered; but Fulk, archbishop of Rheims, eventually persuaded him to take up a position as protector of the new king. But what could the weak prince do against the vigour and ability of Eudes? He was compelled to take refuge in Burgundy. Again he tried his fortune in war, and failing threw himself on his rival's generosity. Eudes, knowing that the Karolings, with their strong friends in Germany, and their plentiful means of stirring up strife in Southern France, might be held in check, but could not be crushed, behaved wisely and generously, after the manner of his family. He granted to Karl certain domains between the Meuse and Seine; acknowledged him as his lord, and agreed that, if he died, Karl should succeed him. In 898 he did die, and the nobles met, and elected Karl sole king of France, while Robert, brother of Eudes, became Duke of France; and things seemed to fall back into their old form; a Karoling king, and a feudal duke, of France[3].

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, I. p. 209.

[2] This is Charles IV of the ordinary histories. The soubriquet 'le Sot' is, in fact, 'the Fool.'

[3] It must never be forgotten that these titles, king and duke of France, are of a very narrow significance—not reaching very far from Paris, nor going beyond the Meuse or the Loire.

The simple king, little more than a puppet, reigned long in peace. There are times in history when shades seem to have more solidity than realities; it seemed as though a puppet-king was just then what France needed. A stronger man would have aroused passions, and led to war. Karl's weakness was no offence to, was even a cloak for, the strength and ambition of the chiefs. The one fact of this feeble reign of four-and-twenty years is the disgraceful but fortunate cession of the Lower Seine and Brittany to the Northmen in 911.

The Northmen had gradually closed in upon France. All conquest of a more by a less settled country follows one law. We saw it with the Franks, we may see it in the Northmen. First came plundering raids, out and home again, with cattle-lifting, savage work and bloodshed, everything carried off that could be, and the bleeding land left to recover as it might. Then gradually the land itself attracts. The invaders are not so keen to get home with their booty; or they think it well to have a secure place or two on the coast; and so they begin to settle. They winter in the land; the new climate becomes familiar, they end by sitting down firmly as owners of the soil, a fresh element of life in the land they adopt. The Northmen came and went by sea; their home was bleak in winter-time; they made their new homes wherever their keels came to shore: all the world was theirs, so long as it could be reached by water. Hoisting sail, or plying their strong oars, they went hither and thither; it mattered not which way. England was perhaps their favourite hunting-ground; but their long ships struck terror on every coast. Sailing the 'Easternway,' they founded the Russian Empire; the Russian was for a long time a Northman[1]. The same Northmen who ruled in Little Russia are found in the tenth century (strange prophecy!) attacking Constantinople[2]. Sailing the 'Westernway,' they discovered

[1] See Vigfússon's Icelandic Dict. v. *Fors*. He quotes Constantine Porphyrogenitus, shewing that some Scandinavian words were in his day current in Russia. Constantine distinguishes between words used, *ῥωσιστί* and *σκλαβινιστί*, Russ and Sclavonian; and his 'Russ' words are clearly Scandinavian.

[2] A.D. 904.

Iceland and Greenland; there are traces of still farther expeditions, and lodgments on the American coast. In France, the rivers were but so many pathways leading to the rich booty of the inland. In Spain, in Italy, these 'Magiogs,' sons of Magog, as the Arabian historians style them, clashed with the Moslem power. The Mediterranean learned to know these heathen vikings; and the days were evil for all dwellers by the main. The more civilised world had little dealings with the sea; but it was the home of the Northmen, and helped them, in conflict with the rest of Europe, as armour served the Romans against half-naked tribes, or as, in later times, the gun overcame the arrow. The Norse ship with its fierce crew seemed to form one creature; the viking almost thought his ship had life. The sea-dragons, gliding silently over the main, struck terror into all who sighted them from the shore.

They began their ravages near the end of the eighth century. The English coasts felt them first in 787; the French coasts in 799. There is an old poem which relates how Karl the Hammer[1], in his old age, wept when he saw their long ships at Aigues Mortes. Karl the Great knew what the danger was. He had built a fortress against them at Hamburg; one of his last important acts was an agreement by which the Dannewerk on the Eider became the border-line between Scandinavian and Teuton[2]. Harold the Dane took refuge with Hludwig the Pious, and after his baptism at Engelenheim, in 826, settled in Friesland. About the same time efforts were made, with some success, to convert the Northmen to Christianity. Ansgar took his life in his hands and preached Christ in Sweden; he was driven out, was made archbishop of the Christian outpost at Hamburg, returned again, and in 853 baptized Olaf the converted Swedish king. At this time (A.D. 838) the Danes penetrated as far up the Loire as Tours: and soon after (A.D. 841) under Hasting they laid siege to and took Rouen.

[1] But it must have been Karl the Great.

[2] The Dannewerk was built in 808 by Godfrid; and accepted as the Danish frontier in 811.

Their first actual settlement in France seems to have been in 846; returning from Gallicia they occupied the island of Noirmoutiers off the coast of La Vendée, and this and their quarters on the Seine were their earliest standpoints for wider depredations. The same process went on at the same time in England. In 853 they settled in Thanet; in 855 they wintered in the isle of Sheppy, points as handy for them as Noirmoutiers on the opposite coast.

These were days of horrible anarchy in France; and they took advantage of the feebleness of Karl the Bald; there was no one to grapple with them as did Alfred the Great, who soon after this time began his long and glorious resistance in England. They pillaged Nantes and Bordeaux; their boats, wattled osiers covered with skins, reached Paris, Orléans, even Toulouse. On the river-banks they chose suitable spots, built rude huts, and kept their flocks of captives. Everything within reach of the great rivers was liable to attack from them; the castles could only defend themselves. The priests, the cattle, the poor possessions of the tillers of the soil, the Gallo-Franks themselves, all fell into their hands. Churches and abbeys were favourite victims with them; there they could both avenge their gods and win a wealthy spoil. 'The race of warriors and free Franks was gone; towns were worn out and disarmed; they had neither walls nor defenders, government nor wealth; the country folk, like mere cattle, had neither power nor courage to defend themselves; the peasantry fled to the woods, or huddled miserably in the churches, or cast off the faith which seemed powerless, and joined the pirates. The nobles cared only to pluck their own gain from this public misery. Their cowardice, says Ermentarius, ruined the Christian realm, and they were driven to buy with gold the security they ought to have won with steel[1].'

A few years later Hrolf, a man of note for us, settled on the Seine (A.D. 876). He divided his attention for a time between

[1] Chiefly from La Vallée, Histoire des Français, I. p. 202.

England and France; but finding King Alfred too strong for him, he returned to the Seine, and fell on the degenerate Franks and their helpless dependents.

In 882 Hludwig III tried to make head against them, and actually defeated Hasting on the Loire. He built wooden castles, block-houses, to keep them in check; 'but,' says the Chronicle of St. Bertin, 'no man could be found who dared to garrison them.' His short-lived vigour availed nothing; still less the reign of Karl the Fat. We have already mentioned the siege of Paris in his time (A.D. 885) and his wretched incapacity. It was a time of desolation and decay; the Church alone showed some life. 'France was like a great desert, above whose vast level a few tall church-towers rose[1].'

Now came the permanent settlements. One band established itself between Chartres and Blois, on the Loire; another, the chief body, made Rouen its head-quarters, and dominated both Evreux and Bayeux, holding both banks of the Seine, and forming a definite and organised state under Hrolf. The wretched Christians looked with wonder at the sight. Those heathen pirates, whom they had regarded as so many devils, shewed them the way towards peace and prosperity. Hrolf's lordship was seen to be a boon to all who came under it. The Celtic element of the population, its largest part by far, openly preferred the strong heathen to the powerless Christian. It seemed possible that these vigorous strangers might with a puff blow away the fragile monarchy, and rule instead. Karl yielded to necessity; and the Church undertook the task of mediating between the powers. She foresaw her advantage in it; she had already made some trial of the new comers. Their hatred for Christianity was dying out; it might presently be turned into love. Ever ready to grapple with the new elements of power, the Church instinctively turned towards the Normans; as she had conquered Hlodowig, so might she conquer Hrolf. The archbishop of Rouen was sent to him from the king with the offer of his daughter in marriage, and the

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, 1. p. 214.

hereditary lordship of the district between the Epte and the borders of Brittany. In return Hrolf should acknowledge Karl as his lord, live in peace with the kingdom, and above all, become a Christian. Hrolf, who had learnt to admire the grandeur of Alfred, and had a noble ambition to found a well-ordered state, and could recognise something of the dignity of Christianity even in its ruins, accepted these terms, with one stipulation:—that he should be at liberty to conquer Brittany, if he could, make it his own, and do homage for it to the French king. Karl could make no difficulty in giving what was not his own; and so the bargain was closed. At St. Claire-sur-Epte, near Gisors, Hrolf swore fealty to Karl. It is said that when told to kneel and kiss the royal foot, he bid one of his men do it, who did it so roughly, that he upset the monarch amidst the uproarious laughter of his men. A tale due to the pride of the Norman chroniclers, who sought by it to gloze over the disgrace of such an act of submission. Hrolf forthwith became a Christian, and was baptized by the name of Robert, after the duke of France; a little later Gisela, the French king's daughter, became his wife. His men loyally followed his lead, and became Christians. Normandy soon settled down into a compact well-ordered state, and noble towns and buildings arose. The Normans, already quite familiar with the French, after a century of intercourse, soon adopted the manners and speech of their subjects; in twenty years' time Normandy was far in advance of the rest of France. So well did they handle the new tongue that Norman poets wrote stirring ballads in it; their laws are also in the new, not in the old, language. Norman-French became for a time the leading idiom of the language. Thus did the stronger race adopt what was best in the possessions of the older inhabitants; they no longer pillaged and destroyed; they took and ennobled.

The last settlement of the Northern nations in Gaul is now accomplished. Gaul receives from the Normans her last external influences. Energy and enterprise, bravery and the love of liberty, again blossom on the shores of France.

### 3. *To the Accession of Hugh Capet*, A.D. 911—987.

We must pass lightly over the rest of the expiring family of the Karolings. After a long course of strength and dignity, they now pass down the age, sluggish and divided; like their own Rhine, above so noble, swift, and full, below broken into many channels, flowing slow through fen and bog, where the wayfarer is bewildered by the low monotony and the faint distinction between land and river. The Karolings of this last period have little to distinguish or ennoble them; they slowly drift towards extinction; it is scarcely worth our while to trace their course.

The French lords had seen in the rough laughter of the Norman chiefs, how low the kingship had fallen. But it was not enough for Karl to be despised, he must also win their anger. To this end he fell into the hands of Haganon, a man of low birth, of clear, supple ability, who tried to play the part of the old Mayors of the Palace. But the Mayors had been great representatives of the feudal nobles; while he was utterly disconnected from them. Headed by Robert, son of Robert the Strong, they rose against him and his master in 920, and shut up the king in the stronghold of Laon. This castle, the final refuge of the Karoling kings, lay in the northernmost part of the kingdom, the last stronghold to which they could retire before abandoning all and fleeing into Germany or Lorraine. It is north even of Rheims, the religious centre of the royal power; far north, of course, of Paris, its political centre. Thrust back on his last defences, the king was rudely taught how low he had fallen. All had become territorial; he too was measured by his domains, and they were narrow enough. Law also had ceased to be personal, as in the older codes. It had attached itself also to the land; and the land carried with it its own customs, privileges, and rights of sovereignty. It was from this time that the North of France became the 'land of custom-right[1]'. The Normans, who had most originality and cha-

[1] The Pays de droit coutumier was the North of France; south of it lay the Pays de droit écrit.—See also Sir H. Maine, Ancient Law, p. 83.

racter, who also felt most the worth of their territorial position, did much to render law the mere creature of custom.

What chance had the king among these chiefs, or barons[1], as they were called? He fled into Lorraine. The barons chose Duke Robert as their king, and crowned him at Rheims in 922. But the next year Karl, by help of the crafty Haganon, got the Normans to take up his quarrel. A battle was fought at Soissons, and Robert the barons' king was killed. But his son, Hugh le Blanc, who now first appears, the greatest name of the period, and Herbert, count of Vermandois, rallied their men, and drove Karl off the field. They then took Rodolf of Burgundy, and made him their king. Herbert of Vermandois was, or pretended to be, piqued at this step, and sent to Karl to say he would help him; on which the poor king came to see this new and powerful friend. But Herbert seized him, and held him prisoner, using him as a threat and a hostage till he died in 929. The barons had no liking for Count Herbert; they drove him out of France, and he took refuge with Henry King of the Germans. Rodolf of Burgundy now remained unmolested as king till his death in 936. Then the barons,—Hugh le Blanc, who might have been king himself, but prudently preferred the substantial advantages of the duchy of Burgundy, Herbert of Vermandois, and William Longsword of Normandy,—sent to England for Karl's little son Hludwig, who had been carried thither as a child by his mother, Queen Eadgyfu, when Karl was seized by Herbert. Hludwig 'Outremar[2]' was about sixteen years old when this sudden change came to him; he had been accustomed to a very different atmosphere at Athelstan's court, and was no sooner crowned than he shewed such signs of independence, and such determination to rule, that Hugh was offended, withdrew his support from him, and made friends with Otto the Great of

[1] *Baro* is the Low Latin form of the Old Germ. *ber* [A.-S. *wer*, as in *wergild*], which is akin to the Latin *vir*, and bears the same high sense.

[2] *Outremar* is *ultra-mare*, beyond the sea, a name given him by reason of his bringing-up in England.

Germany. Doubtless an error; but one that clearly illustrates the feeling of the upper classes in Northern France. Even the nobles looked to the German Emperor as their ultimate chief. But lately Herbert of Vermandois had fled to Henry; now Hugh the Great, drawing with him the chief of the barons, becomes 'man' to Otto. This great prince had grand ideas; in him the imperial power, long in the dust, had risen again; and he was the true founder of the German Empire. He was now eager to assert his lordship over France, invaded the land, proclaimed himself King at Attigny, and shut up young Hludwig at Laon. Here the gallant lad defended himself stoutly, with help of the Lorrainers. Thence, when he could hold out no longer, he fled into Aquitaine, and gathered help. The Pope, Stephen III, interposed, and Otto, having other things on hand, desisted. Hludwig was recognised by all as King, in 940 or 941.

Herbert of Vermandois died in 943, and Hludwig naturally tried to break up the formidable territory on his flank. Vermandois lay close up to Laon, and overshadowed the royal power. But Hugh the Great, still jealous, interfered. William of Normandy, however, also died; and the hope of the greater prize put the lesser matter out of mind; all, King and barons alike, joined to rob Richard the new Norman duke. Then Harold of Denmark came in; seized on Hludwig, and killed his men. Hugh the Great rescued him from the Northmen, but only to make him his own captive. He forced him to surrender Laon, and by holding him in his hand, dominated over King and barons. In this strait Hludwig appealed to Otto, who came into France to his help; but he failed, and retired again beyond the Rhine; Hludwig, who had got himself free, following him. Later on, Hludwig recovered Laon, and a gleam of light was shed on the close of his reign. In 954 he died, from the effects of a fall out hunting. He was the greatest and most unfortunate of these later Karolings.

He left two sons, Hlothar and Karl. Hugh had made former crowned King, and soon after died and was buried at St. Denis,

there to await the long line of his crowned descendants. Hugh, his son, afterwards known so well as Capet, succeeded him as duke of France and arbiter of the northern kingdom.

When Otto the Great died in 973, Hlothar the king and Hugh tried to wrest Lorraine from the Germans. But Otto the Second was too strong for them. They marched to Aachen; but he drove them back and saw the walls of Paris. But he did no more, and suffered some reverses on his retreat: Hlothar relinquished his claim on Lorraine, Hugh protesting, with an eye to the future. This was the whole history of a reign long and very inglorious: he reigned for thirty-two years, and died in 986. When he died, though men were weary of so worn-out a race, his son Hludwig was quietly allowed to reign in his stead. He ruled for but one year, and died childless. The Karoling heir to the throne, if such there was indeed, was Karl, his uncle, duke of Lorraine. But who of the barons would care to take him, the German Emperor's man? So he was set aside, and, with consent of all Northern France, Hugh the duke was elected King. His brother was duke of Burgundy, the duke of Normandy was his brother-in-law. In all ways he was the most central of the great nobles of Northern France. In 987 he was solemnly crowned at Noyon by Adalberon, bishop of Laon.

The age of the Karolings is ended. France has at last a French King, though he rules over but a little fraction of the land. Hugh Capet is the ancestor of all the kings who have sat on the throne of France.

# TABLE VI.—THE FEUDAL STATES OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

[To face p. 179

| A.D. | FLANDERS (Count). | VERMANDOIS (Count). | FRANCE (Duke). | NORMANDY (Duke). | ANJOU (Count). | BURGUNDY (Duke). | BRITTANY (Duke). |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 840 | | | Robert the Strong. | | | | Nomenoë, |
| 870 | | Heribert I. | | | Ingelger. | | |
| 877 | | | | | | Richard the Justiciary (whose son Rodolf became K. of France). | |
| 882 | Baldwin I. | Heribert II. | | | | | |
| 888 | | | Eudes (Odo) (disputed K. of France). | | who | | |
| 912 | | | | Hrolf, | | | |
| 922 | who has ten | | Robert (disputed King of France). | | | | who has |
| 938 | | | | who has | has | Seized by Hugh, Duke of France; held by Henry, his son; inherited after him by Robert, Barons' K. of France. | |
| 943 | successors | Divided into *Champagne* (Count). | *Vermandois* (Count). | six successors | | | |
| 987 | to | Passes | Nine | | nine | | nineteen |
| 996 | | | Hugh Capet, K. of France. | to | | | |
| 1031 | | | Robert. | | | | |
| 1032 | | | Henry I. | | | Robert (son of Robert the King), | |
| 1052 | | to | counts | William the Bastard (King of England, 1066). His granddaughter m. Geoffrey Plantagenet, | successors | | |
| 1060 | | | Philip I. | | | | |
| 1108 | | | Louis VI (the Fat). | | | | |
| 1127 | Charles the Good (the female line succeeds). (1) House of Alsace (by fem. line), | the House | to | | to | | successors |
| 1137 | | | Louis VII (the Young). | and has | | who has | |
| 1180 | six | of Blois, | Philip II Augustus. | | Henry Plantagenet (Henry II of England). | | |
| 1183 | | | Eleanor, who cedes it to Philip II. | three successors | | | to |
| 1189 | counts | twelve | | to | | twelve | |
| 1199 | | counts | | John Lackland, (from whom Philip Augustus takes it). | Richard John (from whom Philip Augustus takes it): but St. Louis gives it to one of his brothers. | | |
| 1204 | to | | | | | successors | Conan IV, whose daughter marries Guy de Thouars. (For several years held feudally of Normandy.) Their daughter m. Pierre de Dreux (1213): |
| 1223 | | | Louis VIII. | | | | |
| 1226 | | to | Louis IX (Saint). | | | | |
| 1270 | | | Philip III. | | | | |
| 1280 | (2) House of Dauphiné, | | | | | | |
| 1285 | | the last heiress, who m. Philip IV. | | | | to | |
| 1285 | four counts | | Philip IV (the Fair). | | | | |
| 1314 | | | Louis X (the Brawler). | | | | |
| 1316 | | | John I (reigns five days). Philip V (the Tall). | | | | |
| 1322 | | | Charles IV (the Fair). | | | | |
| 1328 | to | | Philip VI, House of Valois. | | | | |
| 1350 | | | John II (the Good). | | | | |
| 1361 | | | | | | Philip de Rouvre, dies 1361: it passes to John II of France; who grants it to Philip (le Hardi). | |
| 1364 | | | Charles V (the Wise). | | | | |
| 1380 | | | Charles VI. | | | | |
| 1384 | (3) House of Burgundy-Valois. | | | | | | in whose family it remains till 1453. |
| 1422 | | | Charles VII. | | | | |

# BOOK III.

## THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

## ITS RISE, A.D. 987—1328.

The student is advised to work carefully through the accompanying Tables, which are taken in large part from La Vallée's Histoire des Français (tom. I. pp. 216–218). He must now endeavour to get a clear conception of the smallness of the French kingship at the outset; and of the steps by which it gradually absorbed its neighbours, and grew strong with their help; not on their ruins.

On referring to p. 157, he will find Table IV, which shews the corresponding movement beyond the borders of France; and is useful for comparison.

Table VI gives the fortunes of the chief feudal states of Northern France; Table VII, those of Southern France; Table VIII sums up the results. Table IX also shews the absorption of the states into France with more historical detail, and a new arrangement. I am so anxious that the student should see clearly how the Monarchy grew, that I am willing to run the risk of becoming tedious with these Tables.

## TABLE VII.—FEUDAL STATES OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

| A.D. | TOULOUSE (Count). | GOTHIA or NARBONNE (Duke or Marquis). | GUIENNE or AQUITAINE (Duke). | GASCONY (Duke). |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 768 | | | | **Lupus I,** four Dukes to |
| 819 | | | | **Waiffer,** |
| 839 | | **Bernard** I, dies, | | five beneficiary |
| 852 | **Raymond** I, | five beneficiary dukes | | dukes to |
| 872 | | to | | **Sancho Milarra,** |
| 878 | who has | **Bernard** III. | | seven hereditary |
| 880 | twelve | **William** the Pious dies childless, 918; the duchy falls to Toulouse. | **Rainulf** (son of Bernard II, of Gothia), | dukes to |
| 1036 | successors, | | eleven hereditary | **Berenger** (who dies childless, and Gascony falls to Aquitaine). |
| 1052 | to | | dukes to **William** X (whose daughter Alienor m. Henry, Ct. of Anjou, and K. of England). | |
| 1271 | **Raymond** VII, who cedes half to Louis IX, and half to his daughter, who marries the brother of St. Louis, and he, dying childless, leaves the rest to Philip III (1271). | | | |
| 1422 | | | The duchy finally ceded to France under Charles VII. | |

## TABLE VIII.—ABSORPTION OF THE CHIEF FEUDAL STATES INTO THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE.

| A.D. | Flanders. | Champagne. | Vermandois. | France. | Normandy. | Gothia and Toulouse. | Gascony. | Aquitaine. | Anjou. | Burgundy. | Brittany. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 987 | | | | Hugh Capet. | | | | | | | |
| 1036 | | | | | | | Berenger dies childless; falls to Aquitaine. | | | | |
| 1183 | | | Ceded by Eleanor (1183) | to Philip II (Augustus). | | | | | | | |
| 1204 | | | | | Conquered by Philip Augustus (1204). | | | | | | |
| 1270 | | | | Philip III. | | Falls to Philip III by lack of issue (1270). | | | | | |
| 1285 | | Falls by marriage (1285) to Philip IV. | | | | | | | | | |
| 1453 | | | | Charles VII. | | | Conquered and annexed by Charles VII (1453). | | | | |
| 1474 | | | | Louis XI. | | | | | Annexed by Louis XI (1474). | | |
| 1479 | | | | | | | | | | Annexed by Louis XI (1479). | |
| 1532 | | | | Francis I. | | | | | | | The daughter of Anne brings it with her to Francis I (1532). |
| 1667 | S. Flanders claimed and taken by Louis XIV. | | | | | | | | | | |

# TABLE IX.

## SUCCESSIVE ADDITIONS TO THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

| *Date.* | *District.* | *King.* | *Circumstances.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1068 | Gâtinais | **Philip I** | Acquired from Fulk of Anjou. |
| 1082 | French Vexin | „ | Acquired from Simon of Valois. |
| 1100 | Bourges | „ | Bought of Herpin its Count going on Crusade. |
| 1183 | Vermandois, Amiens | **Philip Augustus** | Taken from Philip of Flanders, on his wife's death. |
| 1185 | Valois | „ „ | Ditto. |
| 1203 | Touraine, Anjou, Maine, Poitou | „ „ | Confiscated from King John of England. [Permanently acquired by St. Louis, 1258.] |
| „ | Saintonge | „ „ | Confiscated from King John of England. [Ceded at Bretigny, 1360, to England; reconquered by Charles V and Charles VII.] |
| 1205 | Normandy | „ „ | Taken by conquest from King John of England. |
| 1209 | Auvergne | „ „ | Confiscated from Guy its Count. [Finally secured to the Crown by Louis XIII.] |
| 1229 | Béziers, Narbonne, Nîmes, Velay, Albigeois | **St. Louis (IX)** | After Albigensian war. |
| 1233 | Blois, Chartres | „ „ | Bought from Thibault of Champagne. |
| 1255 | Gévaudan | „ „ | Bought from Count of Barcelona. [Confirmed to Philip IV, 1306.] |
| 1257 | Perche | „ „ | Fell in on extinction of the Perche family. |
| 1270 | Languedoc, Vivarais, Rouergue | **Philip III** | On extinction of the House of St. Gilles. |
| 1285 | Champagne and Brie | **Philip IV** | By marriage with the heiress. |
| „ | Lyonnais | „ | By agreement with the Archbishop and Burghers. |

| *Date.* | *District.* | *King.* | *Circumstances.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1349 | Dauphiné | **Philip VI** | Bought from the last Dauphin of Vienne. |
| 1370 | Limousin | **Charles V** | Conquered from the English. [Visc. of Limoges secured finally under Henry IV.] |
| 1453 | Guienne and Gascony | **Charles VII** | Conquered from the English. |
| 1479 | Burgundy | **Louis XI** | Annexed on death of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy. |
| „ | Marche | „ | Confiscated from the House of Armagnac. |
| 1487 | Provence | „ | On death of the last Count. |
| 1523 | Angoumois, Forez, Beaujolais | **Francis I** | Patrimony. |
| 1531 | Bourbon and Dauphiné d'Auvergne | „ | Confiscated from the Constable de Bourbon. |
| 1547 | Brittany | **Charles VIII and Louis XII** | By marriage with Anne of Brittany. |
| | | **and Francis I** | By marriage with the daughter of Anne of Brittany. |
| 1548 | Comminges | „ | On extinction of the Comminges family. |
| 1552 | Trois-Evêchés[Metz, Verdun, Toul] | **Henry II** | Secured to France by the Treaty of Westphalia, 1648. |
| 1589 | Béarn, Navarre, Bigorre, Foix, Armagnac | **Henry IV** | Patrimony. |
| 1601 | Bresse and Bugey | „ | Exchanged against Saluces with the Duke of Savoy. |
| 1648 | Alsace | **Louis XIII and Louis XIV** | By conquest from Germany. Secured to France by the Treaty of Westphalia, 1648. |
| 1659 | Roussillon and Artois | „ „ | By conquest. Secured by the Treaty of the Pyrenees, 1659. |
| 1665 | Nivernois | **Louis XIV** | On extinction of the Nivernois family. |
| 1668 | Flanders and Hainault | „ | Secured by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. |
| 1678 | Franche-Comté | „ | Secured by the Treaty of Nimwegen. |
| 1681 | Strassburg | „ | Secured by Treaty of Ryswick, 1697. |
| 1684 | Charolais | „ | Confiscated from Spain. |
| 1766 | Lorraine | **Louis XV** | Secured by Treaty of Vienna, 1815. |

# CHAPTER I.

## INTRODUCTORY.

### I. *The Aim of this Book.*

THE year 987 is the true starting-point for the History of France. Hitherto the Karoling kings had in some respects been more German than French; they fled into Lorraine, and took shelter under the Emperor, if their barons were too hard on them; they did not care to speak French, or to identify themselves with the bulk of the people of the land. But from the days of Hugh Capet all is changed. Hugh was a Neustrian baron; duke of France, with Paris as his capital; in reality the peer of those princes who made him King. We must always remember that the names France and Paris had not their modern significance: Paris was but the chief town of a petty dukedom, France the name of a narrow district, overshadowed by greater lordships, and almost unknown across the Loire.

The petty sovereign who reigned at Paris was in fact little more than a simple member of the feudal hierarchy of great lords. He had indeed a different title; he inherited certain traditions; but, as a king, he was a shadow. The custom of dividing history by arbitrary lines at the accessions of sovereigns has lifted these early Capetian kings into a false position: we must free ourselves from this delusion of monarchy. At a later time the greater kings often represent the age, and our chapters will follow their reigns. But in these earlier days this need not be the case. Thus, the epochs of the conquest of England, and of the first Crusade, leave the feeble kings quite on one side.

The power and independence of the feudal barons reduced the kingship almost to nothing: by a rude kind of 'balance of power,' or rather of jealousy, the king managed to exist; but that was all. As however time went on, he neutralised much of the hostility of the barons: used first the Church, then the Communes, in his struggle with the landed interest: by war, by marriage, by management, he gradually absorbed the sovereign states, and rose to the full possession of the powers of the feudal monarchy. To trace the growth of this feudal monarchy is our present task. The period is one of over three hundred years, from the election of Hugh Capet in 987, to the reign of Philip IV, the Fair, in whom feudal monarchy reached its highest point.

After him the kingly power recedes; and the period of the great English wars comes on, in which monarchy and feudalism seem to suffer equally. This period sees the beginning of the House of Valois; it sees the rise of the absolute (as distinguished from the feudal) monarchy, in the person of Charles V, the Wise; which attains its full height in Francis I at the Reformation time. Absolute monarchy continued till the end of the Valois, and through the reign of Henry IV; but it changed step by step, chiefly through Richelieu's influence, into a despotic monarchy, which towered up into the splendours of the reign of the 'grand monarque,' Louis XIV. After him an irresponsible monarchy, surrounded by an effete vassal noblesse, sank rapidly in power and esteem, until the Revolution of 1789 swept away both, and forms a new epoch in the history of France.

## II. *The Condition of the country at Hugh Capet's Accession.*

Gaul was still, in reality, divided into three well-marked countries. (1) The remains of the old Austrasia, that is, the two Lorraines, Arles, and Burgundy, German-speaking, holding chiefly of the Empire, and contemptuous towards the French,

the 'Walli' or 'Galli' (as the Loherains or Lorrainers called them), whom they despised for having abandoned the old Frankish tongue, and having become somewhat more polished. (2) The old 'Neustria,' French-speaking, made up of three distinct races, the Norman, the old Gallo-Romans, and the Franks; including the kingdom of France, Champagne, Anjou, Normandy. (3) Aquitaine, south of the Loire, speaking a distinct dialect, inheritor of the Roman law and civilisation, centuries in advance of its neighbours, regarded with horror by the bishops at the Capetian Court as effeminate and corrupt, too delicate of dress and manners, and in all respects a foreign nation. This district embraced Aquitaine from the Loire, Gascony, and Septimania. Brittany is still a land apart.

The relations of men in these districts were all based on feudal obligations and ideas. The free aristocracy, lay and clerical, alone formed the nation: the mass of the people, chiefly Gallo-Romans by origin, still wore the bonds of a conquered race. The serfs, the lowest portion of the population, who tilled the soil without any hold on it, were nearly what in former days the Roman slaves had been:—above them were the villains, or small tenant-farmers, who held their lands on condition of a certain payment to their lords; above these again came the free and noble population, which has been reckoned, at the time we are speaking of, at about a million of souls, living on and drawing their names from about seventy thousand separate fiefs or properties: of these fiefs about three thousand carried titles with them. Of these again, no less than a hundred, some reckon as many as a hundred and fifty, were sovereign states, greater or smaller, whose lords could coin money, levy taxes, make laws, administer their own justice. Long before this time, the instinct of castle-building had turned every noble's house into a stronghold. The Gallo-Roman gentleman had lived in an open house, spread out over some level and pleasant spot, quite undefended; but the Frankish chieftains, whose views were those not of civilised, but of warlike, life, and who dwelt in the land as strong-handed and hated con-

querors, naturally looked out for safe and strong positions. They fortified the Gallo-Roman villa, or chose for themselves strong places, hill-tops, river-bends, spurs of highland jutting out into the plain;—or availed themselves of existing buildings, as at Nîmes and Arles, where they fortified the Roman arenas: ancient gates, even churches, they used in the same way. To be strong and isolated, this was their desire and their necessity. Gloomy, massive, and strong, these keeps must be. Little or no light could enter, save from the inner court; the entrance was dark and low, and carefully defended: there were unglazed holes for windows; unclean, dark, unwholesome dens, they were well enough while the feudal lord saw from his walls the smoke of the burning huts below, for he knew that his foe would break his rude strength in vain against the rock on which his castle stood. But such dens were intolerable as dwelling-places, and were not only the natural results of a violent age, but also a direct incitement to their lords to find their amusements abroad, either on the highways as a robber, or in pilgrimage to far shrines; or in private war with their neighbour; or, in obedience to their liege-lord, following him to war against some unruly vassal or neighbouring prince.

The state of the serf, and often that of the villain, was inexpressibly wretched. For centuries they had been sinking, and it seemed as if the year 1000 would find mankind, at least in Gaul, sunk to the lowest depth. Agriculture was rude and uncertain: there was no skill to fight against adverse seasons, or to resist the ravages of man. Consequently, famine and pestilence, not rare before, became horribly frequent, with accessories of cannibalism and brutality which reveal the utter wretchedness of the age. Forty-eight famines, between A.D. 987 and 1059, are on record.

This was the state of society in the earlier stages of feudalism, and small hope there seemed to be: royalty was a mere name, the people were utterly depressed. Yet feudalism seemed needful to restore life and social energy to Europe:—slowly and fitfully the noble classes rose to a certain sense of

duty and honour; the condition of woman improved; art and refinement found some room for growth; the feudal castle became the home of some ideas of justice, such as they were; the royalty of the Capets, feudal in origin and character, gradually attracted more power; feudalism organised the Crusades, and led to that expansion of ideas and that consciousness of shortcoming which sprang out of intercourse with the more refined East. Thus, in spite of the many miseries arising from this unbridled form of aristocracy, we may hail it as the first condition of society which made a national life possible. It is neither the brilliant dream of the romancer, nor, on the other hand, the utterly wicked and desolate wilderness it seems to be when one first gets a real view of it.

## III. *The limits of Hugh Capet's kingship.*

Among the many sovereign states of Gaul, or France as we may now begin to call it, eight were preëminent in power and extent, and their lords, the great peers, thought little of the supremacy given to that one of their number who held the name of king. The counts of Flanders, Champagne, and Vermandois, and the dukes of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, and Aquitaine, regarded themselves as the new king's peers or equals. He had just now been but count of Paris, and duke of France. They had no thought of giving him the Karoling sovereignty. Some resisted him, and set up the claim of Karl, duke of Lower Lorraine, uncle of the late king, Ludwig V. Among the states which lie within modern France, Lorraine, Arles, and Franche-Comté, held of the Emperor, and were in fact German. The actual domain of the duke of France had been a long and narrow strip running southwards from near the mouth of the Somme, with Normandy on one side, and Flanders, Champagne, and Burgundy on the other; it reached down to the Loire. Thus the Seine, with Paris on it, crossed the domain, nearly cutting it in half. Hugh Capet, its lord, was also lay abbot of St. Denis, the most important church in France.

ENGLAND
ENGLISH CHANNEL
FLANDERS
HAINAULT
Bp of LIEGE
LUXEMBURG
CHAMPAGNE
LORRAINE
NORMANDY
BRITTANY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FRANCHE COMTE
LESSER Dy of BURGUNDY
ITALY
MARCHE
LIMOUSIN
AUVERGNE
AGENOIS
GASCONY
ALBRET
BEARN
FOIX
ROUERGUE
QUERCY
PROVENCE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
FRANCE
UNDER
HUGH CAPET.
A.D. 987.

In addition to these narrow domains, the king was also the inheritor of the older Karoling sovereignty. But this was very little, and had but a slight hold on men's minds. In fact the Karolings had fallen so low that people were apt to think that the duke of France lost position by becoming their successor.

These, then, are the weak beginnings of the Capetian line, —the line which gradually made France into a kingdom, and paved the way for that compact and vigorous unity which did so much to make its national life glorious.

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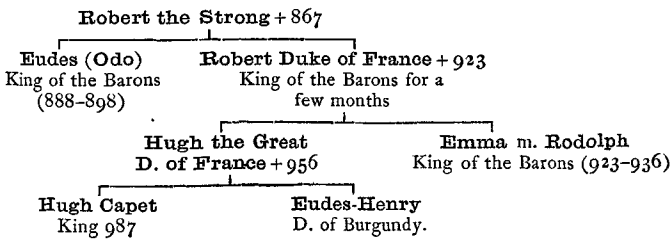
TABLE X.

THE PEDIGREE OF HUGH CAPET (HUON CHAPETTE).



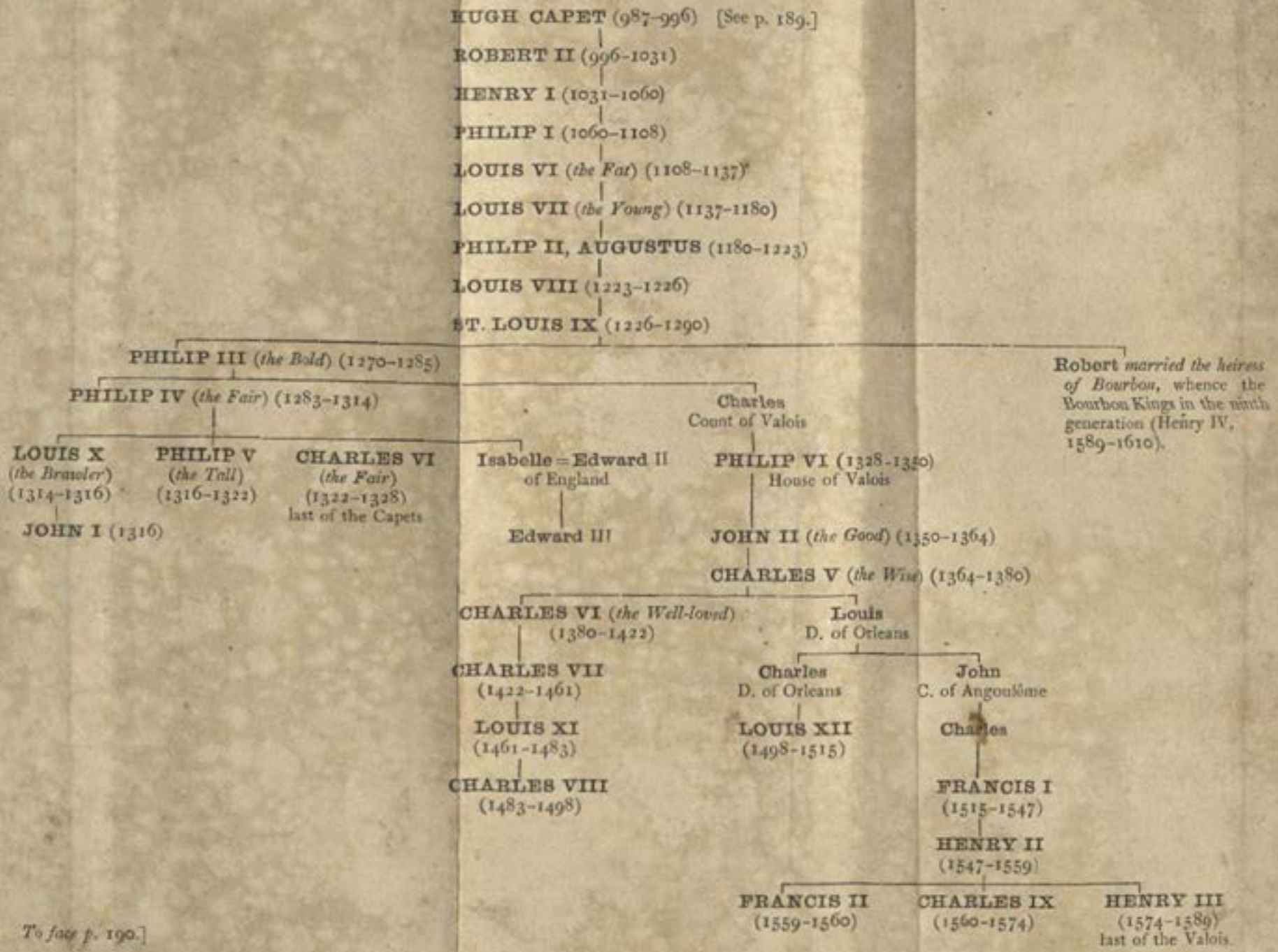
## CHAPTER II.

*From the Accession of Hugh Capet, to the age of the First Crusade*, A.D. 987—1066.

UNDER the influence of Gerbert, afterwards so famous as Pope Sylvester II, the French-speaking Franks proclaimed duke Hugh their king at Noyon, not far from Laon: the election was confirmed and sanctioned at Rheims by Adalberon[1], the archbishop, who solemnly crowned him King of Franks. This act, for which the whole life of Hugh the Great had been a preparation, was the natural end of the long struggle between the feudal nobles and the Karoling kings. As the barons, with their French language and interests, grew stronger, the kings, who spoke German, and had German interests, had been losing strength. And when things were ripe for the change, whom could they have better chosen than the duke of France? Vermandois had ceased to be great, since the death of Herbert; Normandy was but half French, and not central; Burgundy was too far to the east. The lords of the Ile de France were French in speech and interests; had shewn great vigour of character; and Hugh the Great, had he wished it, might have deposed the Karolings of his day. Hugh was also, on the whole, the strongest of the barons; he was feudal lord of all Picardy, and had vast domains in Champagne; the city and county of Paris, Orleans, Chartres, the counties of Blois, Perche, Touraine, and Maine, all held of him. On the other hand, as his was but

[1] There were at this time two Adalberons, one the archbishop of Rheims, the other the bishop of Laon, who was also called Ascelin.

# TABLE XI.—THE KINGS OF FRANCE.


HUGH CAPET (987–996) [See p. 189.]
ROBERT II (996–1031)
HENRY I (1031–1060)
PHILIP I (1060–1108)
LOUIS VI (the Fat) (1108–1137)
LOUIS VII (the Young) (1137–1180)
PHILIP II, AUGUSTUS (1180–1223)
LOUIS VIII (1223–1226)
ST. LOUIS IX (1226–1290)
PHILIP III (the Bold) (1270–1285)
Robert married the heiress of Bourbon, whence the Bourbon Kings in the ninth generation (Henry IV, 1589–1610).
PHILIP IV (the Fair) (1283–1314)
Charles Count of Valois
LOUIS X (the Brawler) (1314–1316)
PHILIP V (the Tall) (1316–1322)
CHARLES VI (the Fair) (1322–1328) last of the Capets
Isabelle = Edward II of England
PHILIP VI (1328–1350) House of Valois
JOHN I (1316)
Edward III
JOHN II (the Good) (1350–1364)
CHARLES V (the Wise) (1364–1380)
CHARLES VI (the Well-loved) (1380–1422)
Louis D. of Orleans
CHARLES VII (1422–1461)
Charles D. of Orleans
John C. of Angoulême
LOUIS XI (1461–1483)
LOUIS XII (1498–1515)
Charles
CHARLES VIII (1483–1498)
FRANCIS I (1515–1547)
HENRY II (1547–1559)
FRANCIS II (1559–1560)
CHARLES IX (1560–1574)
HENRY III (1574–1589) last of the Valois.

*To face p. 190.*]

a short pedigree[1], he aroused no jealousy in the minds of those who regarded him as but their equal. His connexions secured him the goodwill of the most powerful of those peers, the dukes of Normandy and Burgundy. He had the support of the archbishop of Rheims, the highest Churchman in Neustrian France; and Gerbert, rightly counted the wisest and most learned man in Christendom, was also on his side. The Church was generally favourable to the duke of France, as such: for he held in hand many rich abbeys and benefices, and was regarded, being abbot of St. Martin at Tours[2] and of St. Denis near Paris, as a kind of lay head of the Church: lastly, the Normans burnt with desire to avenge themselves on the Karoling race, who had done them so much evil by oppressing their favourite duke, Richard the Fearless.

And thus, as says the old French Chronicle[3], 'in this time failed the lineage of "Challemaine" in France, and then by common assent was the kingship granted to "Huon Chapette," who was right prudent and valiant, bold and brave, so long as he lived.'

But all these things could not secure Hugh in peaceful possession of the throne. Karl, Hludwig's uncle, resisted him, as rightful heir to the Karoling throne. His pretensions were upheld by formidable chiefs: the count of Flanders, the archbishop of Sens, the counts of Vermandois, and others, and even by William Fier-à-Bras, the Aquitanian duke. Had Karl been as vigorous as Hugh, they had not been unequally matched. He took possession of Laon, and on the vacancy of the archiepiscopal see of Rheims, got it for his nephew, Arnulf the Clerk.

[1] No pedigree of any value traces him farther back than to Robert the Strong (see p. 189). Radulf Glaber, our earliest authority (he wrote before the middle of the eleventh century), after naming Robert the king, Hugh's grandfather, the reputed son of Robert the Strong, says, 'Genus idcirco adnotare distulimus, *quia valde inante reperitur obscurum.*'

[2] The name Capet is thought to come from the 'cape,' 'chape,' or 'cap,' the hood of St. Martin, which Hugh always wore, declining to wear a crown. 'Capetus, i.q. cappotus.' Others say he was so named from the size of his head.

[3] Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 10. p. 278.

The duke of Normandy undertook to hold in check the northern partisans of the Karolings, while Hugh attacked the Aquitanians; but William, whom he had shut up in Poitiers, turned fiercely on him, made him raise the siege, and draw back to the northern bank of the Loire. Then Hugh, feeling the need of help, called his friends together at Orleans, and had his son Robert crowned as joint-king by the archbishop of Rheims, on Christmas Day, 987. Thus he seemed to give a hereditary character to his kingship; he also shewed that the centre of his kingdom was not yet firmly fixed on the Seine. And indeed the Loire, which ran through the southernmost part of his domains, might well have seemed to be chiefest river of France. The royal abbot of St. Denis and St. Martin must have doubted whether indeed Tours or Paris was the true centre; and had his Aquitanian expedition succeeded, it is possible he might have been tempted to leave the Seine to the Normans, who held its mouths and most of its navigable course, and to plant the capital of France upon the banks of the Loire.

Hugh got no respite; for the Karoling party was not idle. He hastened to attack them in Laon, and came face to face with his rival: the 'king of Laon,' and the 'king of St. Denis,' as they are sometimes called, came to close quarters. Karl sallied out with his Lorrainers, routed the besiegers, destroyed their engines, pillaged their camp, burnt the villages in the plain, and drove Hugh away in disorder. Troubles thickened: his barons were shaken, his neighbours were cold. But he shewed all the vigour and good sense of his race; by activity and reckless grants from the royal domain he secured his supporters. Another heavy blow came: Rheims fell vacant, and thinking to make friends with a dangerous man, Hugh gave it to Arnulf, 'the clerk of Laon.' He even seems to have adopted him as a relation[1]. But the man was a traitor then as before;

[1] So says Hugh's letter to Pope John XV: 'Arnulphus, regis Lotharii, ut dicunt, filius, post graves inimicitias ac scelera quae in nos regnumque nostrum exercuit, *loco parentis adoptatus est a nobis*, ac Metropoli Remorum donatus.'—Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 10. p. 521.

and soon opened the city to Karl's men, giving the place up to pillage; but the Brabant soldiery unwittingly punished his treachery by sacking the cathedral and his house. He also swore allegiance to Karl. But treachery now attacked Karl as well. Adalberon of Laon pretended to join the Karoling party: he was reconciled with Karl and Arnulf, and restored to his bishopric. Once there, he let Hugh's troops into the place; the 'king of Laon,' his wife and nephew, fell with the town into Hugh's hands, who thus, without a blow, crushed his dangerous enemy. Karl was removed to Orleans, far from his sources of strength, and there died in prison. When Herbert, count of Meaux died, and his son did homage to Hugh for his domains, there was no longer any prince north of the Loire who stood out against the new dynasty. Laon ceased to be a capital, and became a quiet country town, whose castle, relic of those days, stood till 1832, when it was rased to the ground.

Hugh next (A.D. 991) persuaded the French prelates to depose archbishop Arnulf, and to set in his place the famous Gerbert; this brought on him the wrath of Pope John XV, and troubled the remainder of his life. It is noteworthy as an early example of strenuous resistance to the Papacy by the Gallican clergy and king.

Had Gerbert lived a century later, he would have led the crusading spirit: two centuries later he would have left a splendid name among the great Schoolmen: as it is, we know him chiefly as the Pope who had dealings with the devil, the magician who knew more than is good for man to know. He was brought up in Auvergne, where perhaps some savour of the old Roman learning lingered. But he heard that beyond the Pyrenees were those who could teach him yet better; and his eager spirit longed to learn, even from the Paynim. So he went to Spain, to the Moslem who found him an apt pupil: thence he carried home a knowledge of mathematics and philosophy, and introduced the abacus, or calculating table, at which he could puzzle even the most skilful[1].

[1] William of Malmesbury, II, says, 'regulas dedit, quae *a sudantibus abacistis* vix intelliguntur.'

He also carried back that reputation for dealing with the black art, with which stupidity and ignorance have ever wreaked their fears on knowledge. He knew how 'to call shadowy forms from hell[1].' He called up the devil, and pledged himself to be his man, the devil thereon granting him all his will, even to the Papacy. He left at Rheims many specimens of his skill: among them a clock, and a very remarkable organ 'played by steam.' On his return from Spain he went to Italy, where Otho the Great gave him the abbey of Bobbio; then returned to France, and settled at Rheims as 'scholasticus,' master of the Cathedral school. There the young Robert, future king of France, was his pupil. Otho III also claimed him as his tutor, and in his letters styles him 'most learned of philosophers,' 'laureate in the branches of philosophy.' Being much under the influence of archbishop Adalberon, he attached himself to Hugh Capet, (not without keeping up very friendly relations with the German Emperor,) and in course of time became archbishop of Rheims. Deserted by Hugh, and driven out by the scruples of his old pupil, King Robert, he fled to the Emperor, who gave him the archbishopric of Ravenna, and on the next vacancy raised him to the Papal throne (A.D. 999), as Pope Sylvester II. He is, naturally enough, one of the most favourite figures of early romance.

Hugh Capet's reign was a constant struggle against his lay and clerical neighbours: he purchased his kingly name by a life of toil, and by the loss of much of his domain, given to his barons as pay for their services. And at his death he was far from being the strongest man in the land. William of Aquitaine had consolidated the southern power, and ruled over almost all the two ancient Aquitanias: the Norman duke was lord over a people of warriors, far stronger and fresher than the French. In Burgundy Hugh's brother Eudes-Henry was a weak creature, his barons were almost independent. The same is

[1] William of Malmesbury, II, (who, to say the truth, seemed to know that these were idle slanders) says, 'excire tenues ex inferno figuras.'

true of the kingdoms of Arles and Burgundy. The long reign of Conrad the Peaceful paved the way for the fall of Rudolf III, his son, who fell through sheer weakness, and retired into Switzerland, leaving the rest of his territories to be parcelled out as independent lordships: Savoy, Franche-Comté, Dauphiné, Provence (as they were afterwards called) became independent 'counties.' Everything seemed to point to a feudal subdivision of the country, with one strong state in Normandy, and another in Aquitaine.

The great historical distinctions marked by the dialects of the French tongue now began to appear. The South despised the rude speech of the North[1]; but even in the North the dialects were beginning to take a literary character: one for Normandy, that most independent and characteristic district; another for the Picards, the French of the Northern March towards Flanders; another for the Burgundians, whose separate existence lasted so long and was so distinct; and lastly, a fourth for the Ile de France, the French of Paris, which finally absorbed the rest, just as the duchy in time became the kingdom of France.

Nor was the character of Robert, who succeeded to the sole kingship in 996, an omen of promise for the future. If Hugh had been the friend of the clergy, Robert, the devout king, was likely to be their slave and tool. His name 'Pius,' or 'Debonair,' tells the tale of his life. A kindly man, goodnatured to folly, even to a crime, religious, easy-going, he had no chance of raising the monarchy; the wonder is that it did not perish in his hands. He was 'a man of distinguished uprightness and great piety, the ornament of clerks, the supporter of monks, the father of the poor, constant in reverencing God and God's word, humble as David, king not only of his people but of himself[2].' He was 'tall, with gentle eyes, and smooth well-dressed hair, broad open

[1] The well-known names Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oil are of a later date.

[2] Chronicon Ademari Cabarrensis, in Dom Bouquet's Recueil, tom. 10, p. 146.

nostrils, a pleasant mouth, well-formed to give the kiss of peace[1].' He had a beard of comely length, and high shoulders: oft prayed he to God: in the judgment-hall he was modest, helpful to the accused. He read his Psalter daily; gentle, gracious, polished, he sincerely loved to do a kindness. He was right learned in letters; he took delight in music, and would even join in at the singing of the mass. One day at Rome they saw him draw nigh the high altar at St. Peter's and place something on it very devoutly. The moment his back was turned, the priests, eager for the prize, hurried up; there was a rich silk purse; they opened it and out fell a parchment scroll. Was it a gift of land? They looked, and saw that it was 'the Response called Cornelius the Centurion, written out and noted, the which he had newly made and invented[2].'

His whole character, the delight of monkish chroniclers, in its piety and weakness, is displayed in a series of anecdotes by his biographer Helgald, who cannot enough praise his good nature, his questionable almsgiving, his forgiving spirit. One day he saw a priest steal a silver candlestick from the altar: 'friend Ogger,' said he, 'run for your life to your home in Lorraine,' and, lest the candlestick might be hard to turn into ready money, he gave him something for his journey. Another day, out hunting with his bosom friend, Hugh of Beauvais, the Mayor of the Palace, he was attacked by twelve men-at-arms, set on by his queen and Fulk Nerra of Anjou. They killed his favourite before his eyes. 'But the king though saddened for a time, presently, as was right, was reconciled to the queen[3],' and took no farther notice of the murder and insult. He ever took with him twelve poor men, who formed a sort of squalid procession before him on his journeys. One of these cut off and stole a rich gold pendant from his robe; and though the king saw it, he only laughed and passed it by. He hated lying; and therefore, lest his vassals should swear falsely to him, he had made a

[1] From his life by Helgald in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 10. p. 99.
[2] Chronique de S. Denis, in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, 10. p. 305.
[3] Radulphus Glaber, 3. 2.

splendid reliquary, crystal in a setting of pure gold,—with nothing inside. On this his nobles took oath, thinking it a right holy relic: and then, if they broke faith, he thought it was no perjury[1]. His charity provided another reliquary for his lesser vassals and the rustics,—a silver case with a griffin's egg in it, and nothing else. Thus he provided against lying; thus, as they said of him, 'he shewed his love of truth, and merited heaven.'

This King Robert began his sole reign in 996, and died in 1031, a long and inglorious period.

He began with trouble. The Church punished the weak and friendly, while she let the strong and hostile escape. In Robert she had a devout friend: his father with the bishops had resisted Rome;—but he, to appease the Pope, alienated the national Church party, and lost the wife he loved.

Robert had married his fourth cousin, Bertha, widow of Count Odo I, to whose child he had also been godfather. Thus she was in two ways within the forbidden degrees. Fondly attached to her, the king had vainly sought to appease the Pope by sacrificing archbishop Gerbert; whereby he estranged his old friend and helper, the acknowledged head of the Church in France, without gaining his point with the Pope. For in 998 Gregory V laid the country under ban, and the bishops in council excommunicated the king and queen. After feebly struggling a while, the king yielded, and set aside his wife. Perhaps the belief in the approaching end of the world affected him, and made him willing to bear his cross for so short a time[2]. Anyhow he soon consoled himself, and took to wife Constance of Aquitaine, beautiful and masterful, who

[1] Helgald, Ep. Vitae Rotberti R. 2. This was the opposite to the act of William the Bastard, who is said to have cheated Harold into swearing on the bones of saints, which were hidden away in a covered box (see below, p. 207), and so entangled him unawares in danger of sacrilege.

[2] There is some doubt as to this. Some think he clung to Bertha over the year 1000, whereas Labbe and Page say he married again before that date. Mabillon says his second marriage took place in 1004, Vaisset, in 998. Gregory V seems to have written a letter to Constance, *as Queen*, in 998, which is in favour of the earlier date.

made his life burdensome to him, not undeservedly[1]. In her train came numbers of Aquitanians to the Court at Paris, where Robert had built a new palace, and consecrated it with a miracle. The ruder Northerners, and especially the clergy, were scandalised at the manners, appearance, dress, and speech of the strangers. 'Their arms and dress were disordered, their hair cut short, and even shaven in front' (a relic of Roman custom), 'their beards clipped like mountebanks, their high boots most discreditable to them[2].' The bishops interfered, but the courtiers admired and imitated, and there seemed some fear lest they should become refined, and exchange their rude vices for the polished sins of the South. The bishops denounced these new ways of dress and conduct as snares from below. The soul of the man who had been dressed by an Aquitanian tailor was in danger. It is another proof of the complete and national difference between Northern and Southern France.

The year 1000 drew near; 'the end of the world approaching;' and all Northern France was moved by it[3]. Many were the portents. The Pope was a magician, famine and pestilence were rife, and signs appeared in the sky. Panic seized on all. Many went on pilgrimage, men gave or bequeathed their lands to the Church[4]; monasteries were reformed, and the monks began to be more influential than the bishops[5]; there sprang up a religious revival; the churches were filled; men thought to find safety in monasteries, as did Duke William at Jumièges; countless prodigies were seen, relics discovered and displayed; a new and more mysterious meaning was given to the

[1] The Monkish chroniclers are never weary of their poor puns on her name. She is 'inconstans Constantia' throughout. The king, when she bade him write her a love-song, indited a sacred poem beginning 'O Constantia martyrum,' and she, when she heard her name at the opening, was perfectly satisfied.

[2] Radulphus Glaber, 3. 9: 'Caligis et ocreis turpissimi.'

[3] It was thought that the Millennium would begin, and our Lord return to judgment, in the thousandth year from his birth on earth.

[4] 'Appropinquante mundi termino' often occurs in the heading of these deeds of gift.

[5] Of this the very curious poem by Bishop Adalberon of Laon, in which he and King Robert are the talkers, is a singular proof. It is a fierce attack on monasticism, and a protest of the bishops against the new order of things.

Eucharist, and generally accepted. It was the first wave of that national movement, which a century later led to the Crusades[1].

Robert's reign was a ceaseless struggle with the barons; the influence of Fulk Nerra of Anjou overshadowed the royal power; Count Odo II of Chartres made head against the king; though supported by the Normans, he struggled in vain against Burgundy; he could only burn and ravage the open villages and fields of the poor. Two movements took place, which, however wretched, were still indicative of the energies newly called into action. One was a rising of the servile population, which ended in a sad slaughter of peasants, with circumstances of extreme ferocity. Normandy, vigorous, and oppressed, was the scene of this attempt, which embraced all the Gallo-Roman race, villains or serfs (A.D. 997). But the mail-clad Normans swooped down on their secret central assembly, seized the leaders, punished them horribly; and the people bowed their heads in terror, and submitted. They did but utter the first murmuring sounds of that voice so often heard throughout the Middle Ages; the voice of the many against the few, of the oppressed against the oppressor. The other movement was that of the Manichean heretics at Orleans; this also was quenched in blood. It marks the beginning of the religious persecutions of medieval and modern Europe.

Robert, following his father's example, had in 1017 crowned Hugh, his eldest son by Queen Constance, a youth of high promise, combining what was good in both parents. But he died before his father; who then, in spite of his queen, raised his youngest son Henry[2] to the joint-kingship, while another son, Robert, was made Duke of Burgundy. The latter years of the mild king's life were troubled by civil war, forced on him by his queen and Henry and Robert, his two sons. Burgundy and the Duchy of France suffered under the ills, which formed the sum of war in those days. In Normandy, the strong duke

[1] The great Pope Sylvester, here, as ever, before his age, sounded the first note of that trumpet-call which roused all the West against the East.—Scriptores Rerum Franc. 426. (Epist. 107.)

[2] Odo (Eudes) his eldest surviving son was an idiot.

Richard II, the king's faithful friend, died in 1027, leaving his sons Richard and Robert at war. They made peace: but Richard died suddenly, as did some of his barons, after a banquet given by Robert to celebrate their reconciliation: Robert became Duke, and won the title of 'the Devil.'

The other great prince of the time, William of Aquitaine, died just before King Robert, who fell ill and breathed his last in 1031, sore wept by his poor, and through all his domain; but almost unnoticed in the rest of Gaul. The Anjou chronicler giving tongue to the hatred raging between Anjou and France, sums up the reign, and indicates the character of the new king, in a few words: 'Robert, whom we have ourselves seen reigning most slothfully; and his son, the present kinglet Henry, who is not at all behind him in laziness[1].'

King Henry, hated by his mother Constance, was at once attacked by her and by his brother Robert, duke of Burgundy. Normandy took up the quarrel, vigorously supporting the young king, and crushing Odo of Chartres and the revolted barons, until the name of Robert le Diable became terrible to the North of France. Fulk Nerra intervened, and brought about some sort of reconciliation[2]: Robert was confirmed in his dukedom of Burgundy; and Constance, a few months later, died and left the king in peace. Henceforward, the real power over the kingdom passed from Fulk of Anjou into the hands of the Normans. Robert le Diable delivered the weak king from his troubles, and took the French Vexin, on the Seine above Rouen[3], as his recompense, bringing his frontiers within five and twenty miles of Paris.

The fear of the end of the world, which had died away when the millennial year was safely past, revived as the thousandth

[1] 'Cum Rotberto . . . quem vidimus ipsi ignavissime regnantem, a cujus ignavia neque praesens Henricus regulus filius ejus degenerat.—Chron. Andeg. in Dom Bouquet, tom. 10. p. 176.

[2] 'Matrem redarguens cur hostilem insaniam erga filios exerceret.'—Radulphus Glaber, c. 8.

[3] The Vexin, 'pagus Vaucassinus,' was in two parts, the French, reaching down the Seine from the Oise to below La Roche Guyon, and the Norman, from above Vernon to below Jumièges.

year from our Lord's crucifixion drew near. The miseries of mankind in Gaul were incredible: the seasons seemed to have wandered from their course; there was such cold, winds, and rain, as had never been known. For three years (A.D. 1030–1032) there was neither seed-time nor harvest, and famine ruled from Greece to England. Thousands died, and there was scarcely strength in the living to bury the dead. Horrible accounts of cannibalism were current. A peasant carried human flesh for sale into Tournus market; he was detected, seized, and burnt. Men dug up the dead, and gnawed their bones. Near Macon, in the wood of Chatenai, stood a solitary church; hard by it a hut, wherein a man dwelt alone. One day a traveller and his wife came, and deeming it the lowly cell of some holy man, turned in and begged leave to rest awhile. But, while they sat, the wayfarer caught sight of a heap of skulls and bones in the dark corners of the hut. He leapt up, and ran to the door, followed by his wife. The solitary tried to stop them, but fear gave strength, and the travellers escaped. They fled to Macon, told the Count Otho, who went back with them to the hut, seized the monster, and reckoned up the skulls of forty-eight human beings, men, women, and children, whom he had devoured. He was led to the town and burnt[1].

The poor folk, in their despair, ate roots and grass; they dug up white clay, and devoured it. Paleness and dreadful leanness was on all faces; their stomachs were distended, their bones could be counted, their voices grew thin and piping, like the voices of birds; wolves came out in troops, and fed on human carcases. But after three years of this suffering came a sudden plenty, and mankind revived. Pilgrimage to Jerusalem grew more frequent: in 1036 the famous 'Peace of God' was proclaimed, and accepted in Southern and Eastern France, though Normans and Neustrians paid little heed to it. Synods of the clergy decreed an inviolable peace. The bishops of Burgundy, 'being now subject to no man,' had already bound themselves

[1] Rad. Glaber, 4. 4. Radulf says that he was present at the man's execution.

by oath, and also had made their vassals swear to keep peace and justice. The bishops of France, seeing that by the weakness of the king and the sins of the people the kingdom was falling into ruin, soon followed their example. All old quarrels were to be forgotten; no violence might take place on the highways against such as travelled with a priest or a monk, and a clerk, or a woman. But the effect was only transitory; the voice of peace soon lost its power; the barons returned to their fierce ways and private wars. Then the bishops met, five years later (A.D. 1041), and proclaimed the 'Truce of God,' whereby fighting was forbidden from Thursday evening to Monday morning in every week; on all feast-days; in Advent, in Lent; so that the shield of religion sheltered all the year, except about eighty days. This check on feudal passions was wonderfully successful: for two centuries it influenced social life, more, however, in the South than in the North, and did much to destroy the tyranny of private war, and to develop the better qualities of feudal society. The family life grew more sacred; the baron in his castle was surrounded by a little court, which had other interests and pleasures besides those of fighting; courtesy grew into a system of honour; literature lifted up her head, and religion strengthened her hold on the growing life of the age.

About this time (A.D. 1035) Robert of Normandy, le Diable, summoned his vassals, told them he was going to the sacred places of Jerusalem, and presented to them William, his only son. He prayed them to choose the child, son of a tanner's daughter of Falaise, as their lord, that they might not be chiefless, were he to die over-sea. The barons approved, took the base-born child, and swore fealty to him as their lord. Robert went, as he said; but returning from Jerusalem was seized with illness, or was poisoned, at Nicaea: there he died, and his little son, thus left to the rough mercies of the Norman lords, came afterwards to be King of England, William the Conqueror. Far fuller of interest is his boyish life than that of the feeble King of

France. The Normans and their neighbours thought to win advantage from the lad. Guy of Burgundy, who had been brought up with him, and ought to have known of what stuff he was made, hoped to wrest Normandy out of his hands; but William borrowed three thousand men from King Henry, and beat Guy thoroughly at Val-es-Dunes; the Normans all submitted. In 1048, the boy-duke shewed Geoffrey Martel of Anjou that he was not to be trifled with. Geoffrey had seized and garrisoned Domfront and Alençon. But William blockaded Domfront, and leaving enough men before it, rode all night with the rest, and stormed the suburbs of Alençon at the dawn; whereon the garrison, knowing that he was come, surrendered. Then William came swiftly back to Domfront; and the Anjou men, hearing how sharply he had smitten Alençon, yielded at once. He garrisoned the place, built a fort on the river at Ambrières to keep Geoffrey in check, and came home in triumph to Rouen. Later, the fickle king turned against him; but the crisis of his fortunes was past, and he held his own with ease.

In 1051, King Henry, having lost his wife Matilda, daughter of Conrad the Salic, and fearing lest, in choosing another, he might be entangled in some hidden snare of forbidden degrees, sent an embassage to the most distant prince of whom he could hear, Jaroslaf[1], duke of Russia, whose capital was Kiev. His messengers came back, bringing Anne, the duke's daughter, who bore the king three sons, the eldest of whom, Philip, was so named because of a fancied genealogical relationship between his mother and Philip of Macedon. This child was consecrated king—his father still living, according to the precedent of his father and grandfather—in 1059, in the presence of the duke of Aquitaine, the counts of Flanders and Anjou. A full account of his coronation, worthy of notice, as shewing what form and consistency the hereditary kingship had gained, is still extant, written probably by Gervais of Rheims, who performed the chief part of the ceremony.

[1] The chroniclers write it Juriscloht, Georgius Sclavus, Gerisclus.

Mass was sung; but before the Epistle, the archbishop turned to the child, expounded to him the Catholic Faith, and asked him if he believed and would defend it. The boy assented: and a written declaration was placed in his hands, and read by him, 'though he was but seven years old,' whereby he promised to respect the privileges of the Church. Then the archbishop took the staff of St. Remigius in his hands, and discoursed quietly as to 'how the election and consecration of a king pertained specially to his sacred office, from the days when St. Remigius baptized and consecrated Hlodowig: he shewed, too, how Hormisdas the Pope had given, through that staff, the power of consecration and the primacy over all Gaul to St. Remigius, and how Pope Victor had confirmed the same to the Church of Rheims. Then, with approval of King Henry, he elected the boy to be king. After him came the Legates of Rome, who allowed that all this might be done lawfully without the Pope's sanction, but that of their goodwill they had thought well to be present. Then came the archbishops, bishops, clergy; then spoke Wido (Guido), duke of Aquitaine; then the duke of Burgundy's son, acting for his father; then twelve 'peers;' lastly, the soldiers and people, great and small, all applauded, crying 'Laudamus, volumus, fiat!' 'We approve, we wish it, so be it!' Philip then confirmed the privileges of the see of Rheims; and, lastly, the archbishop, seated on his throne, read the privileges granted him by Pope Victor, in the ears of all the bishops. All which was done with the utmost devotion and readiness; without any disturbance, or opposition, or damage to the state. And all these barons and high lords did Archbishop Gervais freely entertain, and kept them at his own charge; to the honour of his Church, and of his own hospitality: for he owed it as a debt to none but the king[1].

Thus was King Philip crowned: a child of seven years, with

[1] From the 'Coronatio Philippi, seu Ordo qualiter is in regem coronatus est.'—Dom Bouquet, tom. 11. p. 32.

a long inglorious reign before him, and a life dark and dissolute.

In these days lived one of the world's giants, Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, son of a Tuscan carpenter, the great founder of the Papal Empire, who made Popes, and became Pope; and who, as Gregory VII, began the reform of the Roman Church and the struggles of the Middle Ages. In 1048 Henry III of Germany had named Bruno, bishop of Toul, Pope. On his way to Rome, he lay at Cluny, and there this monk, the unconscious expounder of the antagonism between monasticism and episcopacy, shewed the feudal bishop that his appointment was really void; that none but the faithful could confer the Papal chair; that the Church may not abandon her powers, or delegate them to princes; that the Papacy must be above even the Emperor; that in order to be so she must renounce the world, must sit in the dust, must throw in her lot with the faithful, even though they be slaves. Bruno was amazed and convinced; he set off bare-footed, with staff in hand, and with Hildebrand, his true staff, by his side; and reaching Rome, offered himself to the people for election. They chose him Pope; he took the name of Leo IX, and the great reform began. They attacked simony and the marriage of priests: the world might resist; but the monks heard the call, and recognised their true head in Hildebrand. The common people felt that a new life was dawning on them: their new apostles preached purity, and denounced the fierceness and brutality of the clergy, smote with their thunderbolts turbulent bishops and barons; and the people everywhere carried out their preachings, not without violence. Hildebrand meanwhile sat at the helm, guided and led on the Papacy under four Popes for twenty years, until at last, in 1073, he deemed it time that he himself should succeed to the perilous seat.

Meanwhile, on another field, the Normans were also rising into strength, and preparing to be his best helpers. With their old traditions of conquest and adventure, their vigorous northern blood, not tamed but trained and disciplined by the earlier in-

fluences of feudalism, they were the first to set the example of enterprise to Europe. With them begins that series of expeditions, which were afterwards Crusades. The link between East and West was Sicily[1]: thither the Saracen had already come; his ships were known and dreaded along the shores of Italy, where the Greek with his Eastern manners and civilisation still clung to the cities of his ancestors. It so fell out that forty Norman adventurers, on their way back from the Holy Land, reached Salerno, just as the trembling citizens were buying off a band of Saracen pirates. They fell at once on the unbelievers, and drove them panic-stricken to their ships. That was in 1016. The petty lords of Southern Italy, who were at that time trying to solve in small wars and intrigues the problems of their feudal anarchy, heard of these brave strangers, and sent eagerly for other such from the banks of the Seine. A steady stream of Normans flowed into Italy. The sons of Tancred de Hauteville led many into that land of promise; defeated the Apulian Greeks, and founded for themselves a feudal principality. The Greeks appealed to Henry III of Germany, who bade the Pope chase these barbarians from Italy. He tried to obey; but the Normans, instead, took him prisoner. Having him in their hands, they demanded the investiture of Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily. Hildebrand, who knew the strong from the weak, and ever was inclined to make the Normans his friends, counselled Leo to yield. Robert Guiscard[2] (the Wisard), became Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and one of his brothers ruled over Sicily (A.D. 1057). Thus the Normans were planted in another soil; they were prepared to thrust back the Saracen, and, as the Pope's feudatories, to defend him against all comers. The influence of the Normans, who were not always the Pope's friends, on the later development of the Papacy, and on its attempt to rule the world, in the struggle

[1] As is remarkably seen in the time of the Emperor Frederic II, whose sojourn in Sicily seemed to be the meeting-point of both worlds.

[2] Guiscard or Wisard, the names are the same. The name means prudent and crafty, 'wise' in its lower sense.

against the Holy Roman Empire, is a chapter of European history which does not fall to us.

But during these same years the relations between Normandy and England had been growing critical. Edward, a descendant of Alfred, who, while Danish kings sat on the English throne, had been brought up in Normandy, was called back to England by the advice of the great Earl Godwin, in 1042. But Edward brought over a crowd of foreigners; banished Godwin, who represented the English party, and fell for a short time under Norman influences. It was said that when Duke William came to see him, Edward promised that, being childless, he would make him his heir. A little later, Harold, Earl Godwin's son, crossed into Normandy, and was seized by the crafty duke, who refused to let him go free unless he would swear to aid him in his pretensions on England. Harold, under this compulsion, swore it, with his hand on a covered box: William lifted the lid, and there lay the bones of saints; holy relics, by which, and to which, Harold had unwittingly pledged himself. When in 1066 Edward died, William at once summoned Harold to fulfil this oath. He refused, holding that it was an oath under compulsion and with deceit: and the English chose him king. But the religious feeling of the age was against him. William appealed to Pope Alexander II, who naturally turned towards the Norman. Gladly the Pope sent to William a ring and a flag, with his blessing, and a command to reduce England into due obedience to the Papacy. The ring and flag were regarded as signs of investiture, expressing the claim of the Papacy to dispose of far-off islands of the sea: Harold was excommunicated.

The duke made peace with Brittany, Anjou, and Flanders, his neighbours, and therefore his natural enemies; unfolded his intentions to his unwilling barons, whose help he won by lavish promises; went to King Philip, offering to do him homage for all his conquests, if he would give him aid. But the foolish young king listened to his counsellors, whose dilemma was,

'If the Normans win with your help, they will be stronger and more dangerous to you than ever; if they are beaten, you will share the loss and disgrace: on the other hand, if you do not help them, and they win, you will be where you are; if they lose, you will gain.' As this fell in with the poor creature's tastes, he approved, and refused his help. Then William, far from being discouraged, sent forth an appeal to all men to join in this holy war: and the Pope blew the spiritual trumpet. From all sides adventurers streamed in. So with a goodly army he set sail from St. Valery, and landed in Pevensey Bay. The rest we know. William the Bastard became William the Conqueror; the English fell into political nothingness; the Normans became feudal lords of the land; and England began a new period in her career as a nation.

Of the effects of their conquest on France we must take more note.

1. It was fortunate for the Capets that the Norman centre of power passed over to England: otherwise how could the feeble king have stood, had the ambition of the stronger race, guided by the stoutest prince of the age, turned Eastward instead of to the West? The Duke of Normandy had become so powerful that his weight could easily have overthrown the Capets: the Norman Conquest gave them a breathing-space.

2. The Papacy gained greatly in the world's eyes. New claims had been made; the Pope appeared as arbiter in the quarrels and changes of princes and realms; men learnt to look once more to Rome; her angry voice had smitten down the rebellious English prince.

3. A real King arose. Not a shadowy Emperor, nor a feeble indistinct prince like the earlier Capets; but a strong King, ruling over a compact kingdom. It was shewn to society that in France feudalism contained the germs of monarchy.

4. The removal of the Norman power to England lightened the weight pressing on the common people, and led, as will be seen in the case of the Commune of Le Mans, to an attempt at

town-life, an attempt which failed for the time, but was, like many failures, the forerunner of success.

5. And lastly, Europe saw in England the development of a well amalgamated nation, such as had not yet arisen elsewhere. The necessities of conquest, the desire of the Norman barons to get the whole power into their own hands, and the resistance of the kings and of the English, all tended to bring about this result.

And while all these things were growing clear before men's eyes, what was French royalty doing? The two kings, Henry and Philip, reigned nearly eighty years,—and did nothing. The Empire had been offered to the weak and pious Robert, near the end of his reign, but it had dropped from his harmless hand. His son and grandson followed in his steps. They made no effort to rise above their neighbours the feudal barons; they did but imitate them in their petty wars. They had no ambition to rival the German Emperor, whose claims to parts of Gaul were in fact conceded almost without a struggle; they left their Frisian border undefended; they neither resisted the rapidly-rising Papacy, nor sided with it in its long contest with the Empire; they suffered Norman William to win a new kingdom, unhelped, unhindered; they had no heart to lead the great movement now beginning to stir all Europe; the first Crusade swept by French royalty as it lay slumbering in the bower of its base pleasures: it never woke to claim its place, and to lead, as it might have done, the moving heart and soul of France.

# CHAPTER III.

## *The Age of the First Crusade*, A.D. 1066—1100.

THE annals of France again are silent for half a century; but again the people were not happy. There was no true silence; but a din of jarring elements; in which the nobles did their rude will, under whose madness, take what form it might, the common folk bore all the blows. The dreary time drags on, full of petty private wars; royalty slumbers, the people perish in crowds. Sword, famine, and pestilence, God's three sore plagues, afflict them without mercy and without stay. But meanwhile the elements of a national life begin to stir; there is promise in the premature movement of the communes, in the revival of religion, in the building of noble churches, still more in the rise of great monasteries, in which the more popular form of Christianity begins to assert its independence and vigour[1]. All men are restless, ready to be guided into any general movement: the guide comes and the object, at the end of the century; the century is spent in preparing for it.

Meanwhile the Normans reduced Calabria, Campania, Sicily, and made them their own. One of their hereditary foes[2], regarding their character and works, says of them: 'God chose these Normans to exterminate the English, as he saw that they surpassed all men in singular energy. When they have no foe to oppress, they oppress one another, and reduce their own lands to want and desolation; as is ever more and more clearly

[1] A like monastic revival took place at the same time in Germany.
[2] Henry of Huntingdon, Bk. 6.

seen in the rich lands of Normandy, England, Apulia, Calabria, Sicily, which God has put under their feet,'—a sufficient testimony to their vigour and success: and Henry of Huntingdon is forced to allow that their strong rule brought not desolation but security and plenty, for he adds:—'A maiden laden with gold might cross the whole breadth of England in safety.'

In 1071 we find a rare thing—the French king in action. Robert the Frisian had wrested Flanders from his brother's widow Richildis: Philip set forth, attacked him boldly, was overthrown, and retired to Paris in disgrace. Later on, the German Emperor and Godfrey of Lorraine espoused the widow's cause, and did what the French king had failed to do. Philip had to look on and see his influence on his northern border destroyed, and the German power, already supreme in Lorraine, spreading to the ocean.

In 1073 another danger threatened him. William the Conqueror attacked and reduced Maine, thus leading in the path afterwards so often followed by the kings of England. Norman ambition looked towards the South; they hoped, by means of the Aquitanian hatred of the northern French, to form a strong power which should stretch from the Seine to the Pyrenees. But, in 1076, Philip once more roused himself, drove back the Normans, and made a fair peace with William.

When the Conqueror died, Norman and English interests were somewhat sundered. Rufus had England, Robert Normandy; and the Norman ascendency, which was overshadowing France, was averted, though the dragon's teeth of future wars had been sown.

About this time the feeble king was occupied with a strange series of dealings with the Pope. He sent submissive letters, repenting, relapsing, professing much that was good and right, performing all that was evil. His vices demanded money: money could be best got by sale of Church preferments; against which shameful blot on Christianity Rome had made a wise and a vigorous stand not long before. And not content with this, Philip also divorced his wife, on some convenient plea

of infringed degrees of relationship, and carried off by force Bertrade, wife of Fulk of Anjou. He was called to amend his ways, excommunicated in 1094, and summoned to appear at the Council of Piacenza. He temporised, made excuses, did not appear; promised to send Bertrade away, kept her all the same;—a man whose immorality 'leavened the whole lump,' and made him false and honourless as well as feeble and self-indulgent. And yet, though the case against him was so clear, the Papacy had no strength to take advantage of it. The reaction since Hildebrand's death in 1085 had helped to restore the power to the Emperor's hands. Germany opposed the Papal claims—there was an Antipope always floating about—what if the French king were to become contumacious and recognise that Antipope? The Normans were terribly independent in England afar, and dangerous in Calabria at hand; the claims of the Papacy on England had been slighted, the Paynim were pressing on the borders of Christendom, menacing not only the Greek Empire, but the Latin shores of the Mediterranean: the Greek Church was still a powerful rival. In this threatening state of things the Papacy was driven to look around for some new force by which to recover her strength. It had long cherished a dream of heading Christian Europe against the Saracen. Sylvester, the Pope-Magician, had seen the force of this, even at the very opening of the century; Hildebrand had said he was ready himself to head a crusade: negotiations on the subject had passed between East and West. Again, the Church had been much involved in the turbulent beginnings of feudalism. The Truce and the Peace of God shewed that she desired to lessen the evils of private warfare: and, finally, the sword of the strongest had an irresistible attraction for the Papacy. Thus her necessities and her instincts led her into the path which saved her. If she could enlist the great fighting nation of the French, together with the younger valour of the Normans, in a common enterprise, which Rome should bless, and forward, and seem to direct, then the Papacy might rise above her difficulties, and win the favour of all

Christendom by driving back the Paynim, and making peace within her own borders. Again; the Papacy felt that feudalism had long been breaking away from it. William the Conqueror had defied its power; Philip even, the feeble king, had played with it, careless of its thunders: the centrifugal forces of feudalism led each chieftain to assert his independence, and tempted even the higher ecclesiastics to do the same. Every year the barons grew worse to deal with; the barbarities of private war, the contempt for human life, the slackening of moral bonds, became daily more threatening to the claims of the august central power which sat at Rome. 'Christianity,' says Fulcher of Chartres[1], 'was growing fearfully worse in both clergy and people; war was preferred before peace by the princes of the earth, who quarrelled ceaselessly.' At last the Pope determined to cross the Alps, and plunge into the very heart of this wild world, to see whether he could not turn into another and a safer channel these forces which were both self-destructive and perilous to him. Other reasons as well doubtless influenced Pope Urban. He was himself a Frenchman, born in the diocese of Soissons[2]. Peter the Hermit, whose enthusiasm or frenzy he was accepting and using, was also French, a native of the district round Amiens. Both of them knew the French temper: the chivalrous Frank who thirsted for adventure; the hardy Norman great in conquest; the eager mobile Celt, loving all things new.

Therefore the Pope did wisely in descending into France; and Clermont in Auvergne was well chosen for his appeal. It was central enough, yet not too far from the Alps, easily reached from Lyons. The Pontiff's voice would resound thence through Frankish and Aquitanian France, would reach Provence and Normandy, while at the same time the Pope would not commit himself by coming too near the excommunicated king at Paris.

[1] Fulcher of Chartres, in the Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 381. He was an eye-witness of these things, as we learn from the author of the Gesta Francorum Expugnantium Hierusalem, in the Gesta Dei, p. 562.

[2] Not far from Châtillon-sur-Marne. He had been archdeacon of Rheims before he was called, first to Cluny, next to Ostia, lastly to the Vatican.

And yet at first the success of the appeal seemed very doubtful. The Pope reached Clermont in November 1095, and was met by a goodly number of Churchmen. Over three hundred of them were there[1], and their proceedings were harmonious. The earlier business being done, the Pope descended from the cathedral into a large open space or street, and delivered his famous harangue on the duty of taking the Cross. Two of the Churchmen then at Clermont, who doubtless heard it, have left us their impressions of this great sermon[2]. Their reports vary greatly, and we can only say that the Pope depicted in lively colours the hard case of pilgrims, dwelt on the fierceness of the Turk, and the danger to Europe from him, spoke of the hereditary valour of the Franks, their love of glory, their taste for booty; drew a bright and very false picture of the wealth and fertility of Palestine; quoted those words in which our Lord bids men leave all and follow Him; and, finally, promised all the blessings of the Church, here and hereafter, to such as gave themselves to this sacred cause. Then, after one account[3], arose the famous cry of 'Deus le volt![4]' 'God wills it!' and the Pope, skilfully seizing the moment, consecrated the words as the motto and war-cry of the Cross.

But through all the accounts of this great movement, we can see signs of coldness and doubt. When the Pope turned to the bishops, begging them to preach the 'way to Jerusalem,' they were sore disturbed. 'Some wept, some were agitated, some doubted[5].' There seems to have been no lay-lord of great name there[6]; no lay-captain could be had; and

[1] Fulcher says (Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 382) that there were 310 bishops and abbots in all. Others reckon up 14 archbishops, 225 bishops, 90 abbots of high rank, or 329 in all.

[2] These are Robert the Monk and Archbishop Balderik.

[3] Robert the Monk says so; Archbishop Balderik does not.

[4] Or 'Deu le volt!' which is the form given by Ducange in his second Dissertation on Joinville, p. 206.

[5] So says Archbishop Balderik, an eye-witness (Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 88): 'Alii suffundebantur ora lacrimis, alii trepidabant, alii super hac re disceptabant.'

[6] Robert the Monk says (Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 32): 'Nondum erat inter eos aliquis nominatorum principum.' On the other hand, Balderik

the charge of this great enterprise fell to Adhemar, bishop of Puy, who undertook it reluctantly[1], as one who felt the peril more than the excitement. Still, his appointment probably saved the movement from failure, thanks to his influence with Raymond of St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse, the greatest prince of the South. His adhesion to the cause was made known before the council broke up, and 'animated those who had before been downhearted.'

As the prelates and others returned home, and began to preach the Cross in their dioceses, they found the minds of men prepared; the latent enthusiasm then sprang into life; chiefly however at first among the lower classes, except perhaps in the South, where the brilliant example of Raymond of Toulouse led many of the nobles to join the crowd. But the first-fruits of the movement were poor serfs and monks; the first army, led by Peter the Hermit, was a rabble, not an army; he preached chiefly to the common folk. In the crowd that gathered round him the foremost figure was a poor knight, Walter the Penniless; no man of greater name was there. As Peter moved from place to place, he spoke straight home to the hearts of the people. He was short and mean of figure, barefooted, riding on a sorry ass, dressed in a rough robe, with a crucifix in hand; so he went through all the land. But when men looked at him, they saw a pinched and starved face, like a death's-head, in which rolled two wild gleaming eyes, full of enthusiasm and that half-madness which has so much power over excitable natures[2]. His appeals were fervid and turbulent in their eloquence, which carried men along with him. The patriarch of Jerusalem had been deeply impressed by him; Pope Urban fully believed in his sincerity and power. As he passed on, men rose

affirms that there were many men of note: 'confluxerant etiam ad consilium e multis regionibus viri potentes et honorati innumeri, quamvis cingulo laicalis militiae superbi.' (Gesta Dei per F. p. 86.) But it is significant that he mentions no names.

[1] 'Licet invitus,' says Robert the Monk of him.

[2] He is thus described by Gregory of Terracina (given in Mabillon), who had actually seen him.

up and followed him[1]. Some sewed the red cross on their shoulder, others took a hot iron and branded themselves—even women did so—and loudly declared that they had received the sign on their persons from Heaven. Monks fled their cloisters, some with leave, many without, and swelled the rabble. The poor farmer sold his land or his produce for such few pence as he could get, yoked to his oxen and set forth, driving wife and children eastward. When they came in sight of the tall pinnacles and towers of any city, the children would cry aloud and eagerly ask the bystanders if this was Jerusalem[2]. All manner of portents, as is usual in times of excitement, were visible; notably a wonderful star-shower, which portended the movement of Christendom[3]. Wives urged their husbands to go, and shed tears of joy at their departing; some even had the boldness to set forth as well. Gradually the stir and excitement took form; the preparations went on throughout the whole of the year 1096[4].

But while the forces are mustering, let us review the many and various causes which had been preparing men for this first great movement of modern Europe; as France led the way, our investigation will be chiefly confined to her shores.

At the opening of the century the belief in the near end of the world produced a kind of religious revival. The natural form it took was that of expectant gaze fixed on the Holy

[1] Abbot Guibert says (2. 6.) of the way in which the enthusiasm spread: 'Nec illud minus ridiculum, quod hi plerumque quos nulla adhuc eundi voluntas attigerat, dum hodie super omnimoda aliorum venditione cachinnant, dum eos misere ituros miseriusque redituros affirmant, in crastinum repentino instinctu pro paucis nummulis sua tota tradentes, cum eis proficiscebantur quos riserant.'

[2] Abbot Guibert says (2. 6.) of the poor folk: ''Videres mirum quiddam et plane joco aptissimum' (though in truth it was no matter for a churchman's laughter, seeing that scarcely one of these poor babes came home again), 'pauperes videlicet quosdam bobus biroto applicitis, eisdemque in modum equorum ferratis, substantiolas cum parvulis in carruca convehere; et ipsos infantulos, dum obviam haberent quaelibet castella vel urbes, si haec essent Jherusalem ad quam tenderent, rogitare.'

[3] So says Archbishop Balderick (Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 88).

[4] The bright picture which historians make of the scene at Clermont seems to rest on a scanty foundation; but there is no doubt as to the enthusiasm which sprang up in 1096.

Land, whence Christ, men thought, would speedily come again to judgment. Pilgrimages multiplied: the more went, the more had a mind to go; and the more pilgrims were ill-used, the more their treatment became the common grievance of all men. The pilgrimage brought together all classes; all suffered and worshipped alike. The growth of monasticism and feudalism both gave the taste an impulse. The monk was free to move, and glad to move; and he won merit by the long journey: the feudal lord had done wild work at home; there were dark spots on his conscience which Jerusalem would wipe away. But, when he reached the Holy City, he became aware that the Paynim despised him; he returned to France, easy in conscience, but with his spirit burning to wipe out the stain, and to free the sacred places from Pagan hands. Even the very misery of the age drove men to the wandering life—it was better than the monotonous penury of life at home. We see in Pope Urban's sermon, false as it was, a telling allusion to the misery of daily life in France, when he contrasted it with life in the 'land flowing with milk and honey.'

But nothing had so much turned men's eyes towards the Holy Land, as the news of the destruction of the church of the Sepulchre in 1010. It was felt to be a wrong done to all Christendom: it is, at the same time, a curious instance of the popular feeling against the Jews. A tale was invented to the effect that some wealthy Jews of Orleans, vexed at the respect paid to our Saviour's tomb, bribed a pilgrim to carry in a hollow staff a letter to Al Hakim, Khalif of Egypt. In the letter they told him that unless he destroyed the church at Jerusalem, the Christians of France would never acknowledge that he was a great prince. The Khalif was convinced, did what they asked, and destroyed the church. The real reason for the act may have been a suspicion felt by the Saracens as to his orthodoxy[1]; for he was related to Christians, his mother's uncle being

[1] The deed was done before Al Hakim proclaimed himself 'the visible image of God most high,' while he was still a fanatical Moslem.—See Gibbon, Decline and Fall, chap. 57, and Dean Milman's note.

Orestes, patriarch of Jerusalem. To prove his faithfulness to Islam, he struck this great blow at Christian feeling, through the church which was that patriarch's especial care. The Jews in France suffered horribly for Al Hakim's act. Some were slain with the sword, some were drowned, some perished by fire, some hanged themselves, 'to escape;' many were 'converted and despised.' Thus did the excitement take natural refuge in cruelty. It was a savage time: the murder of the Jews, the cruel persecutions of the Orleans heretics, the fierce repression of the Norman peasantry, all fall within this quarter of a century.

The voice of the Greek Emperor was also heard. Islam had taken up its position face to face with Constantinople. At the beginning of the tenth century the Moslem were already divided into two sects: of which one was that of the Sonnites, whose Khalif or spiritual head was at Bagdad, and who included the 'orthodox' Mahometans of Arabia and part of Persia; while the other, that of the Shiites or followers of Ali, Mahomet's son-in-law, had their head-quarters at Cairo, and commanded the obedience of Africa, Egypt, and Syria[1]. But it is said that before the end of the tenth century, a horde of Tartars poured in on the Abbasides, seized Bagdad, became fanatically Moslem, and gave to the faith of Mahomet a fresh impulse. Not long after, a great wave of Tartar or Turkish invasions under Togrulbeg, one of the Seljuk family, came westward, sweeping all before it. These were the beginnings of the Seljukian Turks. Their Sultan reduced the Khalif of Bagdad to nothingness, and passing on, conquered Cairo also. Alp Arslan, Togrulbeg's nephew, seized Iconium, and made it the seat of his power. He even captured Romanus Diogenes, the Greek Emperor, and threatened Constantinople. In 1073 Suleiman took the title of 'Prince (or Sultan) of Roum,' and

[1] The Sonnites hold that the succession of the Prophet was through his immediate successors, while the Shiites declare that all between Mahomet and Ali, his son-in-law, are false prophets. There are also other points of difference, but this is the original one.

made Nicaea his capital, over against Constantinople herself. Then it was that Pope Gregory VII wrote his famous letter[1] to Henry IV of Germany, declaring that he would himself lead Christendom to the rescue. The Turks thus already shewed a tendency to split into three main branches, whose head-quarters would be Iran, Kirman (in the south of Persia), and Nicaea. Of these, the last, before crusading times, had already broken into the independent principalities of Aleppo, Damascus, Antioch, and Mosul. In 1086 Jerusalem was given to Orthok, chief of a horde of wild Turcomans.

To sum up these motives for the Crusade; — the Pope's necessities, the turbulence of Western Europe, the ignorance and misery of daily life, the love of adventure, the cry of distress from pilgrims, from the Christians of Jerusalem, and from the Eastern Emperor, the desire to expiate a bad life by a new and holy adventure,—here were the chief causes which set all Europe aflame, and brought in what Gibbon calls 'the world's debate,' the Crusades.

In dealing with the history of France, we must not give too much space to these Eastern expeditions. We must note their effects on the growth of France herself, on the strength of the monarchy, the Church, the feudal chivalry, the cities, rather than chronicle events on the more distant scene.

At the Council of Clermont, the fifteenth of August, 1096, had been fixed for the setting-forth of the armies of the Cross. But the eager crowd could not wait; and Peter the Hermit, their Moses, their Saint, whose very ass they revered[2], was obliged to set out with them. So great was the throng, that they had to move in three separate armies, for fear of exhausting all their food on the way. The one soldier of name in the host, Walter the Penniless, led the vanguard, which was almost entirely made up of footmen[3], some fifteen thousand strong. Then came Peter with the main body of French pilgrims: monks frocked or unfrocked, debtors

[1] In Labbe, tom. 10.
[2] They treasured up the hairs that fell from his tail as relics.
[3] There were but eight horsemen.

who had escaped their creditors, robbers and rascals, mixed up with harmless serfs and villains, their wives and babes. Behind these came Godescalc, a monk, leading a rabble of German peasants; and lastly, moving independently, a considerable body of horsemen, who hung upon their skirts. It is said that the movements of this great host were directed by a goose and a goat, who strayed whither they would, and were followed by the senseless crowd.

We need not recount their doings. They crossed Germany and Hungary, rested a while under the walls of Constantinople, became unendurable to the Greek Emperor, were put across the Bosphorus, and fell an easy prey to the Turks, who were directed by the fanatic ability of Kilidj Arslan, Sultan of Nicaea. A pyramid of whitened bones showed to the next host that passed that way, where their misguided brethren had found their rest[1]. The bravery of a small body of Norman knights alone shewed the Turks that there was something formidable behind all this froth and scum of the ferment in the West.

One thing they did; they aroused the Greek Emperor, Alexius, to a sense of the risk he was running from his new allies. He had asked for a few thousand warriors from the West, and here was the whole population, without order or discipline, pouring in upon him. He saw his danger, and met it, Greek fashion, with subtilty and weakness. A century later, the patriarch Alexius, disputing with the Emperor, Manuel Commenus, as to the alternative of Saracenic conquest and alliance with the West, deliberately declared that, of these two evils, subjection to the Moslem would be better than a humiliating alliance with Rome; so bitterly did the Greek Church resent the treatment she had met with from the Latin Christians.

But, while the hasty crowd was rushing to destruction, the more solid elements of the movement gathered in France into three great armies, separated partly by anxiety about supplies, but still more by the then defined divisions of the land. The

[1] The next army of Crusaders used these bones to build themselves a wall with for defence.

Northern army was not French at all: it was made up of Lorrainers, men of Flanders and of the Rhineland, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, a descendant of Karl the Great. This army was entirely composed of feudal subjects of the German Emperor, and had no proper French elements in it. It followed the Danube, appeased the just anger of the King of Hungary, who had suffered grievously from the lawless hordes which had already passed through his land, and reached the Bosphorus in safety. There the Emperor tried first guile with Godfrey, then force, then sent his son into the Crusaders' camp, inviting Godfrey to make peace, and lastly, adopted him as his son, and lavished gifts on him. He aimed at passing on his visitors, in such a way that no two armies of the Crusaders should be under his walls at the same time. And so, as soon as he heard that Bohemond was drawing near with the second host, he persuaded Godfrey to cross the 'Arm of St. George' into Asia. He crossed, and encamped at Chalcedon.

That second army was composed of French, rightly so called, as well as of Normans, and Burgundians; it was headed by Hugh 'the Great,' Count of Vermandois, King Philip's brother; by Robert, Duke of Normandy, who was followed by Englishmen as well as Normans; by Alan, Duke of Brittany; and by Stephen of Blois, who was said to be lord over as many castles as there were days in the year. This central host, with a countless swarm of hangers-on, crossed the Alps into Italy. They drove out the army of Henry IV of Germany (the tedious War of Investitures was going on there), and entered Lucca, where they found the Pope, who blessed them. Thence on to Rome, where many pilgrims, weary already of the way, turned back and went home. Thence through South Italy to Bari; but, the season being far advanced, the shipmen would not take them across, and they must needs winter in Calabria. Here, too, a great number 'of the poor and cowardly' sold their bows, took up their staves, and wended their way homewards. The rest, next April, took ship at Brindisi, crossed to Durazzo,

and thence, at last, to Constantinople by land. Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, and with him Tancred, famed in song, had preceded them with the Italian Normans.

The third army, composed of Gascons, Aquitanians, men of Provence and Toulouse, was led by Raymond, Count of Toulouse, who has left a splendid name in the literature of the Crusades. His was the best-appointed of all the armies: the wealth and civilised manners of the South enabled them to face all the difficulties of the expedition; their force never suffered as the others did. Raymond was helped by the counsel of the Pope's legate, Adhemar of Puy, who did not live to see his cause triumphant: for he died soon after the taking of Antioch. This army set forth last. They crossed the Alps, as the French had done, but kept straight on through Lombardy, passed the Julian Alps, and made for Constantinople, across the wild regions of Sclavonia and Servia. They had a harassed and exhausting march, but eventually reached Constantinople before the French host.

Alexius succeeded in persuading most of the leaders to swear homage to him, and to promise to give up to him such cities as they might capture, if also they had been formerly under the Greek Empire. But to this promise they paid small heed. He got them over the Strait, and breathed freely again. He had managed cleverly, but there remained in the minds of the chiefs an unpleasant sense of humiliation. They felt they had been outwitted by one far weaker than themselves.

And now the whole forces of Western Christendom were for the first time gathered together; and William of Tyre says that, at the great review of their troops, there were numbered six hundred thousand footmen and a hundred thousand horse; figures which must be doubtful, but may be taken as indicating the greatness of the force. They besieged and took Nicaea: Kilidj Arslan, who fought them bravely, found them much tougher stuff than Peter's rabble had been. The Crusaders then marched southward. Again Kilidj attacked them at Dorylaeum, and was repulsed with great loss; after this he could

only annoy their march. With loss and suffering, with adventure and triumph, the host dragged its huge body through Asia Minor and reached Antioch. After a long siege the city was taken, but not till famine and disease had smitten the victors. The sufferings were so great, that William of Melun, 'the Carpenter,' and even Peter the Hermit, who had joined the main army, fled away, and were scarcely brought back by Tancred. The common folk plunged into debauch; they drank and quarrelled. It is said that they ate the corpses of the Saracens. Though they took the city of Antioch, the citadel still held out; and Kerboga, Sultan of Mosul, appeared under the walls three days after the town had fallen with a great army of Turks. Then began the critical struggle: on it depended the possession of the coast-line, the key of the situation. The Christians again fell into fearful want, except, perhaps, the Provençals, whose stores seemed never entirely to fail. Robert, Count of Flanders, begged his bread in the streets. At last the princes determined to risk all on one great stroke. Raymond of Toulouse caused the head of the spear of Calvary to be discovered, buried before the high altar of one of the churches[1]. The crowd, full of excitable feelings, was roused to the highest fervour; and the whole army, in twelve columns, after the twelve apostles, sallied forth and fell on the Turks. With the spear in their midst, and their minds aglow, they were irresistible: they saw a troop of heavenly warriors descending to their help. The vast host of Turks at last fled, leaving their camps, which contained the whole wealth of the Khalifate, in the hands of the Christians[2]. This battle broke the power of the Seljukian Turks in Syria; they offered no farther resistance to the Crusaders. The Egyptian Fatimites[3] now held undivided sway over Jerusalem and Syria.

[1] This relic was long a point of faith with all the Langue d'Oc, but of doubt and unbelief with the Langue d'Oil.

[2] Wilken, Bk. I. c. 8, shews that there was also much dissension and insubordination in the Turkish camp.

[3] The followers of Ali, or the Shiites; but soon to fall under the orthodox Sonnites.

After six months of rest—if that was rest which was spent in the death-grip of pestilence and famine—the Crusaders marched out of Antioch, leaving Bohemond, the Norman, as its prince. Baldwin, Godfrey's brother, had before been called to help the tyrant of Edessa. He was adopted as his son; but soon wrested the throne from his adopted father, and established the Frankish county of Edessa, which subsisted for forty-nine years (A.D. 1097—1146).

At last from the heights of Emmaus (Nicopolis) the Crusaders saw with transport the Holy City. There were scarcely forty thousand of them left, survivors of so many myriads; and Jerusalem was held by a large Turkish army. But the prize was too near and too dear to be lost; and after five weeks, in which Gaston of Bearn with his engines of attack made the assault possible, the Christian army stormed the city after a great struggle, and broke out into the wildest excesses of bloodshed and devotion (July 15, 1099). Eight days later the Latin princes elected Godfrey of Bouillon King of Jerusalem; but his pious heart refused that title 'in the city in which the Christ had been crowned with thorns;' and he became 'the Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.' Well did he do his work, for the short time that was left him. Soon after his election he was called on to face the Vizir of the Fatimite Khalif, who had hastened up from the South to support his deputy at Jerusalem. Here, as before, differences among the Moslem greatly helped the Christians, as did also the distance at which Syria lay away from the centres of the Turkish power. Godfrey met the Vizir at Ascalon, and won an easy victory over the effeminate Egyptians. As the battle of Antioch had crushed the Seljukians, so the victory of Ascalon overthrew the Fatimite power in Syria, and left Godfrey safe at Jerusalem: a few Moslem strongholds had to be reduced, and then the Latin kingdom became coextensive with the ancient kingdoms of Israel and Judah. Godfrey died within the year; first his brother Baldwin of Edessa, then his cousin Baldwin succeeded him. They reduced the seaport cities, and ruled over the whole coast from

beyond Tyre to the borders of Egypt. Raymond of Toulouse established himself at Tripolis; and thus sprang up four Latin principalities,—Jerusalem, Tripolis, Antioch, Edessa, results of the first Crusade.

This great conquest had now to be organised; and this was done on the strictest feudal principles. Nowhere can we trace the mechanism of feudalism so clearly as here; for here it is not the slow growth of centuries, crossed by all the accidents of history, but a deliberate setting out of a feudal kingdom, after the principles of political life then received, with no prior rights or claims to interfere with the symmetry of the institution; no kings to resist from above, no cities to rise up at its side, nor private feuds to disturb the ground-plan of the scheme [1].

Meanwhile the stillness which had settled down on France, and was one of the best results of the Crusades, was rudely broken by the harsh war-cry of Red William of England. His brother Robert Courthose had pledged his duchy of Normandy to him when he went on Crusade: and it seemed likely to William either that his brother would not come back, or, if he did, that he might be satisfied with some lesser dignity than that of his own duchy. So William revived the old Norman claims on the French Vexin—the territory which lay on the Seine, between Paris and Rouen [2]; and at the same time made war on Helias, Count of Maine, after whose lands his father had ever hankered. From 1097 to 1099 war went on between William and the indolent Philip, who left the defence of his borders to his gallant boy Louis. But Walter Tyrrell's [3] arrow in the New Forest delivered France from this danger. The careless Robert of Normandy, who had idled a year among his

[1] This feudal constitution is fully described in Chapter IV.

[2] See above, p. 200, note 3.

[3] If indeed he had anything to do with it. Suger's testimony is very interesting, and almost convincing: 'Imponebatur a quibusdam cuidam nobilissimo viro Galterio Tirello quod eum sagitta perfoderat. Quem, *quum nec timeret nec speraret, jurejurando saepius audivimus* et quasi sacrosanctum asserere quod ea die nec in eam partem silvae in qua rex venabatur, venerit, nec eum in silva omnino viderit.'—Suger, Vita Lud. Grossi, chap. 1.

kinsfolk of Italy and Sicily, came too late to claim the crown of England. He did not reach Normandy till the latter part of 1101, by which time Henry Beauclerc, his younger brother, was secure on the English throne. Robert was strangely unlike his kin; he was indolent and not ambitious; he scarcely cared to bestir himself against the Count of Maine or the King of England. But Henry was not of the same mind; he crossed over into Normandy, defeated and took his brother; seized on the dukedom, and sent its rightful owner a half-prisoner to England, where he lived 'in all sorts of enjoyment and content' for seven-and-twenty years, far from dissatisfied with his lot. Under Henry's wise rule, Normandy tasted something of that peace and comfort to which she had long been a stranger.

After the fall of Ascalon many of the Crusaders took ship for Europe, leaving Godfrey and Tancred with three hundred knights at Jerusalem: others followed the fortunes of Bohemond and Baldwin; and Raymond, who had sworn never to return, ruled over his little principality of Tripolis. Peter the Hermit went home, and passed the rest of his days in the uneventful quiet of a monastery in the Liège country. Those who brought back tidings of these great triumphs, found that he who had set Europe in motion was gone to his rest, and that another sat in the Pontiff's seat. But the Papacy reaped the fruits: all Europe saw that the Pope had moved the world successfully. The new feudal kingdom of Jerusalem 'held of him;' he seemed to be lord of both Rome and the Holy City, two centres of the faith. The moral result was great, the actual increase of power great: henceforth for two centuries the crusading power was to be the weapon by which the Papacy should hold its own against the Empire[1], and rule the minds of men.

When it was known that Godfrey was dead, that the Saracens pressed on the Christians, and that Jerusalem was scarcely safe, a new movement at once began. William IX of Aquitaine, the

[1] The way in which the Emperor Frederick II was hampered by his vow to take the Cross is a well-known proof of its power.

foremost prince of the time, a libertine and a troubadour[1], who had resumed the lead in Southern France on the departure of Raymond, headed the new levies. But he went with regrets and doubts, as his poem[2] shows,—regrets quite justified by the event. With him went Herpin, Count of Bourges, who sold his lordship to King Philip to raise funds for the war. Thus the French King benefited by the reckless enthusiasm of his neighbours, and for the first time got some hold on the south bank of the Loire. Stephen of Blois and Hugh of Vermandois also joined Duke William IX; they had before deserted the Crusade, and were now forced by public opinion to wash away the stain of that disgrace: they went, and expiated it with their life-blood. This army also passed through Constantinople: the Sultan of Iconium (Konieh) harassed their passage through Asia Minor, and only a remnant of their host reached Jerusalem. William with much difficulty got back to Aquitaine, with hardly a follower. The Aquitanians called on him for their kinsfolk whom he had led forth: but there was no reply.

Some years later, Bohemond of Antioch came back to Europe to revive the enthusiasm of the West, and led a strong force of Frenchmen and Italians with him,—not to Palestine but to the Bosphorus. He attacked Alexius, the Greek Emperor; but the Latins were not then ready to make war on the Empire; and the expedition came to nothing. And thus ended the first Crusade.

We may pause here to consider the general effects of the crusading movement; though, properly speaking, we ought to wait till after the days of St. Louis, when the fever had died out. But there is some advantage in noting these results at once, so that they may be before our eyes as we move on: and besides, at no later time can we expect to have such leisure as here: never again will the life of France at home be so uneventful.

[1] He was the first of the Southern Trouvères whose poems have remained to our day.

[2] See Mary Lafon, Histoire du Midi de la France, 2. p. 207.

It seems impossible to lay out a full table of good and bad results, and to strike a cold unimpassioned balance between them. We may only state the chief consequences, and their import, one way or other. Men must ever differ as to the relative weight to be given to this or that element in the problem. To some the Crusades are the means of a natural development of the world from worse to better; to others, they are but the results of a low and hateful state of society[1]. But let us try simply to set out what came of them, and that briefly; not forgetting that we are looking not merely at the first Crusade, at the close of which we stand, but at the whole movement and period.

To begin with the evil results:

1. Set in the scale the awful waste of human life on an object which from afar may seem noble, but which was to the actors in it little more than a fanatical instinct. It is idle to say that life at home was worth nothing and that the soldier of the cross bartered a long dreary life for a short and brilliant one. The myriads, whose bones marked Eastern highways, or were bleached in the sun of Asia, or who perished in that charnel-house of Christians, Antioch, neither attained their end, nor were happy in the pursuit of it. The aggregate of human sufferings and the waste of human power were horrible.

2. Next we may put the degradation of man's moral state. The Crusades made men worse than before; more bloodthirsty and cruel, and more depraved. The cross had long been fastened to the sword; but now the sword was shameless in its lust for blood. The sack of Jerusalem in the first Crusade was a deep stain on the moral character of Christendom. But morality suffered as much from contact with the East. Manners, scarcely at all more refined, became far more dissolute;

[1] Thus, to one the growth of the Papacy (to take an indisputable result) must seem an unmixed good; to another, an intolerable evil: or, one may think that literature was awakened by the Crusades; another, that it was quite independent of them; one, that the Crusades thrust back the Turk; another, that they really paved the way for the fall of Constantinople: and so on.

the canker of immorality, ever the sore evil of France, spread swiftly under Eastern influences[1]; men learnt cunning and lies from the subtle Greek. The Pullani, the half-breed offspring of the Crusaders, were a degraded and despised race. These things cannot be passed over, when we place the glories of chivalry in the other balance.

3. Connected with this is the often-forgotten fact that these wars made the sword the arbiter in all the religious disputes of men. For centuries all wars of intolerance were Crusades. How could Christianity but suffer from this destruction of her loving spirit? Hence sprang the wild wars of the Teutonic knights in the North; the cruel ruin of the fair cities of Provence and Aquitaine in the South. The Frank had long deemed himself the sword-arm of the Church: the Crusades taught him that his tradition was right, and that Christianity rested on that arm. Heroism and chivalry were linked with war against the 'miscreant,' the unbeliever: the comforts of religion here, and the blessings of eternal life hereafter, were believed by the Crusader to be secured by the sword: and that whoever was banned by the Pope became a wretch in whose heart's blood it was the Christian's duty to imbrue his pitiless hands. 'I came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword,' seemed to these ages a prophecy worthy of literal fulfilment. So they turned the sword against Paynim or heretic alike: the Crusade in Provence was a legitimate sequel to the new principle; each war the Pope meddled in was styled a Crusade. Paschal II egged on Robert of Flanders (on his return from the first Crusade) to make holy war against Henry IV of Germany, whom the Pope styles 'the head of all heretics;' and a free promise of the 'New Jerusalem' was made to the warrior if he would undertake this godly enterprise. The Pope let France loose on Frederick II, and called it a Crusade; the Netherlands war was a Spanish Crusade; so too was the Armada. This

[1] In the Roman de Renard, p. 59, we have it briefly, 'Qui bon i vont, mal en reviennent.'

heritage of violence is the worst evil which sprang from the Crusades: there is no good side to this.

4. No permanent results followed in the East. The Moslem were thrown back awhile; but the spirit of resistance was also weakened. The Crusades never reached the heart of the Moslem power. As a great political movement they failed: they neither crushed the Saracens, nor made permanent colonies on the seaboard, nor strengthened the natural outpost of Europe, Constantinople. The Mahometans were in a divided condition when Europe fell on them: the common danger roused their heroism, and taught them fresh lessons in the art of war. Meanwhile, the Latins sapped the foundations of the Greek Empire; and when the Eastward fervour cooled down, and Mahomet recovered his lost ground in Asia, he found his old foe across the Bosphorus weaker than before. The marvel is that Constantinople survived so long: there is no greater wonder in history than the long vitality of that decrepit Empire.

5. Connected with the last remark, we may also note that the estrangement between Greek and Latin widened the breach between the two branches of Christendom. The Crusade destroyed the last hope of unity; as the Pope grew stronger, the Greek grew more stubborn; the West trampled with mailed foot on the East; the subtle Greek felt that between his own taste for religious subtilties, and the hard warriors who cared nothing for his theology and speculations and despised his feebleness, there never could be union. The Greek had looked towards Rome with willing eyes before; now he averted his face with pious horror.

6. We may perhaps add to the account the great growth of the Pope's power. I put this, which is one of the best marked consequences of the Crusades, here among the evil results, though many naturally count it as good, and deem it the most potent instrument in the growth of the modern world. No such power can be all good or all bad, at any time; and the Papacy was clearly necessary as a counterpoise to the tyranny of the temporal power: it kept alive some sense of right in the world. Yet we

cannot look historically at this august institution with unmixed feelings. There is in it too much selfishness and self-assertion; it crushes all movement of society in which it has not the first place; it resists the most vigorous Emperors; enslaves national Churches; makes reform impossible; detests civil rights and freedom. One day it may be possible coolly and fairly to trace its whole influences on the world for good and evil; meanwhile, let us salute without prejudice the grandest figure of the Middle Ages, as it towers in its strength above the princes and peoples of the earth.

7. Lastly, and connected with the foregoing, are the evils which resulted from the great increase of the wealth of the clergy, more especially of the monastic orders; and (in part at least) the establishment of the religious orders of knighthood, the standing army of the Papacy.

These are the chief counts of the indictment against the Crusades: we will now look, in the same way, at the other side.

1. Though the waste of life was horrible, we may set against it the desolation of life at home, and the fact that the wider horizon there opened out, and the theatre of action provided to mankind, were blessings of no small magnitude. The growth of Europe might be stunted for a time; but the blanks were soon filled up; and the comparative stillness and peace at home favoured the progress of population.

2. Though man's moral nature suffered sorely, yet there was a compensating result in the great spread of commerce and the activity of the human mind. Commerce strengthened the cities, tended, in the end, to humanise life, and developed fresh wants and new enterprises. As has been often noticed, the Crusaders saw two civilisations, the Greek and the Mahometan, each in some respects higher than their own; and though, as happens when the lower meets the higher, they were very apt to choose the evil and leave the good, still they gained something, and brought back new ideas and feelings, beneficial to Europe in themselves and in their effects. Life became somewhat

less harsh; its interests spread more widely. Men learnt something from Eastern diet and dress, usages, arts of war, literature, produce; the pulses of life were quickened, the sense of enjoyment in life put forth some sweet blossoms. And the moral nature of man got some good from the display of the nobler side of chivalry, and from the sight of endurance and heroism. We need not enlarge on this point: we have gone through a reaction against Don Quixote and the distaste for the 'barbarous Gothic,' and in our days chivalric qualities are put above rather than below their due place, while we shut our eyes to the coarse vices and faults which went with them: forgetting that chivalry was often brutal in its strength, coarse in its manners. A few brilliant exceptions have cast eternal glory on chivalry, in whose dazzling light we fail to see of what poor stuff the most are made.

3. While the Crusades provided this splendid stage for the display of feudal virtues, they also silently undermined the whole caste system of Europe. If feudalism shone bright, it was with a consuming fire. For the Crusades were fatal to many of the great lords. They went and perished, by mischance of war, by famine, by pestilence, or on the journey. These not coming back, their lands often fell to churches or kings. And those who did return were the poorer: some had sold lands; others had taken everything of value they possessed, and had spent it. Many became the paid men of the richer lords; others took vows and ended their stormy lives in the still cloister. And, besides, other influences were at work on them: the Crusades had freed multitudes of their human cattle; the serf who went on pilgrimage learnt to be free. The isolation too of the feudal lord ceased. He had to jostle with others; had not to lord it over burghers and men-at-arms, but to find himself among men greater than himself. Good knights won at least as much renown as he, and the rise of the military orders indicated the existence of fresh forces in the world, before which the proud nobles stood abashed. Service, as connected with and flowing from tenure of land, the essential quality of

feudalism, was rudely shaken: for knights and even barons were glad to enrol themselves for pay, and not as a matter of feudal service, under the great chiefs. Joinville's 'Life of St. Louis' illustrates in every page this weakening of feudal power. The general result was this: royalty was presently enabled to make head against the anarchy into which feudalism had thrust society, and European national life began to shape itself into form.

4. But while feudalism lost, the cities gained. They could not go on pilgrimage, or squander their wealth, as private persons did. They had lords eager to sell them their freedom: the money paid enabled the lords to take themselves out of the way, to the Holy Land, whence, may be, they never came back to harass the burghers and renew their claims of lordship. Kings too, not feeling that they had anything to fear from the cities, granted them many privileges, often for ready money: the quickened pulse of commerce aided them; they grew in size and importance, and were the market-places of the world.

5. And serfdom was lightened. In many cases the serf and the villain bought their freedom of their lord. He, setting forth eastwards, cared little for the persons of his dependents, much for a purse of gold. Thus many emerged into liberty. Others took the cross; and who could hold him less than a brother in arms who was sanctified by the same sacrament of devotion? Instead of slaves and mere beasts of burden they became comrades in days of difficulty and risk: they even made the great discovery that their strength and spirit had a marketable value: they became paid soldiers,—a great step upwards. They took something from the weight of feudal power, and transferred it, on the whole, to royalty.

6. And royalty was above all the gainer. The kings at first stayed at home, while they were weak, and so gained by not exhausting their feeble power, or coming into dangerous competition with vassals and others stronger than themselves: when they were stronger, they also went crusading, and then

they gained again by placing themselves before the world as the great heads and leaders of the movement; they taught mankind to regard them with new respect as the true rulers and lords of men. We have already shewn that they gained largely by the weakening of the feudal barons. To trace the growth of the French monarchy, whose feeble infancy is almost lost to sight during the earlier turmoil and enthusiasm of the Crusades, will be our task for the future.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Of Feudalism and Chivalry.*

HITHERTO we have been content with passing notices as to the earlier state of the feudal hierarchy. The time has now come when we may look more closely into it. For on two different theatres feudalism had lately been called on to display its characteristic qualities: in England and in the Holy Land. Whereas in France and Germany it gradually grew up, one knows not how; in England and Jerusalem its principles may be seen in their later development, consciously applied to the founding of new societies. Both these new kingdoms were, more or less, French; that of Jerusalem almost entirely; that of England such in the character and views of the Norman conquerors. By studying these we avoid the confusions and the anomalies which sprang up in wild times; we discern the plan of feudalism, as understood by its chief actors: its clean-cut theory, side by side with the imperfections which inevitably resulted from its application.

We know that conquering races, settling in a new land, possess themselves of the soil, while the former owners fall away into dependence or slavery. We know that when the Germans seized on Gaul this was the case. The chieftains of the incoming tribes became territorial lords, holding their lands by alodial tenure[1], with no master over them, and only a very slight subordination to the chieftain whom they had made their king, who was in truth little more than their peer. He and they rewarded their followers with gifts of land and substance, and attached to these gifts the sense of obligation, remaining lords over both lands and men, but not claiming the produce nor taking rent. These grants were called benefices, and were said to be held by

[1] See above, p. 76.

feudal tenure. These smaller holdings, some of them of great extent, were again often granted in portions by these vassals to their dependents, and a system of what is called 'subinfeudation' sprang up, until the whole country was occupied by the conquerors, standing to each other in the hierarchical relations of lord and vassal; the King, the lords and barons, as his immediate vassals, and then the arrière vassals who held their lands of them. The lord had full power in cases even of life and death over the original inhabitants of the land, who became villains or serfs[1]. Between these, and clear of them, stood the freemen, not noble but free, the burghers and the free tenants in the country: of these we need not say much; for at the time we are speaking of they had but little footing in France[2]. At first powerful vassals strove to turn feudal into alodial tenure, regarding it as more free and independent; but, as time went on, it became safer to convert small alodial properties into fiefs, so as to get the protection of some powerful lord. By the end of the eleventh century this change had passed over the chief part of the alodial lands, though many still remained untouched, more particularly in the South. Beside this prevailing feudal relation, based on the land, for which the vassal paid homage to his suzerain, there was yet another relationship, more obscure in nature, between the persons, irrespectively of the land. This was called 'commendation'[3]; under it the weaker paid homage, with certain conditions, especially of military service and help, to the stronger; the stronger undertook to defend him against all comers. It was a condition mid-way between the alodial and the feudal, and akin to the relations of knighthood.

[1] *Villain* is the name for the small farmer, who tilled his field or two, and paid his lord a heavy rent in kind. He was 'ascriptus glebae,' tied to the soil, unable to leave his lord's estate. *Serf* is the lowest class of all; he was in few respects better than the slave of classical or Christian days.

[2] There were plenty of them in England, in town and in country. The 'socagers' held their lands by free tenure, and very many besides them were tenants for life: from these in later days came the famous English yeomen, against whom France had none to set at Crecy or Agincourt.

[3] Hallam likens it to the relation between patron and client at Rome.

At the time of the first Crusade the land we now call France was under a comparatively small number of independent lords, of whom the chief were the French king, the Duke of Normandy, and the Duke of Aquitaine, beside several of lesser name. Under these were counts and noble vassals, who held their lands on divers tenures; under them again their vassals, in the state of sub-infeudation, till the land could bear no more subdivision. Though the most of these held their fiefs on a condition of military service, others held by other tenures, such as offices at the lord's court[1], payments in money or in kind, sometimes of a trivial and grotesque nature, as, for example, tenure by the reek of a roast capon.

All territories in the North of France held by feudal tenure were also under the uncodified system of rights; governed in fact by custom, not by law; by custom sadly apt to vary with the varying strength and weakness of the parties. In the South the imprint of Roman law was never lost; it deeply modified feudalism. That part of France which was under the rule of German custom was called the 'Pays du droit coutoumier,' the land of custom-right, extending from its northernmost borders to the right bank of the Loire; where Roman law prevailed, it was called the 'Pays du droit écrit,' the land of the written law, extending from the Pyrenees northwards till it met the other district.

Let us see how this institution was transplanted in its full growth to Jerusalem, and there reorganised, clear of the trammels of European life and custom. It developed itself with surprising rapidity and clearness[2]. 'The ancient Assises of Jerusalem provide us with the clearest and brightest reflection of the manners and laws of feudal Europe[3].' It will shew itself very distinctly on the background of the dark and unknown East: the feudal towers stand up in strong relief, bright under

[1] Of which the most splendid example is that of the Seven Electors of Germany, who were, strictly speaking, the seneschal, cup-bearer, sword-bearer, &c. to the Emperor.

[2] Whoever will compare English feudalism with this kingdom of Jerusalem should study it in Freeman's Norman Conquest, vol. 4. chap. 17.

[3] So says Beugnot on the Assises, vol. 1. p. 19.

the Western sun, against the thunder-cloud of the Moslem power, ever ready to enwrap them in its angry storm[1].

Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders on July 23, 1099; and after a few days given up to the wildest excesses, the chiefs of the army reasserted the feudal principle of elective monarchy by choosing Godfrey, their worthiest prince, as king. He however refused that name, and became Defender of the Holy City. After the battle of Ascalon, which secured and extended the Latin conquests, Syria was called the 'Principality of Jerusalem'; and, that the Latins might hold together, and communications by land be kept up with Constantinople, the really independent territories of Edessa and Antioch became great fiefs under Godfrey. After a time the Principality of Tripoli was separated from that of Jerusalem, and put on the same footing: and Jerusalem, Tripoli, Antioch, and Edessa, became the four elements, the four high princedoms of this Eastern feudalism. The homage done and allegiance promised to the Byzantine Emperor were forgotten; the new kingdom was declared to be held straight from the Pope; and a Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem was established to complete the insult to the Empire[2]. Round the King's[3] person was grouped a court of officials, modelled on the Capetian court at Paris: the whole of Syria was parcelled out; Joppa became the seat of a marquis, there were counts of Bethlehem and Nazareth: in every town a viscount watched over feudal interests. Much of the open country was still in the hands of the Syrians; and they swarmed in the towns: their relations to the invaders became afterwards a source of trouble; but at the outset the Crusaders paid no heed to them, and divided the land at will.

These territorial arrangements made, and made so wisely that none murmured, the wisdom of Godfrey and the Patriarch

[1] The best account of the kingdom of Jerusalem is to be found in the two folio volumes of Count Beugnot, on the Assises of Jerusalem, whence much of the text is drawn.

[2] The Archbishop of Pisa first filled this new office.

[3] Godfrey's successors did not imitate his modesty, or his virtues.

and the Court was exercised on a new task[1]—that of the construction of a code of laws and customs, civil and criminal, memorable as the first attempt of the kind in the history of feudalism; for even Karl the Great had not attempted a code of laws.

First, they made one dealing with the rights and privileges of the noble-born, and called it 'the Assise[2] of the High Court of Jerusalem,' and followed it up with a like work on the duties and rights of burghers, both among themselves and in their relation to the barons, and this was 'the Assise of the Burgher Court.' These two codes were written out fair, in a manuscript with richly-painted capitals, each law being set forth in uncial characters, and were deposited in a coffer, securely locked, and laid up among the treasures of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre[3]; doubtless not without reference to the Ark of the Covenant, and the Tables of the Law laid up therein in the Temple. Here they were jealously guarded: the box could not be opened and the Law displayed to the light except in the presence of nine persons; the King and two of his men representing the High Court; the Viscount of Jerusalem and two burghers standing for the Burgher Court; and the Patriarch with two canons for the Church of the Sepulchre, the guardian of this precious deposit.

Thus they made and hid away their great work, unique and far before the age. They hid it, for, though they had made a code of 'written law,' the Northern French barons could not reconcile themselves to the Southern system, or abandon their dear familiar 'Custom law.' Any attempt to compel them to live

[1] 'Par le conseill des princes et des barons et des plus sages homes que il lors pot aveir,' says Ibelin, c. 1 (Beugnot, 1. p. 22).

[2] An Assise is defined in the 'Clef des Assises' as 'toute chose que l'on a vue *user et accoustumer et delivrer* en cour du roiaume.'

[3] Whence they came to be called 'the Letters of the Sepulchre.' P. Paris (Journal des Savans, A.D. 1831) holds that these 'Lettres du Sépulchre' were a simple Doomsday Book, a register of fiefs and duties. But such a book did exist independently under the title of 'Secreta Regis,' 'the King's Secrets;' and Count Beugnot (Introduction to vol. 2, p. 14) shows conclusively that the Letters must have been more than a register of feudal estates.

under such a system must have failed. It was as natural to the barons to hide away their Code, as for the College of Pontiffs and the patricians of Rome to keep the Twelve Tables out of sight of the people, though the reason of the act was not quite the same in both cases. No copies were made of the Assises, nor were they often appealed to: they lay in the treasury of the Church, jealously guarded from sight, till one day Saladin's men burst in, at the taking of Jerusalem[1], to plunder the sacred place of its pious wealth. Then the chest with the manuscripts, valueless in their eyes, disappeared for ever[2].

Under these laws the feudal kingdom was governed; and pilgrims returning to Europe, carried glowing accounts of them to their ill-regulated homes. The Kings of Jerusalem were men of prudence, who did their best to rule their turbulent brethren after the law, and from time to time made such amendments and additions to the Code as were needed. Thus Baldwin I, a prince of learning, made considerable changes: to him the Code owed an 'Assise du coup apparent,' or justice when a baron smote his man; a first law of assault, due to the outrageous tempers of the crusading lords. And Amaury[3], another wise prince, modified the conditions of tenure so far, that all arrière-vassals had to take oath of allegiance to the King, and to be under his protection; thus at once defending them from their immediate lords, and also shewing that the tendency towards an increase of the royal power was spreading from France to Jerusalem.

The High Court had the King as President, and all the King's men sat in it. If we may accept the account given in the written Assise, it regulated the position and succession of the royal power, the rights and duties of the King's men; the functions of the great officers of the kingdom, the Marshal, Constable, &c.; it settled points as to donations, service, sales,

[1] In A.D. 1187.

[2] The Collection of the Laws and Customs of Jerusalem, made by Jean d'Ibelin, in the thirteenth century, seems to be a faithful exposition of the customs of Jerusalem as then in use, and to be based on the original written code.

[3] A.D. 1162.

succession to fiefs, and the like; and, finally, all questions between lords and burghers. The influence of this Court was thoroughly aristocratic and feudal. It became a kind of Privy Council, settling all important questions as to peace and war, the royal succession, and the like. In character it answered nearly to the Court of France, from which afterwards sprang the Parliament of Paris.

The Burgher Court, or Low Court, was under the presidency of the Viscount of Jerusalem; and the 'sworn men[1]' of the city sat in it. It is notable as an early draft of a municipal constitution, though in political interest it falls far below the French Communes of a later date. As in the introduction of a code of feudal laws, so in this foreshadowing of civic rights, the Kingdom of Jerusalem is the eastern harbinger of modern Europe. Two things helped to give these Courts their marked character: first, the risks to which the Latins were exposed, from Saracens without and Syrians within their walls, and from their own turbulent unbridled vices; and secondly, the character of the colonists, who streamed over from Europe[2]. These were often rich free merchants, to whom rights could not be refused. Yet, in a Syrian town the commercial usages of France would have been fatal; consequently each city had its court with well-marked relations and rights, closely bound up with the feudal aristocracy of the kingdom; and was made as like as possible in its government to the feudal castle[3].

The City Courts were ruled by laws, which formed the 'Assise de Basse Cour;' a collection made with no great system, regulating all sales, loans, sea-faring, pledges, contracts for hire of servants or land, and agreements. It also ruled the civil procedure, and asserted emphatically the authority of the civil

[1] These were twelve men chosen by the King, or the Lord of the Fief in which the Court was sitting. They took oath to him, not to one another.

[2] In some cases the Latins expelled all natives, to make room for these colonists.

[3] A little later the merchant cities, Genoa first, then Venice and Pisa, established colonies for trade purposes; these towns soon became communes, with their own special courts, 'Cours de la Fonde,' or Bazaar-courts.

power over clergy, and even over the military orders. Marriage, testaments, slave-holding (even burghers had slaves), were all regulated there; every question in social life was dealt with. Penal laws were laid down with the usual severity; torture, ordeal, mutilation, follow one another in grim procession, and death, by comparison the merciful, closes up the rear[1].

And lastly, the Syrians were permitted to live under their own laws and uses, with their own courts, presided over by their reis; an arrangement which, though often dangerous, and sometimes accused of rashness, was probably more prudent than any attempt to compel the disaffected natives to live under French customs would have been.

These three Courts sat at Jerusalem, and speedily became the patterns for others of like kind throughout the kingdom, and were the basis of all feudal justice; and over these local courts the King presided, if present at their sittings: all the political power seems to have been established at Jerusalem.

Such was the constitution of the feudal Kingdom of Jerusalem; a system which in many ways reflected 'French ideas;' but was also, by force of circumstances, in some respects far in advance of anything yet seen in Europe. The Assises, and they alone, gave Frank feudalism sure footing in the East. The Crusaders had been gathered from many lands; it was no easy task to hold them together. For, in fact, their life in Palestine was very turbulent and vicious[2], and indeed defiant of the first principles of the feudal polity. The kingdom was an attempt to establish a great colony on French principles, and with French colonists; and, as such, it was a failure. The brightness, gallantry, enthusiasm of the French character won brilliant laurels in the war; but the national weaknesses soon came forward when the enemy was no longer

[1] John of Ibelin says he compiled the Assises, 'selonc ce que j'ay oy et apris et retenu de ciaus qui ont esté les plus sages homes dou dit roiaume et des plais de la dite Court.'

[2] That the corruption of morals was fearful is shewn by the Assise of Nablous, which is dated A.D. 1120, and unfolds to sight a dark picture of moral degradation.

at the gates, and patience and prudence were the qualities needed. Then society fell a victim to the corruption of Eastern climate and example.

Together with this great development of feudalism came the outburst of the brilliant qualities of chivalry, which have dazzled the world, and made it almost impossible for us to discern the real value of the life of these ages. 'There are,' says Hallam[1], 'three powerful spirits, which have from time to time moved on the face of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honour. It was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three.' And thus far it is true, that the belief that a man must be ruled by what is due to himself, and must do nothing below himself, and must hold his own place, and keep others in theirs,—the special characteristic of the aristocratic principle in the world,—obtained great prominence in connexion with chivalry, and was fostered by the high dignity conceded to it by the public opinion of the crusading ages. At its highest, and in theory, chivalry sets before us the perfect gentleman,—gently-born, gentle-mannered, truthful, faithful, courteous to women, pure, brave and fearless, unsparing of self, filled with deep religious feeling, bowing before God and womankind, but haughty in the presence of all others. This is the true knight of romance. That such an ideal could even be set before man for imitation, and that in the chaos of feudal turbulence such flowers could be thought to grow, was in itself a great step towards better things. Yet it must be allowed that the actual knight was usually far below so noble an ideal, and that, in the earlier times at least, coarseness was far more common than courtesy.

The institution of Chivalry is usually traced back to Karl the Great, in whose reign we find a Capitulary of the year 807[2],

[1] Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. 2. p. 450 (ed. 1846).
[2] In Baluze, Capit. 1. p. 460.

summoning to the King's court of justice the beneficiaries or feudal lords, as well as the 'Caballarii,' or cavaliers, who came on horse, or rather were bound so to present themselves. These latter seemed to have been the sons of the leudes, who went through a form of institution on reaching the years of manhood. They, being stout youths, and having the advantage of being on horseback, soon learnt to think themselves specially brave and to be quite self-reliant. In these early days, however, they were but ordinary elements in the general feudal relationship; they had their own territorial standing, their 'hauberk fiefs[1],' small feudal lordships; and, in fact, there was nothing peculiar about them.

But these were not the true Knights of Chivalry, who were men of honour, holding their dignity without tenure of land; having a personal not a territorial claim to consideration. This bright figure of medieval history owes its origin and grandeur, not to Karl, but to the Crusades. We may find it in the ancient Commendation, by which a well-born but powerless man placed himself under the personal protection of some stronger chief; or we may deduce it from the growth of certain principles of human nature, the sense of honour, of valour, of the dignity of man; in a word, from the nobleness of noble natures in every age;—but still it is clear that the Crusades were the soil in which Chivalry first flourished. There personal merit got a field for its display; the example of the noblest spirits then roused men to applaud and imitate;—Godfrey, Tancred, Raymond, became names of undying glory in romance and song. There, too, the landless gentleman was on a level with the lord of half a realm; his strong arm and prowess had a real value and price. The younger sons of a feudal chief were thus provided for without any subdivision of territory, a thing naturally disliked: the boy was sent to a neighbouring castle, or to the court of the feudal chief, to be brought up in gallant exercises. As page in my lady's bower[2], while yet a tender

[1] Ducange has these as 'feoda de lorica.' See under 'Feodum.'
[2] He was also called 'Varlet,' i.e. probably = 'Vassalet,' or little-

boy, he learnt obedience and courtesy, and, perhaps, respect for woman; and, when he betook himself to the courtyard of the castle, he picked up from the old retainers a certain knowledge of the use of arms, and handled sword and spear; or, best of all, was set on a horse, tasting the first delights of that great power,—hereafter to be bound up with his name and life as a chevalier or knight;—the power of ruling the steed, and overlooking the common crowd. But, when the varlet grew too strong for such child's play, he passed in among the squires, and took place as one of the devotees of war. He was led to the church, and there received from the priest a sword and belt. Henceforth he was on the road to the high estate of Knighthood. Religion blessed the sword as heretofore; and the youth, in the warm zeal of his years, set himself to win a name, and to defend the faith which had given him this baptism of nobility. He was now no longer in lady's bower, but at his lord's heels. He held his horse, or carried his lance and helm, or watched his banner, or guarded his prisoners; he saw that his lord was worshipfully served at meals, he carved the meat at board [1]. But, at twenty-one, if he had borne him well and loyally in the trials of his young life, he prepared himself for the greater consecration, after the humble diaconate, of arms. We all know the common forms of the reception of Knighthood; the white robe, the nightly vigil in the chapel, the oath at daybreak, the bed gaily decked, the priest's address expounding these moralities, the Eucharist, and a sort of catechism of knightly faith; then the oath to keep the good laws of Chivalry; then the new armour brought out and donned; lastly, the novice bidden to kneel down and dubbed a knight by his lord. His horse was led to the church-door; he mounted and rode forth, the crowd shouting, the heralds blowing trumpet-peals: and so he entered the second order

vassal, alluding to his father's relation to the superior lord at whose court he was.

[1] So Joinville tells us that he, as squire, carved at the King of Navarre's table.

with every possible religious sanction. He now had only to 'win his spurs' at the next feat of arms, to cut down some dozen unarmed rustics, or to put to flight a few men-at-arms, or to unhorse a hostile knight; then he became a full member of the hierarchy of Chivalry.

There runs throughout a parallel between knighthood and priesthood. They were the two sanctified classes, living under a lifelong vow, given up to God's service in field and Church. St. Paul's language seemed to be applicable to both; the 'Christian Warfare' was localised and made human by the taking of the cross. The knight's oath bound him to defend the faith, protect the weak, honour womankind: in course of time the worship of the Virgin blended still more closely the relations of chivalry and religion, a union which can be traced through many ages, till we see its last development in the dreams of Loyola, the knight of the Mother of Jesus.

Picturesque and noble though the conception of knighthood is, it would have been an indistinct branch of feudal customs and conditions, but for the Crusades. Then the order stood out clearly, when knight and baron were far from home. Then the greater lords tooks knights into their paid service—kings gladly attached them to themselves. The feudal lord mortgaged his lands; the knight, who had no lands to sell, sold his sword-arm to defend the Church, and grew in men's esteem. He stood upright on his personal service, while the territorial basis of the baron's power was slipping from under his feet. In him we see the rudiment of a standing army. The knight demurred at no length of service, that great difficulty of a feudal army; and the kings must have felt that they had in the loyalty of the knightly estate a counterpoise to the utter anarchy and turbulence of the greater vassals. Moreover, both King and knight had one grand task in common—the repression of lawlessness, the redress of wrong, the doing justice and judgment, and the punishment of the evil-doer. The belief that he was the fountain of justice was an element in the character of the King, which secured the eventual triumph of royalty: and the good

King was also a good knight. Even Saladin is said to have been glad to receive the honour of knighthood: and it is probable that chivalry gained much in courtesy and a high sense of honour by its contact with the nobler natures among the Eastern princes [1].

Still more did the military orders indicate what a new force was growing up. They shewed the world a new form of combination. They began in the noblest strain—carrying out the belief that their knighthood was a brotherhood like that of the religious orders. Their early history is full of rare self-devotion and charity: they took vows of celibacy, their whole life was bound to be religious. With one hand they held the sword, with the other they tended the sick and poor. With great irony they called these humble friends their 'lords' (nos seigneurs); as though they would tell the feudal barons that they owed less allegiance and honour to them than they did to the poor sufferers whom they helped. But this did not last: the glories of chivalry, and the picture of the faithful knight, with its bright foreground of rich colour, high adventure, and fair ladies' smiles, with the picturesque towers of a castle rising from the neighbouring hill, must not blind our eyes to the truth. The knightly life, good though it was, and school of men in its day, had in it from the outset seeds of decay. Its basis was war; and the love of war, and the valuing of men by a warlike standard, form a bad foundation for any institution. Knighthood was completely aristocratic in character: it widened the gulf between classes. The 'raskall rout' were of no account with the knight; he held no faith with such, nor had any sympathy with them. The knight and the priest here stood on very different footings. Religion, low as she fell, never quite lost the sense of her duty towards the down-trodden: knighthood came to despise and illtreat all below it. Knightly privileges sapped the strength of the order. The knight abused his advantages, was cruel in war, riding down the half-armed and

[1] See Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. 2. p. 463 (ed. 1846).

feeble; was licentious in peace. Even so early as the middle of the twelfth century, St. Bernard, who had no bias against war, attacks chivalry with an unsparing pen[1]. The military Orders also early fell into great looseness of manners; and it became clear that in spite of its gallantry, chivalry must fall. Yet it held its place till the growth of regular armies in the English and French wars elbowed it out of the way, and the kingly power grew so strong that it could hold in check both feudal turbulence and knightly prowess, and make them fight under the royal flag. But above all, gunpowder was fatal to chivalry. What could gallantry under the coat of mail do against cannon and the new tactics of war? Gunpowder blew down the robber nests of feudalism and the pride of chivalry. The low-bred man-at-arms with the new engine in his hands came to be on a level with the noblest knight in the battlefield. Hotspur's fop in Shakespere[2] was not so far from the point, when he cried:—

> 'It was great pity, so it was,
> That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
> So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
> He would himself have been a soldier.'

[1] 'Non *militia* sed *malitia*,' he says of them in his De laude novae militiae, quoted in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. XI. p. 231.
[2] Henry IV. Part I. I. 3.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Louis VI, surnamed le Gros*, A.D. 1100—1137.

In the year 1100 Philip the idle king, desiring to shift from his shoulders the burden of his duty, made, after Capetian usage, his son Louis[1], then about twenty-two years old, joint-king, and disappeared into obscurity. He lived yet eight years, was reconciled to Rome, broke his promise of amendment, and to the end clung to the vicious woman he had long before stolen away from Fulk of Anjou. In 1108 he died, in the dress of a Benedictine Monk, giving orders that he should be buried in the Benedictine Church at Fleury on the Loire; 'for greatly he feared lest for his sins, were he buried at St. Denis, he should be carried off by the devil, as was Karl Martel of old'[2]; under St. Benedict's protection he hoped that his bones might rest in peace. There let us leave the weakest of the Capets, and turn our eyes towards a worthier prince. These early kings were feeble, but it was the feebleness of childhood, not of old age, as with the previous races. There does not seem, except in Philip, to have been that extinction of all energy and power of will, which marked the fainéant princes of the Merwing and Karoling dynasties. These men did little, and were little, because they had small opportunities for more. When Louis was adopted by his father in 1100, the crown had as its own domain only the county of Paris, Hurepoix, the Gâtinais, the Orléanais, half the county of Sens, the French Vexin, and Bourges, together with some ill-

[1] The Life of King Louis by his school-fellow friend and adviser, Suger, abbot of St. Denis, is our chief authority.

[2] Ordericus Vitalis, 2.

defined rights over the episcopal cities of Rheims, Beauvais, Laon, Noyon, Soissons, Amiens. And even within these narrow limits the royal power was but thinly spread over the surface. The barons in their castles were in fact independent, and oppressed the merchants and poor folk as they would. The King had also acknowledged rights of suzerainty over Champagne, Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Flanders, and Boulogne; but, in most cases, the only obedience the feudal lords stooped to was that of duly performing the act of homage to the King on first succession to a fief. He claimed suzerainty, which was not conceded, over the South of France; over Provence and Lorraine he did not even put forth a claim of lordship[1]. The very first acts of Louis shew how feeble he was in resources, and how close to his gates were his antagonists. From the high ground near Paris their castles and battlefields could be discerned; the din of arms might almost be heard. Northwards, the lord of Montmorenci disputed with him the plain of St. Denis; the new fort called the Châtelet was built to protect Paris from this powerful neighbour. Southwards, Montleheri barred the way to Orleans and the Loire, and cut the royal domain in two.

What forces had the young King with which to awe his turbulent barons, and to protect or enlarge his borders? He had his own force of character, indicated by his two names of the 'Wide-awake[2],' and 'the Fighter;' he had the prime of youth and good looks[3], and lively pleasant ways[4]; a real genius for war and prompt energy to use such tools as he had, in the 'damsels' who were sent to Paris by the greater vassals and others, numbering full three hundred gallant youths, eager to win glory under the young King[5]. In addition to these household troops, he got some help from his feudal vassals, and specially

[1] See Sismondi, Histoire des Français, tom. 5. p. 8.
[2] L'Éveillé, le Batailleur.
[3] 'Elegans et formosus,' says Suger, Vita Ludovici Grossi, 1.
[4] 'Jocundus, gratus et benevolus; quo etiam a quibusdam simplex reputabatur.'—Suger, Vita Ludovici Grossi, 2.
[5] These 'Damsels,' Damoiseaux, were the Maison du Roi, even at that early time. Louis himself was styled 'the Royal Damsel.'

from Robert of Flanders, his maternal uncle. The Crusades also helped him, by carrying off the most vigorous of his neighbours, and turning men's attention elsewhere; and lastly, he had an unfailing source of strength in the goodwill of the clergy and people. He was regarded as their champion; he was penetrated with the royal belief—the very salt of kingship,—that he was the pure fount of justice, the defender of the weak [1]. In the great struggle which will hereafter come up between Pope and King, this royal quality will be seen to have great weight. The Papacy lost ground, as the King gained: her justice was not based on a sense of right between man and man, but on the ancient laws and distinctions of the Church, which ever aimed at drawing a strong line between the clerical and the lay. So long as she could shew herself as Justice walking serenely on earth, in the midst of a turbulent world, her authority remained unassailable; but when she strove to withdraw her own soldiers from the hand of law, she ceased to be a judge and became a partisan. Then the kingly power resisted her with success, and law and right ranged themselves under the banner of secular authority. We shall see how the lawyers of France became the most powerful opponents of papal claims.

With such strength as he could muster King Louis reduced Bouchard de Montmorenci and his petty allies, and freed the northern walls of Paris from insult. Then he fell on Ebles, count of Rouci, with seven hundred 'men of choice,' and defeated him, so succouring the oppressed Church of Rheims; and this too, though Ebles had Burgundy at his back. Soon after he did the like good turn for the Church of Orleans. Next, when Guy Troussell, son of Miles, lord of Montleheri, came back from Crusade, (he had let himself over the walls of Antioch by a rope, leaving his luckless men-at-arms to shift as they best might,) the two kings, Philip and Louis, persuaded him in his shame and dejection to give his only daughter to a son of King Philip by Bertrade: with her he handed over Montleheri to them,

[1] 'Ecclesiarum utilitatibus providebat, aratorum laboratorum et pauperum, quod diu insolitum fuerat, quieti studebat.'—Suger, Vita L. G. 2.

thus removing the obstacle from the royal highway southwards,—'whereof the two kings were as glad, as if they had taken a mote out of their eye[1].' Montleheri was entrusted to Guy of Rochfort, uncle of Guy Troussell, who had gone over to King Philip on his return from Jerusalem. The young King was forthwith affianced to Guy of Rochfort's daughter, and the father was made seneschal. But, for some reason, we know not what,—it is one of the puzzles of this reign,—Louis threw away this chance of securing Montleheri, the key of the position. He broke with Guy, declined his daughter, and plunged at once into the delights of war. In 1107 Pope Paschal came to France, to confer at Châlons-sur-Marne with the archbishop of Trèves as to the Investitures' quarrel, and Louis got him to release him from the child-marriage[2]: Guy was suddenly deposed from his seneschalship, and dismissed the court. He fell to war, backed by the troubled spirit of Bertrade, who hoped to place her son Philip on the throne, and by the discontented barons, who feared the vigorous young King. But Louis was too quick for them. The inhabitants of Montleheri ejected Philip, Bertrade's son, and opened their gates to the King. Bertrade seeing that her plans had failed, took the veil in the convent of Haute-Bruyère, a dependency of Fontevrault, that strange double foundation, in which the nuns in their cloister sang and played, while the monks in the field tilled the land and supported the community; a lady abbess being set over both nuns and monks, the former always taking precedence. No institution so favourable to woman had ever been established in Christendom: it is among the proofs of the new powers of chivalry. There Bertrade did not continue long, for she died.

In the midst of this struggle died King Philip, in 1108; and on the very next Sunday Louis was crowned at Orleans by the archbishop of Sens: one wonders why he should not have waited a few days; and why not have gone to Rheims, where the kings were ever wont to be crowned? The truth seems to

[1] Suger, Vita L. G. 8.
[2] 'Filiam ejusdem Guidonis necdum nubilem.' Suger, Vita L. G. 8.

be that he was afraid of delay, which in the midst of his wars might be dangerous to his crown. No sooner was he crowned than he hastened away to renew his struggle with his neighbours; and slowly he gained strength and firm footing, till in 1111 we note the rise into prominence of a new and significant ally. He was besieging Le Puiset, a castle belonging to Hugh the Fair; and in his army were the peasants of the Church-lands, smarting under Hugh's depredations, armed and led by the curates of their parishes. Suger tells us how one village priest at the head of his rustic troop first broke into the robber's den. He made his way unarmed alone and unnoticed to the palisade, and began to pull the stakes away: finding himself unmolested, he beckoned to his men below, who hastened up, and broke their way in. The King's troops were at the same time attacking the place on another side. Thus the serfs appear as a faithful militia. There was no doubt as to their loyalty or readiness. It was a peasant rising, under guidance of authority and right, against the shameless oppression of the barons. This opportune help was probably gained for the King in great part by Suger himself, to whom Louis had entrusted the priory of Toury hard by Le Puiset, where a kind of fortress of observation was built. In this, and in many other acts, Suger shewed himself one of the most important founders of the French nation. He supported the King in his desire to do justice; he brought great administrative gifts to bear on the social state of the country; his advice was ever sage, and generally successful; he was the ruling spirit of the reign of two kings, the first of those great Churchmen who presided over the growth and fortunes of the French Monarchy.

In this series of petty wars King Louis shewed great energy and bravery, sometimes fighting in the forefront, like a common soldier; always first to begin and last to leave off; until he brought his own vassals into tolerable order. Throughout all he gave to his wars the stamp of right and justice. The ill-doer was called to appear before the King's court, for the judgment of his peers: if he came and was condemned, the King executed

sentence on him; if he refused to appear, he was attacked and brought under for his contumacy. The conceptions of justice and loyalty were daily more and more connected.

It is usual to say that the King was wisely inclined to defend the poor, to side with the Church, to encourage the Communes in cities. The first and second of these statements are quite true, but of the third there are no real proofs. Indeed, it assumes a state of things which had as yet scarcely begun to exist. The King was active and intelligent; but it was too much to expect him to foresee the future importance of cities. Even Suger himself shews no sign of such discernment. In fact, Louis, in the case of Laon, did not hesitate to sell his help to the bishop who outbid the citizens; they offered him 400 livres, the bishop 700, and the King at once accepted the higher bid. He had before granted the citizens a charter, he now revoked it at once; and when they resisted, he crushed them without mercy. He gave privileges, it is true, but not free constitutions, to the five chief cities of the royal domain, Paris, Orléans, Melun, Étampes, and Compiègne. But he hardly seems to have done more than let the movement take its course: nor is his name so closely connected with the cities as are the names of some other great lords of the same period. The feudal lords of towns were glad to sell their claims for ready money: even the King did it. In Burgundy, Normandy, Guienne, this first stir of civic life took place: in the South of France the cities, inheriting the traditions of old municipal rights from Rome, were already well advanced in the path of independence.

Meanwhile, as King Louis grew stronger, the hold of Germany on Provence and Lorraine relaxed: the long war of investitures, fully engaging the Emperor, left him no leisure to look after these outlying portions of the Empire: and the feudal lords in these districts became all but independent sovereigns. This rendered the King's eastern frontier safe from danger; these princes were so new and so isolated that there was nothing to fear from them. But the Norman border was very different. There, a united and warlike race was ruled by a King who had

all the resources of England at his back, and was infinitely stronger for war than his restless brother of France. But Louis recked nothing of all this. He espoused the cause of William Clito, son of Robert, grandson of the Conqueror, and plunged into war. In early life he had resisted William Rufus with great credit; but he won no credit now. Normandy was laid low, churches became the barns and refuges of the country folk —the Norman churches, so solid and warlike in appearance that they might easily be turned into fortresses—and the usual misery was inflicted on the defenceless. But Louis was well beaten at Brenneville[1] in 1119, and though the clergy responded to his cry for help, he felt that he was in the grasp of the stronger man, and sought how to escape from the difficulty into which he had thrust himself. Pope Calixtus II was holding a council at Rheims; he laid before him his complaints against Henry of England. The Pope brought about a reconciliation, the terms of it were honourable for Louis, though he failed in his nominal object, the establishment of William Clito, who had to fall back into obscurity and abandon his claim to the duchy.

But Louis was not likely to rest: and in 1124 there was again a threat of war. Henry of England made alliance—prophetic of many later combinations—with his son-in-law, Henry V of Germany, who undertook to invade Eastern France and to threaten Rheims. But the King summoned his vassals to his help. The men of his own domain, now quite broken in, came readily. Rheims and Châlons sent six thousand men; Laon and Soissons the like; Orléans, Étampes and Paris with the King's own body-guard, his 'damsels,' formed the centre of his army. In their midst waved the Oriflamme[2], the sacred banner, which King Louis had with great solemnity taken from

[1] Described in Ordericus Vitalis, bk. 12. But Suger has very little to say about this disaster of his royal friend (ch. 25). The name of the place at that time was Brenmula.

[2] The Oriflamme was a flame-red banner of silk; three-pointed on its lower side, and tipped with green. It was fastened to a gilt spear. It was in fact the banner of the Counts of the Vexin, who held under the Abbey of St. Denis, and laid their flag on its altar. When the Vexin fell to the King (in the days of Philip I, circ. 1087) the Oriflamme was adopted as the royal standard.

the altar of St. Denis. The Count of Champagne was there with a strong force; the Duke of Burgundy did not fail; and Vermandois brought his horsemen and the footmen of St. Quentin; Pontoise, Amiens, and Beauvais completed the army. The greater lords, who lay without the circle of the King's immediate influence, did not dare to refuse, but managed to arrive too late. 'The most noble Count of Flanders would have tripled the host, had he been summoned earlier;' William of Aquitaine, Conan of Brittany, the warlike Fulk of Anjou were also hindered by the distance and the suddenness of the appeal[1]. The King prudently shewed no dissatisfaction: and the French chroniclers tell us that the fame of his energy and preparations deterred the Emperor, who halted, abandoned his enterprise, and fell back on Germany. The rumour of troubles at Worms was probably the true reason of his retreat. Still in France herself the knightly King won no small credit[2]; men began to regard him as the central figure of all France: though the great feudal princes had not joined him, they had recognised the validity of his summons as against the foreigner. Peace was made with Henry of England, and the sacred Indict[3], which contained a nail from the cross, the crown of thorns, and the bones of saints, which had all been brought forth to fight for King Louis, were restored with much reverence by his own hand to their shrine at St. Denis. The death of Henry V within a year confirmed the truth of men's belief that heaven fought for their King. The royal power thus slowly rose clear of all feudal powers: the King was no longer one among his peers; but had superior rights and powers of his own. Nothing shews this so clearly as his intervention between the Bishop of Clermont and the Count of Auvergne, backed by William of Aquitaine. The King, in spite of his unwieldy bulk and the summer heats, marched southwards, with the Counts of Flanders,

[1] Suger, Vita L. G. c. 27 (Dom Bouquet, tom. 12. 51).

[2] 'Idem aut superum fuit, quam si campo triumphisset.'—Suger, Vita L. G. cap. 27.

[3] The 'Indict' was said to have been deposited at St. Denis by Karl the Bald; it had belonged to Karl the Great, and was laid up by him at Aachen.

Anjou, and Brittany in his train, 'army enough to have conquered Spain,' says Suger: these great lords were in good time now. William, great prince as he was, humbled himself, came into the King's camp, begged 'his Majesty' to accept his homage, and offered to submit the dispute to the judgment of the barons. It was easily adjusted; and men discerned that King Louis was a real power even beyond the Loire. Thence to the Northern border; to Bruges, where the Provost Bertulf had set on his nephew Buchard to slay Charles the Good at his prayers in church. The King avenged him brutally, with fiendish malignity of punishment; and then, as Suger says, 'having washed and rebaptised Flanders with much blood,' he made William Clito the Norman, his protégé, their count. Thence he went home; but as soon as he was gone the Flemings cast William out; and presently he perished at the siege of Alost. Then Louis and Henry of England agreed to appoint Thierry of Alsace Count of Flanders. Thus was the King's activity felt from North to South.

But he was oppressed by his infirmities, and needed help; so, like his fathers, he had his eldest son Philip crowned King in 1129. But in 1131, when the lad was sixteen, as he was riding out of Paris with his men, in the suburb a 'diabolical pig'[1] ran between his horse's legs, and down came steed and rider. He was picked up senseless, and died that night, to the infinite grief of his parents, and of all the great men of the land. They buried the 'hope of the realm,' the boy of high promise, at St. Denis, and within a fortnight crowned in his stead his brother Louis, 'the Young,' a little lad, in the presence of a vast crowd from every part; Aquitanians, Germans, English, Spaniards, being there[2]; and from their presence the happiest auguries were drawn;—auguries not destined to be verified by time.

During these same years troubles fell on Normandy. In 1129 the Empress Matilda, widow of Henry V, heiress of Normandy

[1] Suger, Vita L. G. in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 59.
[2] Ibid.

and England, married Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. On the death of Henry I, the Norman barons and the citizens of London passed them both over, and in 1135 chose as King of England Stephen of Blois, a grandson of William the Conqueror. Hence sprang a wild and desolating war in Normandy, as well as in England.

While Louis, worn out by illness and his bulk, against which he chafed and fought in vain, was devoutly preparing for death, there came messengers to him from William of Aquitaine with a proposal of great moment. William had a daughter, Eleanor; her he offered in marriage to the boy-King, Louis the Young. The old King, rejoicing greatly, and hoping that the rich and civilised South would hereby become a part of the kingdom, spent all his remaining energies in hastening his son's departure, entrusting him to the care of his most valued friend, the Abbot Suger. The child-bride and bridegroom met at Bordeaux; in the presence of the chief men of the South the marriage took place, and Eleanor was crowned Queen of France. The two dying princes, the fathers of the pair, did not live to hear the end: William never returned from his pilgrimage to Compostella, whither he went to make tardy and poor acknowledgment for a life of crime; Louis, on his way to die at St. Denis, yearning once more to see the home of his pious boyhood, was seized with the pains of death at Paris, and expired, lying on a cloth strewn with ashes. They buried him in a worthy place among his fathers at St. Denis (A.D. 1137).

Thus ended the formal independence of Aquitaine, and at the same moment the great founder of the royal power of France breathed his last, without seeing the fulfilment of his life's labours. He was a noble king, a noble man. His loving biographer, Suger, has left us a full account of his energy, ability, merriment in health, and cheerfulness in sickness,—'he was so mirthful that some even reckoned him a simpleton,'—his piety and humbleness of heart, his untiring activity of life, his holy end. He tells us, too, of the love his friends bore him, and of the gratitude of the common folk towards him. 'As he

seemed to recover health, shortly before his death, and rode a horse, or was carried in his litter, he came to Meudon on the Seine: as he went all men ran together from castle and town, or from the ploughshare in the field, to meet him and shew their devotion to the King who had protected them and given them peace[1].'

Had his work been less thoroughly done, it could not have survived the folly of his successor. As it was, Louis the Young and his queen, instead of uniting all France in one great kingdom, retarded for half a century, though they could not ruin, the building up of the French monarchy.

While France was waking to a sense of national unity, she was also rising in moral dignity, through the influence of the reviving Church. Her noblest architecture dates from this time; and a nation's life may be said to be marked by its buildings as much as by its speech. In these days 'Gothic' architecture was born. The massive Norman churches gave place to the more cheerful French style. The huge column was enriched with light and graceful shafts; the circular arch, unbroken, unyielding, was replaced by a sharp-pointed one. The conventional, and heavy ornament of the older period gave way before more graceful and truthful forms. For the solid tower, men built the light spire; the small windows expanded, and were filled with richly coloured lights. The Norman style had expressed the old Scandinavian feeling, modified by the sense of warlike power and resistance, and by contact with the Roman style of building; the new style told of the influences of chivalry on a race which loved colour and light and change, which looked on things bright and vigorous, less defiant, less permanent, more refined, more sensuous[2].

The Church, in fact, rose as a mistress and a mother. The King was devoted to her service; the feudal world pledged its

[1] Suger, Vita Lud. Grossi, Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 62.

[2] This is the change in architecture from what is called in England the 'Norman' to the 'Early English'; from St. Cross to Romsey Abbey, from Romsey Abbey to Salisbury Cathedral.

homage to her; the chief minds of the age were reckoned among her children. Bernard, 'last of the Fathers,' Abelard, the subtle Rationalist, Suger, the prudent Politician, were the three greatest names of the time. St. Bernard, the great Abbot of Clairvaux, the Pope's champion and adviser, moved alike in the Church and the world as the guiding spirit of the religious revival. He made peace or war, taking part in all the affairs of Europe, and carrying into all an intrepid and clear faith, a warmth of devotion, and a noble purity of conduct. Over against him we may set Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, the politician, the King's champion, a man far in advance of his times, sound and practical; capable of feeling all the movements of the day: at one time a courtly abbot with princely train, at another moment a humble ascetic, influenced by the revival of the age, and winning a reputation for piety, even for sanctity; a scholar, and for the age a writer of taste, a consummate man of business, who could build a noble church, and recover the lapsed possessions of his abbey, or sit in the councils of his prince as chief, governing the kingdom with singular sagacity and success. And Abelard, who had been an unwilling sojourner at St. Denis when Suger was first made abbot, a name of romance, the most learned scholar, and most luckless lover of his time; who brought back to the world the supremacy of Aristotle; who roused the desire to inquire into the causes of things; who founded all knowledge on the human reason and on the investigation of facts; who wrote bold treatises on things the most mysterious, even on the nature of the Holy Trinity:—he it is who established the intellectual reputation of Paris, and, though he bowed the head before the clergy, and did not dare to measure swords with St. Bernard, began a new and all-important epoch in the history of Philosophy.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Louis VII, 'the Young,' and the Growth of Civic Liberties*, A.D. 1137—1180.

Louis VI had been a firm friend to and defender of the Church; but Louis VII, the Young, was its slave. The strong man drew strength from the connexion; the weak man only displayed his weakness. Brought up by the piety of his father under Suger's eye among the monks of St. Denis, he sucked in prejudice and feebleness from the cloister, but learnt nothing of real wisdom from the sagacious abbot. But though Suger could not give him wisdom, he impressed him with respect for it; and the weak King, deferring often to his tutor's judgment was saved from utterly marring his father's work. He listened to Suger because he honoured him as a Churchman, not because he was a shrewd, long-headed man of the world. The monkish historians cannot enough praise the monkish King. Stephen of Paris begins with high hopes of him, 'so pious, so clement, so catholic and kindly, that were you to see his bearing and simplicity of dress you might think he was not a king, but some good monk[1].' His queen afterwards said something like this, but she did not mean it as a compliment. 'He loved justice,' adds Robert, 'and defended it with zeal; he was in life and conversation a thorough Churchman.' And Stephen, eye-witness of his hero's doings in this earlier time, adds two tales,

[1] Robert of Paris, in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 89.

as to his humility before the Church: how he made even the lowest sexton and bedell go before him into the church; and how he humbled himself at St. Denis one day for having, without leave of the community, supped at their charges, at Creteil one night, when overtaken by the darkness before he could ride on to Paris. No wonder that the monk was delighted with his piety. This pliant weakness and soft conscience towards the Church bore its natural fruits, as we shall see. He was called 'the Young' when he came to the throne, being but a lad when first crowned, and a youth of about eighteen when he became sole King: he retained the name, and deserved it, as long as he lived.

For a short time all went tolerably straight. He was crowned with Eleanor of Aquitaine by his side; and in that public act men saw the sign of the alliance of North and South. Yet ere long he was discreditably repulsed in an attempt to make good his claims against the great house of Toulouse; and was quickly taught what was the real extent of his authority over the South.

In this same year of his accession, Stephen of Blois and England took Lillebonne on the Seine, and passed thence with his Normans and Flemings into Anjou; but there a quarrel arose between the two nations over a 'hose of wine'[1], and the invaders had to withdraw into Normandy.

Next, the King plunged into a quarrel with Innocent II, touching the Church of Bourges. Supported by Suger, he very properly asserted his right to name the archbishop; but the Pope replied that he was but a child, and at once consecrated a nominee of his own. To this quarrel, in which the King was in the right, are due all his mishaps:—hence sprang the second Crusade; hence the divorce; hence the claims of Henry of England. For as this dispute went on, Theobald of Champagne thought well to fish in troubled waters, and sided with the Pope: the angry King attacked his lands, took Vitry by storm, and burnt down the parish church, with some hundreds

[1] 'Una *hosa* vini, sc. *ocrea* vino plena,' in England called a 'jack.'

of poor folk in it. The King's conscience smote him after this horrid act, and he made peace with the Pope,—on condition that he should do penance by a Crusade. St. Bernard had throughout supported the Pope against the King; he now threw himself hotly into the scheme for a second Crusade. He passed from city to city, preaching, like a second Peter, with all Peter's enthusiasm and his own power and learning. The Latins had been losing ground in the East, and now came news that Edessa, the outpost of Christendom, had fallen to the Turks with a horrible slaughter of Christians. All Europe was moved: at Vézélay Louis and his young wife took the cross; and all men hastened to follow their example. The King did it as a penance for his crime; penance was throughout the leading thought; the Crusade was a Crusade of criminals.

Suger tried in vain to stem the tide. His clear sight discerned the risk the young French monarchy was running, and the thankless task which awaited his own old age. But nothing could turn aside the excitable King; and Bernard's enthusiasm easily overbore Suger's prudence: and thus these two great Churchmen, with ever diverging sympathies, took part, even at that early day, in the constantly recurring struggle between Papal Empire and French Monarchy.

The fire was kindled through all France. Once more monasteries grew, churches sprang up. At Chartres, for example, there was a complete 'revival': men yoked themselves to carts and dragged stones, timber, provisions, for the builders of the cathedral towers: the enthusiasm spread across Normandy and France: everywhere with the same penitential symptoms. 'Humility and affliction on every side; penitence and confession of sins; grief and contrition in every heart. You might see men and women drag themselves on their knees through deep swamps; scourge themselves; raise songs and praises to God; take part in the working of plentiful miracles[1].' On such sen-

[1] So says Robert de Monte (A.D. 1145), in Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 13. 290. He ends his account of the carts dragged by the devout peasants to Chartres with the curious reflection that 'you might say it was the fulfilment of the prophetic words "Spiritus Dei erat *in rotis*."'

sitive ears as these fell that 'heavenly organ,' St. Bernard's voice, 'after its sort pouring forth the dew of the divine word[1];' and France sprang to her feet. It was the same with Germany; though the Germans did not understand a word, the great preacher's voice and manner were enough: they took the cross by thousands. Even Conrad III, the Emperor, with several princes of the Empire, was carried away by the enthusiasm. To Bernard, mainspring of the movement, was offered the chief command; but he, wiser than Peter, perhaps warned by his fate, refused to accept it: he set himself, instead, to save the wretched Jews. For, just as before, the Christian enthusiasm broke out in cruel persecution of these inoffensive people. It is to the infinite credit of the Saint, that he threw the mantle of his protection over them, and saved them from the horrors of a fanatical and selfish persecution.

In 1147 the French army was ready: Conrad with the Germans was a little before them. France was entrusted to the care of Suger, as Regent, together with the Count of Nevers. But Nevers fled from his responsibilities into a convent, and Suger in reality administered the realm alone, though the Archbishop of Rheims, and the Count of Vermandois were appointed as his nominal assessors.

Nothing could be more wretched than the result of this grand Crusade, headed by the two greatest princes of Christendom. Manuel Comnenus at Constantinople did them all the harm he could. Conrad pushed on across Asia Minor without provisions or trustworthy guides. He fell into the hands of the Turks, who routed him utterly. The poor remnant of his host, some five to six thousand, fell back on the French, who had also suffered much from the Byzantine Emperor[2], and were painfully moving along the coast of Asia Minor. At every step they felt Greek treason and Turkish enmity; until at last, reach-

[1] Odo of Deuil, in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 92.

[2] The bishop of Langres actually advised Louis to storm Constantinople, and make it a true bulwark for Europe against the Infidels. But the King, loyal to his vow, refused to do it, and went on.

ing Attalia, it was agreed that the King with his knights should take ship, and the rest push on by land to Antioch. Thus the unstable King left his flock to its fate; its fate of death, or slavery. It is said that he did it reluctantly; but it is one of those things which no true King of men could have done at all. Very different was the conduct of St. Louis, under somewhat similar circumstances. Of all that mighty host of pilgrims, reckoned at nearly half a million, scarcely ten thousand reached the Holy Land. From Antioch the King pushed on, caring only to fulfil his vow, and to do penance for the scene at Vitry; and so made his way to Jerusalem. There, on the altar of the church of the Sepulchre, he offered up the lives of that great host which he had misled and abandoned: with half a million souls he bought his absolution;—but with it he won the alienation and hatred of his queen, and consequent loss of all Southern France, and the utter disgrace and discredit of his reign. He turned his face homewards, after a miserable attempt to take Damascus, which only shewed the discord of the Christians, and added somewhat to the great sacrifice of life that had been made. Nor was he even allowed to reach France without further disgrace. The Greeks captured him on the high seas; he was rescued by the Sicilian Normans, who put him ashore safely on the French coast, in 1149. So he returned home, a miserable degraded being; he had abandoned his army, his Queen Eleanor had abandoned him, with expressions of utterest contempt: unstable as water, he could not excel.

One thing alone came out of this Crusade[1]. The German and French armies having joined, and the remnant of the Germans having ranged themselves under the French King's banner, the French learnt to look on Louis as at least the equal of Conrad the Emperor: they felt they were a nation of one speech, while the Germans were a nation of another; that is, they felt themselves marked off from other people by distinct national characteristics: a clear step forwards in the growth of the French Monarchy.

[1] La Vallée, Histoire des Français, tom. 1. p. 327.

Louis found France stronger and more compact than when he set out. Suger as Regent had repressed turbulence and crime, had administered the King's estates prudently, had done justice, had helped the poor and oppressed, until his name spread to distant lands, and men came from far to see the wisdom of this new Solomon. With joy and thankfulness, as a good steward, he rendered up his charge into the King's hands; and went humbly home to St. Denis, whence he seldom afterwards came forth, living only to protect the poor, the widow and the fatherless, and to administer the affairs of the Abbey with the same wisdom and success which had attended his management of the greater business of the kingdom[1]. So he spent the rest of his days in peace:—Suger, the poor monk, one of the true founders of the French kingdom.

Louis, left to himself, soon went wrong. On his return to France, Suger had prudently advised him to dissemble his grievance against Eleanor his wife, seeing that an open breach would rend France asunder. But the foolish King consented to a divorce, after a slight and heartless opposition; and Eleanor left the court, bearing with her Poitou and Aquitaine as a dower for the next husband she might choose. St. Bernard, at the time of the quarrel between Louis and the Pope, had accused the King of marrying his cousin[2]: and doubtless the accusation stuck in the King's tender conscience, and made him all the more ready to acquiesce in the divorce. After a romantic journey, in which she narrowly escaped more than one turbulent suitor, eager to carry off the heiress, Eleanor reached Poitiers in safety; and before long found in Henry of Anjou a worthy mate. In 1152 he had succeeded to his father's lordships. He was Count of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine; he had strong hold on Normandy, indefinite but not despicable claims on England; a brave soul of his own, and a strong hand to take and keep. Wherewith he

[1] See the Encyclical Letter of the Chapter of St. Denis on his death; Œuvres Complètes de Suger, p. 404.

[2] Hugh Capet's wife was sister to William Fier-à-Bras, Eleanor's grandfather, so that Eleanor was the King's cousin seven times removed.

wedded the great heiress, in spite of the King, who, as his suzerain, forbade the banns. He wedded her and went at once to do homage to the King, his liege, for the very lands he had in fact wrenched out of his hand.

In vain did Louis make league in 1153 with Stephen of England, Geoffrey of Anjou, Henry's younger brother, and Henry of Champagne, to check the growing power of the great Count of Anjou. Henry was far stronger than the three; and forced Louis to make peace, securing his position in France, as lord from sea to sea, from the Norman coast to the Gulf of Lyons. Then he crossed over into England, a new Conqueror, at the head of a strong army, and the English barons, all discontented, fell to him. Stephen made what peace he could, recognising him as his heir. And thus Henry overcame the coalition in the usual way; dividing its members, and conquering them in detail. Next year Stephen died, and Henry ascended the English throne without a murmur[1]. The great controversy between England and France takes definite shape from this time, a life and death struggle for the French monarchy and nation. At first the contest lay between two Frenchmen, and between lord and vassal (for Henry had done homage to Louis for his possessions on the mainland), not yet between two equal sovereigns, and two proud and hostile nations. Still the general issue was the same in the earlier age, though the high interest of the later periods was wanting. The present struggle lay halfway between the old squabbles and half-private wars arising out of the feudal relationships, and the new and grander wars which were soon to spring up between monarch and monarch, nation and nation. A day would come when the very throne of France would be claimed by an English king; and the claim all but established by the sword. This later quarrel lay involved in the earlier one; and Henry of Anjou, with his determined character and splendid resources, might well, even without hereditary claims, have joined the French crown to that of

[1] William of Newbridge, Bk. 13. p. 102.

England. From the weakness of Louis the Young no obstacles could arise; the growing sense of national life in Northern France alone resisted and staved off the evil day, till the vigorous son of this poor creature became King, and then the peril at once passed away for a time.

No men could be more utterly unlike than Henry and Louis; and it was no small part of the invariable ill-fortune of the French King that he was forced to stand, in all his littleness, side by side with the bold form of the successful Count of Anjou. His is one of the grandest figures in the history of royalty. In the words of the Anjou chronicler he was 'vigorous in war, marvellous in prudence of reply, frugal in habits, munificent to others, sober, kindly, peaceable'[1]. He secured his broad territories and held them wisely and firmly. He reformed England, driving out the locust-cloud of Flemings who had come over in his predecessor's train, abolished 'certain imaginary earls; bore himself so wisely, defended himself so manfully, that all men, even his foes, praised him.' And if in later life he gave rein to his passions, and his strong nature grew more vehement, we must remember that never was prince so sorely tried[2].

Against so great a rival what chance had the French King? —a man whom his wife despised and escaped from—carrying her knowledge of his weakness straight into the enemy's camp; a man who was the humble servant of the clergy, and yet too impetuous and unstable to follow their advice; who threw away half his strength, and did not know how to husband the remainder; who had been foiled in the South, and had deserted his soldiers in the East:—how could men trust in him, and rally round him in his struggle against the King of England?

In 1156 Henry gathered a great army to subdue Ireland,

[1] In Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 482.

[2] It must be remembered also that the monkish historians are certain to have exaggerated his faults. They had a natural antipathy to a strong man; especially if he opposed all they counted most sacred.

but diverted it from its purpose, and landed on the French coast, to support his claims to the remains of his father's property in Anjou and the Breton country. He and his allies disturbed the whole land, from the Pyrenees to the borders of Flanders; but we have no record of noteworthy deeds. Two years later (A.D. 1159) Henry marched on Toulouse, and might have taken it; but he forbore, because Louis was in the city; and the great vassal was never unmindful of his feudal loyalty to his suzerain[1]. In the next year the King made peace. Henry, the English King's son, did homage for Normandy to Louis, and soon after espoused Margaret, the French King's daughter, who brought him Gisors and two other castles on the Norman border, as her dower, places which were said to pertain of right to the duchy. Next year King Henry made vigorous use of this peace. He prevented others from building offensive strongholds on his frontiers; he strengthened all his border-fastnesses, especially Gisors; made a park and palace hard by Rouen; restored the hall and chambers by the tower of that city; for Rouen, rather than London, seemed to him the centre and capital of that Anglo-French monarchy which all his life he struggled to found and consolidate; he built a fine lazar-house; and in many ways shewed activity and discretion. The same he did in Aquitaine, in England, in Anjou, and elsewhere. A little before this time he had begun to lay hands on Brittany; and, after a resistance which lasted for ten years (A.D. 1156—1166), he compelled the sturdy duchy to do him homage. Henceforward Brittany, hitherto so isolated and independent, enters into our history, and takes her share in the struggles between France and England, though in language, manners, and feeling, she was still—nay, has continued to be up to our own day—distinct from the rest of France.

[1] Robert de Monte, App. ad Sigebertum, in Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. 303: 'Urbem totam Tolosanam noluit obsidere, *deferens Ludovico Regi Francorum*, qui eamdem urbem contra regem Henricum Angliae muniverat.' Henry afterwards shewed a like respect for his feudal obligations, to his own loss, in the boyish years of Philip Augustus.

Thus, by about the year 1160, Henry had secured Normandy, Poitou, and Aquitaine; had feudal suzerainty over Auvergne; was lord of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine; had firm hold on Nantes, with good hopes of the rest of Brittany; had wrested Quercy from Toulouse; had subjected Gascony; was ally to Champagne, and protector of Flanders. And yet, with all this overwhelming power, he had now reached the highest limit of his success, and could do no more, even against the feebleness of Louis VII.

For, as he grew older, the worse side of his character became stronger. He made the clergy his bitter foes. He tried to curb that dangerous power by the Constitutions of Clarendon, which were passed in 1164, and were designed to bring the clergy under secular restraints: the quarrel soon broke out into open war. On the one side was the King, with his barons and some bishops; on the other side, Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, once the King's favourite and chancellor, now his deadly opponent. Behind Thomas were the Pope and the French King, as well as the general favour of the English clergy, and the national dislike and resistance of the English, who had no sympathy with the foreign King, who was not even like the Normans who had conquered them and settled down among them. Thus, at the end of Louis's reign, the two Kings were nearly evenly balanced. This period may be divided into two parts;—the struggle between Henry and the archbishop (A.D. 1164—1170), and that between the King and his undutiful wife and children (A.D. 1173—1180). In spite of all, Henry persisted, strengthened himself in Brittany, lost no ground in Aquitaine, and conquered Ireland. His plan was to yield nothing of worth, but to shew himself ever ready to be reconciled to Becket, who, with his many reservations and obstinacy, sorely tried the irritable monarch's temper; to enlist the goodwill of the easy-going Pope, Alexander III, as we see in his appeal to him to sanction the conquest of Ireland; and to pay the utmost respect to his suzerain, so far as homage and declarations went, as we see at the opening

of the contest between the kings for the possession of Auvergne. Auvergne was on the skirts of either power: the French King's influence had spread beyond the Loire, and the English King's claims on Aquitaine included those of suzerainty over it. So, when Louis redressed the wrongs done by William, Count of Auvergne, to the Bishops of Clermont and Puy, though Henry wrote to beg he would hand over to him the illdoers, being his vassals, still he fully recognised the French King's rights as superior lord, and declared that he would 'do whatever he ought, as to his lord[1].' Thus, as he often did almost ostentatiously, he proclaimed himself the French King's vassal.

Moreover, while Henry's power was thus suffering from his contest with the Church, a mishap befell him, the whole importance of which did not appear till after his death. In 1160 Constance, King Louis's second Queen, died, in giving birth to a daughter. 'The King and the whole realm were exceedingly sad thereat; but, afterwards comforted by his barons, he somewhat forgot his deep sorrow,'—and (fifteen days after the poor lady's death!) wedded Ala or Alice, daughter of Theobald of Blois, a noted beauty of the court. She, in 1165, bore him a son (as yet he had none but daughters), to the great joy of all France. Well-omened names were bestowed on him: he was the 'God-given,' the 'Magnanimous,' the 'August;'—Philip Augustus, who was destined to raise the contest between England and France to really national proportions, and to teach the English King to regard the Island, not the Duchy, as the true centre of his dominions; who was destined also both to expand and to consolidate the French Monarchy.

It is not ours to relate the painful contest between angry King and stubborn Prelate, in which it is impossible to feel full sympathy with either. The French King supported Becket; the English King was not, as one might have expected,

[1] Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 12. p. 130, 'faciam quicquid debuero, sicut domino.'

opposed by the Pope, Alexander III, a man of a soft and timid nature, who perhaps scarcely grasped the importance of the issues raised by Becket. Ceaseless negotiation, more or less sincere, went on. At one moment Becket, at Vézélay, is thundering excommunications against the followers of 'the old customs of England,' and heralding the dawn of the new glories of the Papacy; at another time, the King interposes to reconcile the foes; again, the Pope himself sends his messengers, whose names and fruitless mission the chronicler turns into a pretty pun[1]. At last, in 1170, the great crime and greater blunder was committed; Becket fell a Martyr in the eyes of the Church, victim to a courageous and inflexible adherence to his principles. When Henry heard of his death he was struck with horror—at least he seemed to be so. For days he shut himself up in his chamber, refusing sustenance. He saw at once that his foe would be more formidable dead than alive, and hastened to disavow the act of the four knights. He offered to take the cross; he was compelled to repeal the Constitutions of Clarendon; he spent large sums of money at Rome—and money he had always at command, like a prudent prince;—he swore that he would support Alexander and his successors, so long as they recognised him as 'a catholic king'; swore that he would not hinder appeals to Rome; that he would take the cross for three years, and go in person to Jerusalem; and would give the Templars money to pay two hundred soldiers for a year[2]; he allowed the Bull of the yearly celebration of the Martyr's memory to be published in England. In a word, he took in much sail, and so weathered the storm.

But as yet the French King could reap no advantage from all this humiliation. It was from another, and that a very unexpected side, that his revenge was to come; namely, from Eleanor, the wife of his own youth, the wife of Henry's manhood. Whether or no the romance and tragedy of Fair Rosamond

[1] 'Sicut penes Regem *Gratianus gratiam* non invenit, sic nec penes Archiepiscopum aliqua *vivit Vivianus* in memoria!'—Dom Bouquet, Recueil, tom. 13. p. 188.

[2] Benedict of Peterborough (ed. Stubbs), p. 32.

be true, it is certain that, in 1172, Eleanor declared herself deeply wronged by her husband, and set herself to rouse her Aquitanians to revolt. Louis played a mean part in this sad drama, by poisoning the mind of Henry Courtmantel against his father; under his influence the young man summoned King Henry to give up to him either England, or Normandy and Anjou. Louis thought it was the moment for him to interfere; at the head of a great league of Frenchmen, Flemings, men of Chartres, Champagne, Poitou, Brittany, he attacked Normandy and Anjou, which defended themselves in but a half-hearted way. Then Henry fell back on his last reserve, his treasures, and with them called out of the earth an army of defenders of a kind hitherto but little known in European warfare. The lawless times, and especially the Crusades, had created a large floating population of unsettled adventurers, who were usually called Brabançons (as many came from Brabant), or Cottereaux, from their long knives. These wild fighting men crowded gladly round the King who offered war and pay: he enrolled, some say ten, some twenty, thousand of them; and they formed a rude standing army, a new power. They were not hampered by feudal customs: the King could keep them afield as long as he would, and, while he had them out, could handle them far more certainly than he could the half-independent barons, who came out at his call to do him feudal service. With this new army he faced Louis VII, who had seized and burnt Verneuil by an act of low treason[1]. Henry routed him, then quelled the Bretons; then, in the following year, mastered Anjou and the south-west; then, came swiftly back to England, where he recovered his influence by doing ostentatious penance at Becket's shrine;—with what strange feelings and thoughts, as the monks laid the scourge across his bare shoulders, who shall say! Tidings reached him at the same moment of the

[1] See Benedict of Peterborough's Gesta Regis Henrici II, p. 54 (Professor Stubbs' edition).

taking of William of Scotland; and he felt he might safely return to France. There he relieved Rouen; and, in the same autumn, received the submission of his three rebel sons, Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey. Richard he made Duke of Aquitaine, Geoffrey retained Brittany; and, in spite of the patriotic songs of Bertram de Born, who roused all the fire of the South by his stirring 'Sirventes' or war-songs, the vigour, courage, and military genius of Richard Lionheart entirely crushed the spirit of resistance in Poitou and Guienne.

A new element of discord arose in these warm southern climes; their quickened intellect, their higher, though perhaps more corrupt, civilisation led them to strange forms of belief, and the authority of the Church was shaken. Louis was called in to stop the tide; but he was very reluctant to interfere in the way of persecution.

His days were now drawing to an end. In 1179, being hard on sixty years of age, and already touched with paralysis, he called a great assembly at Paris, and told them his wish that his boy, Philip, should forthwith be crowned at Rheims. All princes and prelates applauded; and, after a short delay, caused by the King's illness, Philip was crowned, at the age of fifteen.

There are two circumstances to be noted at this Coronation: one, that the Cathedral of Rheims was thereby marked out as the future coronation-place of all French kings; the other, that the 'Twelve Peers of France' are said to have been present at the ceremony. These were the nobles who held the great fiefs immediately from the Crown; and their number had been fixed by Louis VII at twelve; six lay, and six ecclesiastical. They were the Dukes of Normandy, Burgundy, Guienne, the Counts of Champagne, Flanders, Toulouse; the Archbishop of Rheims, and the Bishops of Laon, Noyon, Châlons, Beauvais, and Langres [1].

[1] It is worth noting that the immediate vassals of the Duchy of France, who held of the King as Duke, not as King, were not Peers of France, —Duruy, Hist. de France, 1. 298.

Thus, for five generations without a break, the custom of crowning the son during his father's lifetime had been recommended by the King and accepted readily by the nobles and people. The 'King never died'; and the result was that the thought of changing the hereditary succession seems never to have entered the French mind. Of all the hereditary crowns in Europe, the French became the most firmly established.

The father lingered on a few months at Paris, and passed away in September, 1180; and was buried in the Abbey-church of Barbeaux, near Melun, which he himself had built. Thus ended, in peace and silence, the long, stormy, inglorious reign of Louis VII, 'the Young.' A prince pious, learned, gentle, he wins all praise from his monkish biographer, save that he could not be roused to persecute the Jews. He brought much land into cultivation; built many churches and abbeys; set the example of enfranchising serfs; founded many of the 'new towns,' the Villeneuves of France; advanced to some extent, where it did not clash with other interests, the Communal movement; he issued four-and-twenty charters for cities, and confirmed the ancient privileges of the Paris merchants. With the great Abbot Suger at his side, he was saved, doubtless, from many blunders: if he leaves behind him no great name, he still has the honour of having done less than many French kings to hinder the wellbeing of his people.

# CHAPTER VII.

## *Philip II, surnamed Augustus*, A.D. 1180—1223.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS was but fifteen years old when he began to reign alone: yet, boy though he was, he never for a moment swerved from his course, or made a false step in it. Coming so young to his crown, he grasped with all a boy's eagerness at the dignity of the royal name; and being proud of disposition and not without a tendency to romance, he at once set his kingship in his own mind far above all, even the greatest, of his neighbours; while at the same time he pleased his imagination with dreams of the restoration of a Karoling kingdom, to which his attention was specially called by his first marriage; he deemed himself destined to recover the whole breadth of the Empire of Karl the Great. There is a story, which may well be true, to the effect that when he was scarcely twenty years old, his courtiers saw him gnawing a green bough, and glaring about him wildly. One of them asked him boldly what he was thinking of: and he replied, 'I am wondering whether God will grant me or my heirs grace to raise France once more to the height she reached in the days of Charlemagne!' For forty-three years he pursued this end, and brought to bear on it a cold pertinacity, a freedom from uneasy scruples, a clear sagacity in conceiving crafty plans and constancy in carrying them out. No wonder that his reign is to be marked as an epoch in the history of French monarchy, and that he succeeded in raising the royal power far above the highest level it had hitherto reached.

## I. *First Period*, A.D. 1180—1199.

When Louis 'the Fat' died in 1137, he had taken good care not to allow the power of the kingdom to be weakened by those grants to younger sons which so often had undone the work of a lifetime: he left, in substance, all the royal domain to his successor, Louis the Young. Fortunately for the monarchy, this weak prince left only one son, and had therefore no temptation to divide his territories; and Philip Augustus succeeded to all the power which had been painfully gathered together by his grandfather. The kingly office at this moment was regarded by men as a power distinct from feudalism, and as only partly territorial. The King was not merely the head-baron of the system; he was possessor of a real, if indefinite, claim on the respect of mankind, as one solemnly consecrated to his office, and inheritor in a dim way of the ancient conception of kingship; he was felt to be the brother of the kings of England and Normandy, and of those of Spain; as something between Pope and Emperor on the one side, and the independent and powerful Dukes (as of Burgundy or Flanders), on the other. His was an independent and general power, with claims on the allegiance of all France, the centre round which the unity of the nation was already beginning to form.

The first act of the young King's reign was a sad one. Glad to taste the pleasures of power, and urged to it by his clergy, Philip marked the opening of his career with a violent attack on the Jews, whom his weaker and more humane father had spared. They were all banished the realm in 1182. Other like acts followed. An edict was issued which punished profane swearing with death: the Paterins also, an obscure sect, who 'ventured to attempt a reform of morals as well as of dogma[1],' were hunted down and burnt, 'passing'—so ran the formula—'from the short temporal flames to the eternal flames that awaited them[2].'

[1] Sismondi, Hist. des Français, tom. 6. p. 12.
[2] Chron. de S. Denis, p. 350.

Philip had, even in his father's lifetime, shewn his kinsfolk that he could and would act for himself. Alice the Queen and her four brothers, had formed a sort of council, in whose hands the old King left the care of all things. But Philip had gone to Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, and without asking leave of anyone, had married Isabella of Hainault, the Count of Flanders's niece, thereby allying himself with the older dynasty. No sooner was the old King gone than almost all the great vassals, including the Count of Flanders himself, attacked the youthful King. But he was helped by Henry Courtmantel, son of Henry of England, and held his own till winter brought rest. Henry of England then interfered in hopes of peace. Philip, who, in right of his wife, claimed the succession of her mother Elizabeth of Vermandois, who had just died, was persuaded to content himself with Amiens, and some lesser concessions. Amiens had been held as a fief under its bishop; but when that churchman claimed homage from Philip Augustus, the proud boy answered haughtily that he, as King, 'neither could nor ought to pay homage to any man':—and claimed for monarchy a lofty superiority over feudalism.

But yet he did not disdain the aid that feudalism brought him: he accepted the homage of Henry of England, and the help that great vassal, well-nigh worn out with war and the turbulence of his sons, had to give him. Those four sons of his, Henry Courtmantel, Richard Cœur de Lion, Geoffrey, and John, had done all they could to destroy their father's power and happiness; and in the end they succeeded in ruining their own fortunes. They kept up great state and court, with many followers; but having neither money nor estates with which to reward them, they were obliged to be always on the move to get what they could, careless of their true interests. Thanks to this, the French monarchy was enabled to rise above all its dangers. Henry Courtmantel died; so also Geoffrey, leaving a posthumous son, Arthur, whose name recalled to the Bretons their great hero, and towards whom they seemed to be drawn by all the force of their romantic and imaginative nature.

Philip now embarked in a series of wars. First, in 1185, he waged successful warfare against his old friend the Count of Flanders; successful so far that the count, although he had had on the whole the best of the fighting, ceded to the King the county of Vermandois, and confirmed him in possession of Amiens. Success tempted on the young King: and he was no sooner clear of the Flemish count than he fell on Hugh III, Duke of Burgundy (A.D. 1185–1186). Hugh appealed to Frederick Barbarossa, whose vassal he was for part of his lands; but the Duchy of Burgundy was no part of the ancient Kingdom of Burgundy[1], nor was it held under the Emperor, who refused to interfere in another man's ground. Philip relieved Vergy, besieged by the duke, and encouraged the Burgundian bishops to carry their grievances before him, raising the remarkable plea that all churches held direct from the crown, even though they were within the borders of the greatest fiefs. He then took Châtillon on the Seine, and was moving forwards when Hugh met him with submission. The young King exacted severe conditions, to which the great vassal submitted: then, with a prudence marvellous for his years, and possibly with some of the generosity of youth, he remitted them all. He was content to have shewn his power, and glad to secure to himself the friendship of so strong a neighbour: he also foresaw a still harder task before him, and desired to make his eastern frontier quiet and secure.

And now began the many restless years which lay between the French King and the attainment of his great desire, the subjection of Normandy. In 1186 we have the first of a long series of discussions under the 'Elm of Conferences' between Trie and Gisors: all went peacefully awhile; but

[1] Burgundy was in three parts, lying side by side. The Duchy of Burgundy was nearest to France, on the upper Seine and Saone, south of Champagne, north of the Lyonnais (a fief under the French Crown): then (going eastwards) came the County of Burgundy or Franche-Comté, from the east bank of the Saone to the Jura (a fief under the Empire): and, lastly, the lesser Duchy, a great part of modern Switzerland, forming the northernmost portion of the ancient kingdom of Arles (also under the Empire).

things were in such a state that pretexts for war were never wanting. Richard Lionheart had attacked Raymond V of Toulouse, who called on the French King as his lord for help: a great change from the older attitude of the Southern states. Next Philip claimed the restitution of Gisors and the Vexin, which had passed to the other side when Margaret married Henry Courtmantel. When he died and she married again, the French King, with no small show of justice, claimed them as having lapsed to him by her second marriage. There was a third dispute as to the lordship over Brittany, whose duke Geoffrey Plantagenet, was dead; but his widow gave birth to a boy, Arthur, and, by his birth, this point was settled for a while. Lastly, Philip pushed on the marriage of his sister Alix to Richard Lionheart, who was still at variance with Henry: he seemed eager for open war with the veteran of England. But conference followed conference under the ancient elm, truce followed truce: for the old King could not trust his sons or his followers; nor did Philip feel at all sure as to the fidelity of his comrades. War however at last began. Philip attacked Aquitaine, which was under Richard's care; but the impetuous Prince was false to his father, and seemed likely to go over to his enemy. Then Henry made peace for two years, on terms favourable to Philip; and Richard hastened into the French King's camp, where he became so friendly with him that they drank of the same cup, lodged in the same tent, even slept in the same bed[1].

And now came terrible news from the East. The Christians had grown ever weaker; and at last, in 1187, Saladin met them in the Tiberiad, and defeated them utterly after a two days' battle. The true cross, Guy of Lusignan, the titular Prince of Antioch, the Grand Masters of the Temple and of St. John, all fell into the victor's hands. He swept on over the powerless land, and Jerusalem lay prostrate before him: nothing was left to the Christians save Tyre, Antioch, and Tripoli. When these sore tidings reached the West, all men stood still and held their

[1] Chron. de S. Denis, p. 365.

breath. The Pope, Urban III, died of grief: war, pillage, debauchery, crime, suddenly ceased: 'Verily we are guilty by reason of our brother,' was the thought in every heart; and the danger was brought home to all minds by the descent of a vast host of Arabs on the Spanish coast. The voices of the new Pope, Clement III, and of William, Archbishop of Tyre, broke the silence; the Kings of France and England once more met at Gisors; they embraced and took the cross. Richard Lionheart joined them: as did a crowd of great princes and barons. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa did the same.

Yet even then Philip and Henry could not be still. War recommenced in 1188; but now Henry's strength was gone. His barons deserted him, his sons betrayed him, he was compelled to make a shameful peace, to declare himself Philip's liegeman in full, to yield Berri, a duchy lying south of the Loire, below Orleans, and to promise pardon to all who had betrayed him. He asked to see the list of those whom he was thus compelled to pardon; but when he saw the first name, the name of his favourite son John, for whom he had done and suffered so much, his heart broke; and with a bitter curse on all his children, he lay down and died.

Henceforth the power of the house of Anjou receded, and the future lordship over France was assured to the house of Capet.

And now the great princes of Europe began to think seriously of their vow. The brave old Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, took the land route; passed safely through the snares of Constantinople, and led his army unscathed over the worst part of its march; took Iconium, and was pushing on, when, in crossing the river Calycadnus, he was by some trivial accident swept away and drowned. His Germans fell into despair; the Duke of Swabia, who took the command, brought only about five thousand men through to the camp under the walls of Ptolemais.

Richard, impetuous, eager to be gone to fresh fields of fighting, sold his lands by auction, not content with the large sums which his father had left behind him. Philip, whose

heart never went with the Crusade, bade his faithful Parisians fortify their city; he saw that Paris was to be the heart of France. They set off, Richard for Marseilles, Philip, who had no port on the Mediterranean, for Genoa; and both were constrained by contrary winds to winter in Sicily. Here jealousies, which might have been avoided in more stirring times, broke out between the two Kings. But Philip patiently endured the turbulence of his rival, and set forth first for Ptolemais. Richard, following later, and being driven by storm to Cyprus, seized that island and kept it. At last he reached Ptolemais, and, after innumerable skirmishes and feats of arms, the place capitulated. But the French King liked neither the holy war nor the wild heroism of the English King, and knew well that his right place was at home. He was in no sense a knight-errant; on the contrary, his cold calculating nature made him dislike the bootless war, which wasted his resources and did not even give him barren glory in return. He swore to respect his rival's territories, handed over his army to Hugh of Burgundy, and set sail for home.

As he passed through Rome, he shamelessly tried to persuade Pope Celestin III to release him from his oath to respect King Richard's lands. But the Pope refused to be a party to such a scandal; and Philip was compelled to content himself with doing Richard what harm he could by means of his brother John. The English King had declared Arthur his heir; and John in revenge threw himself into Philip's arms, whose mean and ungenerous nature gladly took advantage of his rival's absence.

Richard, after wonderful feats of heroism and gleams of warlike genius, gave way before the impossibility of his task, made a treaty with Saladin, securing to the Christians the seaport towns, and a safe roadway for purposes of pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and set out by sea for home. But he was shipwrecked in Dalmatia; tried to cross Germany in disguise; was detected and taken by his mortal foe, Leopold of Austria, whose banner he had outraged at Ptolemais. Leopold gave him over to Henry VI, the Emperor.

No sooner had tidings of his captivity reached France, than Philip attacked Normandy, taking Evreux, and besieging Rouen. John joined him with such help as he could bring. They did all they could to persuade the Emperor to hold the English King prisoner; but the whole of Christendom was moved at the sight of its hero in chains, and, on hard terms, Richard was let go free. John at once gave way, and made his peace with Richard. The war was languid, partial, indecisive—for both Kings were exhausted by the efforts they had made in the Holy Land. The upshot of the war was a truce, under the terms of which Philip became master of Auvergne in 1196.

But, in the next year, we find Richard everywhere more than a match for his rival. The great vassals turned towards him, jealous of the power of their suzerain. The Château Gaillard rose to bar the French King's progress towards Rouen; for Richard was aware of the great blunder committed when part of the Vexin and Gisors were ceded to France, and the road to Rouen laid bare. He had a true genius for fortification, was his own engineer, and, better still, his own master of the works.

But, in the midst of his successes, the new Pope, Innocent III, interfered in the interests of peace, and made the two Kings conclude a five years' truce. But Richard could not rest. Some one told him that a great treasure had been found in the Castle of Chalus, near Limoges. After the feudal custom it pertained to the suzerain, and Richard claimed it. But the Viscount of Limoges either had nothing to give up, or had it and refused; and Richard attacked the castle. One on the walls drew a bow on him as he was looking at the defences; the arrow wounded him, and in ten days' time he died. His men had taken the castle meanwhile, and had hung all the garrison, except the soldier who had wounded the King. It is said that Richard, with a gleam of noble nature, pardoned him, and ordered him to be set free; but they kept him till Cœur de Lion was dead, and then they slew him with barbarity.

Thus the chivalrous King passed away in the midst of wild scenes of war and murder.

So died the great fighting man of that royal race. Richard had all the worse qualities of chivalry in an exaggerated form. He was proud, cruel, turbulent, furious in his anger, licentious, rapacious; but withal heroic in combat, almost to madness; far in advance of his time in military skill; splendid in court, worshipped by his knights. There was a belief at the time that the house of Anjou were sprung in part from demons, and the character and conduct of Henry's four sons gave point to the popular fable. Richard especially seemed to be given over to a wild spirit of reckless bravery and as reckless crime. He was the last King of England who ruled the Island from Rouen: during all his reign he hardly spent six months across the Channel, so little did he regard England as his home. When he and Philip swore faith to each other, before setting forth for Ptolemais, their oath was that they would defend one another's rights: Philip, as he would defend his city of Paris; Richard, as he would his city of Rouen[1]. But a change was now coming: the misfortunes of King John's reign drove him perforce to England, and the loss of Normandy, which we have next to relate, made London for the future the sole capital of the kingdom.

## II. *Philip Augustus adds Normandy to his domains.* A.D. 1199–1206.

When tidings of Richard's death came to Philip, he must have felt that the moment for which he had waited so long was come at last. Against the experience and sagacity of Henry II he had been able to do but little; though even from him he wrested something: and Richard's heroism and warlike ability had been at least a match for his cold and cautious antagonist. But now there remained of all the Plantagenets

[1] Roger of Hoveden, p. 664.

none but young Arthur of Brittany, who might be more useful than dangerous; and John, the great King's last and feeblest son. According to the popular belief, the evil spirit that possessed him was one of cowardice and sloth, of luxury and self-indulgence: weakest and worst of all the race, he was destined to degrade himself before the French King, before his barons, before the Pope. Whatever he touched, he spoilt.

England and Normandy at once declared for John, despising Breton Arthur; but Anjou, Maine, Poitou, Touraine, raised Arthur's banner, and, feeling themselves unable to stand alone, put themselves under Philip's protection. The wily King suggested that a fair division would be, the French states to Arthur, and England to John. But John was not prepared to accept England as his home; for he was as little English as his brother. War broke out at once; Philip desiring nothing so much. In the name of Arthur he swept across Brittany, and every town he took he at once dismantled, to the dismay of Arthur's party. But he soon felt that he was hampered by his present quarrel with the Church; consequently, he made peace with John, retaining Evreux and some strong places in Berri, agreeing to marry his son, Louis, to John's niece, Blanche, and abandoning altogether Arthur the defenceless boy. Philip's quarrel with the Church was on the old lines, the old struggle as to matters of divorce and marriage. Philip had taken an unreasonable dislike to his fair young bride, Ingeborg of Denmark, and had made obsequious bishops dissolve his marriage with her soon after the wedding-day. The poor Dane, who knew no word of French, was told by signs that Philip had divorced her; and in her grief and anger appealed to Rome. In the chair of the Pontiffs sat Innocent III, ever ready to interfere, only too glad when the passions of Kings gave him so good a reason for interference. For Philip had not only sent Ingeborg away, but had taken as his wife the beautiful Agnes of Meran, whose misfortunes form one of the romances of the age. The Pope at once threatened Philip with excommunication, and the kingdom with an Interdict;

and, in 1200, this curse was laid on the unoffending people. It is true that it did not directly punish the offender; but, on the other hand, it oppressed his subjects, and their discontent must after awhile compel him to yield. Philip fought vigorously against this foreign interference: his pride and passion were alike engaged in the struggle. But he was too clear-sighted not to see that he must be the loser; and therefore, even after a council had been called at Soissons to judge the case, he did not stay for the sentence, but took again his Danish wife, and left the town. He treated her with no affection, and with the scantiest courtesy: still the Pope had won; Philip was restored to clerical favour, and the cloud gathering on his fortunes melted away. The time had not yet quite come when he could brave the imperious Pope; nor was his cause in itself sufficiently strong and good to enlist the hearts of his great vassals, the goodwill of his clergy, and to neutralise the distress arising to the people from the Interdict[1].

Meanwhile, changes were passing over the face of the age. The fourth Crusade, from which the King stood coldly aloof, never went near Palestine; but took Constantinople and sacked it (A.D. 1204), and spread across Macedonia, Greece, Roumania; extending the power of Venice over the Peloponnesus and the Isles of Greece. The old thought, that a Crusade must strike straight for the holy places, had now almost died out. The Moslem was attacked on his flanks, in Asia Minor, or in Egypt; the Christians, on the whole, had made no impression on the unbelievers.

Royalty at Paris gained greatly in strength: the King's hand was felt everywhere; everywhere men had a fresh sense of security; royalty and the law sprang into full life together. The University of Paris, now first created, became the centre of European learning, the type of universities soon to spring up elsewhere. The

[1] An Interdict suspended all the offices of religion. No man could be christened or shriven, could be married or buried, while it hung like a black pall over field and city.

studies there encouraged passed far beyond the old curriculum: by the side of grammar rhetoric and logic, of arithmetic geometry music and astronomy[1]—the laws of man's thought in language, and his thought in numbers—came in the two great studies, destined to change the whole face of knowledge and of political life; the study of Medicine and the study of Law. Medicine led on to experimental philosophy; and Law settled the bases of society and marked the relations of man to man independently of feudal customs. The influences of Medicine do not so much concern us here: those of Law are all important.

The story runs that the Pandects of Justinian were discovered at Amalfi in 1135; they formed the base of the great law school of Italy, Bologna. Thence they passed to the French seat of southern learning, Montpellier; thence to the heart of the new-born kingdom, Paris. There they were welcomed eagerly: the exactitude and logical coherence of the Roman Law were what society was craving for in its attempt to establish itself on more secure foundations. Especially was it clear that the royal power must gain by the spread of the rigid conceptions of order and subordination contained in the Pandects. And Philip Augustus was endowed with a cold clear mind and a keen sense of his royal dignity, which easily discerned the great value of the law to him, as an instrument for advancing his high pretensions. In the Roman Law his claims found a sanction before which all society was willing to bow. Law and the lawyers became the strongest supporters of the monarchy, and stood it in right good stead in its resistance to the claims of Papal power. The law was a double-edged sword, with which the King soon learnt how to smite both Pope and Feudalism. By the side of this great engine of government, the Civil Law, grew up an analogous ecclesiastical code, the Canon Law, which regulated the relations of churchmen among themselves, and in their dealings with the laity. As the Civil Law strengthened the

[1] The old trivium and quadrivium.

claims of Kings, so did the Canon Law those of Popes. The struggle between them was sharp and lasted long.

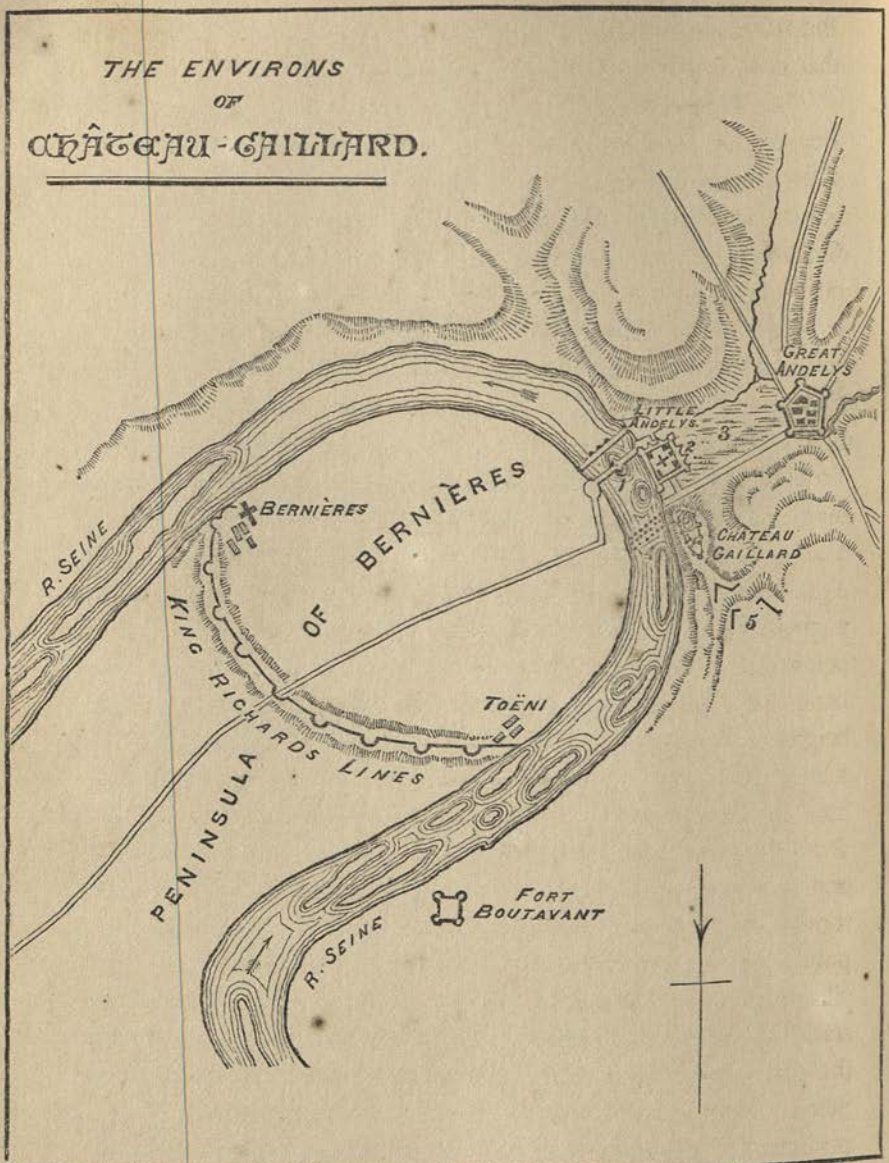
At this same time Northern and Southern France alike, as well as Germany, teemed with noble growths of poetry. On the Frankish hills grew the epic: on the sunny slopes of the south sprang up the lyrical poems of the troubadours. The Northern poets told of Arthur and Charlemagne; the old half-mythical tales grew into chivalric epics; and men, consciously or not, took them as motives and guides. It was not difficult in that young age of chivalry and of crusading adventure for men to feel that life was an acted epic. Philip Augustus himself yearned to raise his kingly state to the level of the Empire of Karl the Great.

And indeed we are coming to the epical period of his reign; when the Norman campaigns brought out all the King's higher qualities, and gave him a great place in history.

In 1202 the luckless Arthur, who had placed his hands between those of Philip, swearing fealty for all his lands, and all his claims, fell after a disastrous battle into the hands of his uncle, King John, and was carried captive to Rouen tower.

And there he disappeared. How, no man knows to this day: but all men at that time agreed in thinking that John, who was fully capable of such things, took the boy in a boat, stabbed him and threw his dead body into the Seine. Murderer or not, John, like his father Henry in the case of Becket, had a far worse foe in the dead than he had had in the living. All Europe was aroused. The Bretons rose at once; the boy was their Arthur, the faint shadow of their ancient hero, and they had yearned to grow into a great people under him. Philip arose as the avenger, with justice and interest alike calling him on, and helping his steps. Anjou and Brittany attacked the Norman frontier: Philip entered Poitou, where all men rallied to his banner. John lay still at Rouen, and made no sign, spending all his days either in bed or at table.

Philip soon saw that he could do better farther North, and made ready to reach the heart of John's power in Normandy.




*From Viollet le Duc.*

1. A small island, on which King Richard placed an octagonal work, with a bridge.
2. Tête-du-Pont, soon filled with houses, and called Petit Andelys.
3. Marsh or lake, formed by obstruction at 2.
4. A triple stockade.
5. The plateau on which Philip Augustus entrenched himself.

But the great fortress of Château Gaillard lay across his path: that must first fall before Rouen could be reached.

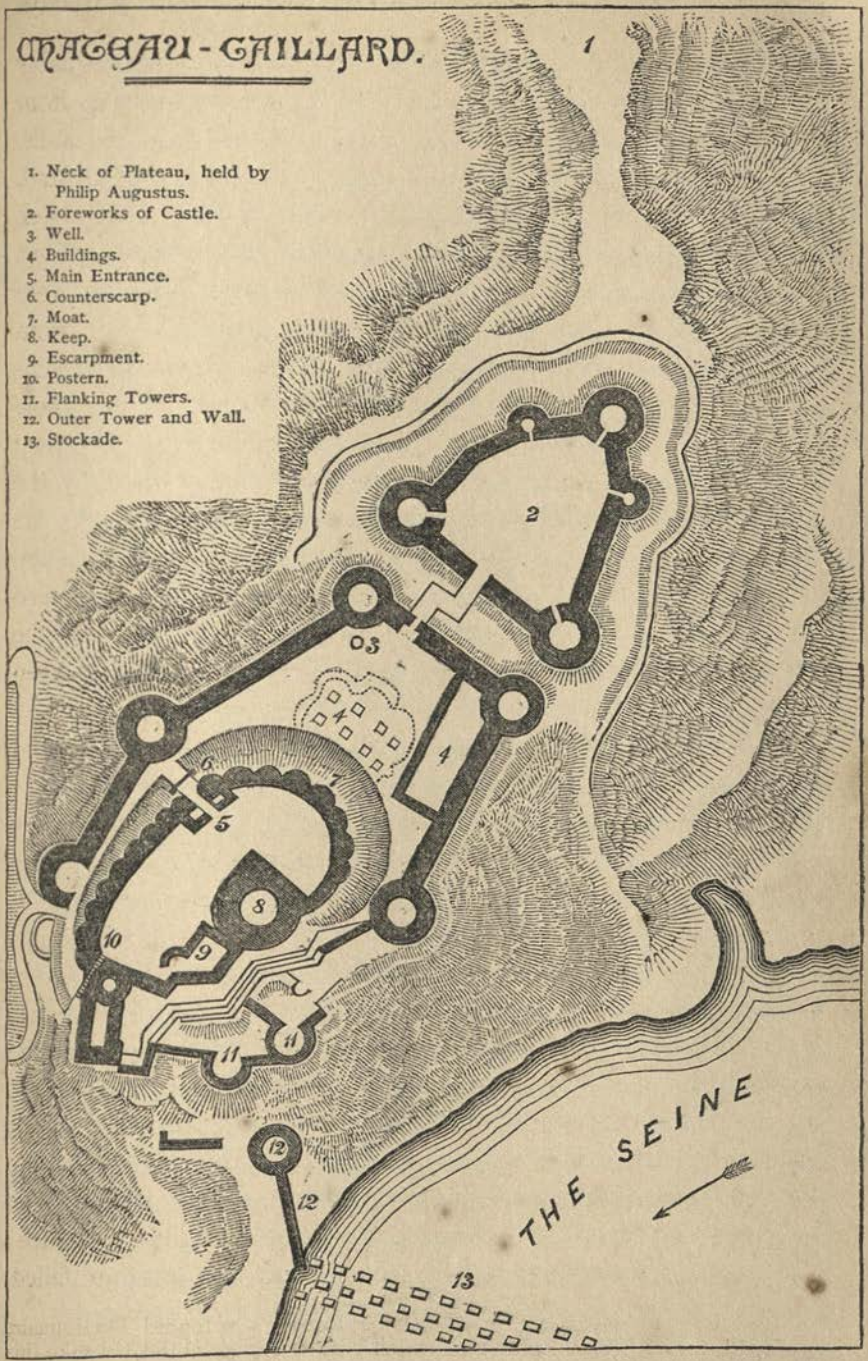
The Normans were ever great castle builders, whether in England or in Normandy. At first they were content with a great donjon or hall, in and about which they lived when at home, and which they fortified as strongly as they might. Gradually, as their needs grew and skill increased, they added outworks, took advantage of strong positions, and developed complete fortifications. Of these the Château Gaillard is a splendid specimen: the greatest monument—far greater than his eastern exploits—of the genius of Richard. He intended it to be the defence of Normandy, and a standing menace to France. From it Normans should ever go forth; past it no Frenchman might dare to push: and had not John been a fool and a coward, no Frenchman could then have entered into it. About eight leagues above Rouen, as the crow flies, the Seine makes a great sweep to the north like a horseshoe, enclosing the peninsula of Bernières. At the head of the curve, on the right bank, the river has washed the chalk hills into cliffs of a good height, broken by a level valley about a mile across, through which a little river, after losing its way in a long swamp, at last falls into the Seine. Here on the right bank a spur of chalk runs down from the high downs, scarped on one side by the Seine, and very steep and rough on the other side, where it descends towards the swamp; steep also and difficult is its lower end or point. At its foot, between the marsh and the Seine, lies the village of Little Andelys; some two miles up the little valley stands the small town of Great Andelys. Through this town the road from France into Normandy drops down upon the Seine. From the hill-side the eye wanders over the broad flat peninsula of Bernières on the left bank of the river: at your foot lies a little island, very handy for a bridge. On the chalk spur, overhanging the Seine, where there is scarcely room for a road to pass between cliff and river, stands the famous fortress, the 'gay castle.' At the very point of the tongue of land rises

the donjon[1], built with marvellous art; defended impregnably on three sides by natural rock; with a narrow footway from Little Andelys winding up to a postern in the donjon's walls. The spur broadens as it passes towards the main high land, broadens and rises gradually: so that half a mile back from the point one quite looks down on the fortress. This, then, was clearly the dangerous side; and here defences were multiplied—too much so, as the event proved. For from the nature of the ground, each outer work when taken commanded the next, which lay somewhat lower. The whole fortress may be described as a rough oblong, built on the spur: of this the lowest and narrowest end was nearly filled by the donjon, while at the upper end, where it looked towards the higher level land, was built a triangular fort. On the Seine's level, Little Andelys was built and slightly fortified: so also was the island on the Seine: so also the roadway under the castle. The Seine was blocked by a stockade, intended to keep the King's ships from dropping down on Andelys.

This was the elaborate system of defences, which protected the heart of King Richard's possessions, the city of Rouen.

When Philip Augustus, in the autumn of 1203, came down on the Norman frontier, having full command of the Upper Seine, he had no difficulty in crossing over to the Peninsula of Bernières. This he found entirely undefended:—King John's first great blunder. Here, unmolested, he drew his lines across from river to river, thus beginning the investment of the place. In the castle lay Roger de Lacy, Constable of Chester, with the flower of King John's troops: not many, but right gallant men. Next, the river stockade was broken through; and the King's ships came down, and were formed into a bridge just below the island: a bridge with towers high enough to command the châtelet or fortress on the island. John sent a force to relieve the place; but he did not venture out in person, and the attempt failed.

[1] See the article *Château*, in M. Viollet le Duc's splendid Dictionnaire de l'Architecture (Paris, Bance), to which I am much indebted. I take this opportunity of thanking him warmly for his kindness in allowing me to reproduce his two admirable plans of Château Gaillard.




*From Viollet le Duc.*

After that he left Philip to take it at his leisure. The palisade of the châtelet next was burnt, and Philip seized the island. And now came the horrid spectacle of twelve hundred poor creatures, non-combatants, men, women, children, who were thrust out from Little Andelys and the island, and left to perish of hunger between the chalk rocks and the river. If they turned towards Andelys, the English refused them entrance; if towards the river, the French forbade them to pass. When half had perished, Philip Augustus riding by, cast an eye of pity on the remnant; he bade bread be given them, and let them pass through his lines in peace. Not long after the fall of the châtelet on the island, Little Andelys was forced to yield; for it was impossible with so scanty a force to defend the town. And now Philip had firm hold of everything below the castle. But he saw clearly that, to succeed, he must now attack the castle from above; and he moved the bulk of his force to the neck of the slope just over Château Gaillard, where the spur of land joins on to the mainland. Here he drew two lines across the shoulder of the hill; one on either side of his camp; and built a wooden tower, and other needful buildings. He also set a force to guard the entry to the castle from the side of Little Andelys; and the blockade was complete. But now came against him a new and dangerous foe. Two churchmen rode into his camp, with a summons from the Pope. The Kings were ordered to suspend their struggle, and submit the points at issue to the judgment of the Church, under pain of Interdict. But Philip had already[1] foreseen and was prepared for this papal assumption. Eleven great nobles, under their seals, had given him their written promise to defend him against Pope or Cardinal; and these documents were shewn to Innocent. He saw he had gone too far: and his second letter is in humorous contrast with his first: the first so haughty, the second so affectionate, almost cringing—in the holy interests of peace.

This storm outridden, the siege went on as before. About

[1] The engagement made by Eudes of Burgundy is dated July, 1203.

this time, Philip's skirmishers and foraging parties prowling about knocked at the gates of Rouen; the wretched King within woke from his slumbers and luxury—but not to fight. He fled into England, leaving Normandy to its fate. As he passed out of Rouen gates, that city ceased to be the centre of the Anglo-Norman power. The centre was ever afterwards at London. John's follies and reverses, and the loss of Normandy, at last restored to England her proper national position.

In February, 1204, the triangular fortress at the eastern end of the castle was assaulted and taken; next the outworks of the castle itself fell; each point yielding good shelter as the French pushed on; until at last, on March 6, 1204, after a five months' siege, the great tower, the last defence, was given up into his hands. It is said, and it illustrates the characters of feudal warfare, that before the actual assault of the place only four English knights had been slain. There were but one hundred and eighty fighting men left in Château Gaillard when Philip entered in.

This one success decided all. The Norman towns knew that there was no help from John; knew also that if Château Gaillard could not withstand him, there was no other stronghold to compare with it. The rest of Philip's march was a continual triumph. Falaise resisted, strong as it was, only seven days. Caen, Bayeux, Lisieux, threw open their gates. Guy de Thouars, Governor of Brittany, took Mont St. Michel and Avranches, and then joined Philip at Caen. Thence the French King moved on to Rouen. Even there, with a braver prince, resistance had been possible. For Rouen was strong, and hated the French. But what could be done for such a creature as King John? The city capitulated on honourable terms: and Normandy at last became a part of the kingdom of France. Brittany had already given herself up to the avenger of Arthur. For a while the Normans were restless under the stranger, as they deemed the French King. But Philip was as wise in peace as he was skilful in war; and before long Normandy became as thoroughly French as she had been Norman.

Poitou, Touraine, and Anjou fell at the conqueror's feet. Thouars and Niort held out for John; Rochelle on the coast alone kept him a gate of entry into France.

The campaign of 1203, 1204, was of vast use to the royal power. The King with one hand strangled the Normans, while with the other he pushed back the haughty and menacing Pope. All the country folk, wherever he passed, declared for him; he rose far above all rivalry, and made the kingdom of France real in the eyes of men. Not content with these material gains, he summoned King John to undergo the judgment of his peers, in the matter of Prince Arthur. But the 'King of England' could not permit the 'Duke of Normandy' to appear: John was willing to retain his substantial advantages where he was King, and to let judgment go by default where he was vassal. So he was declared guilty of murder and treason with great solemnity, deposed from all his fiefs, and condemned to death. Thus King Philip gave his conquests the appearance of legal right, and retained a plea for pushing his advantages still further, if occasion served. It is not known what peers met to give this judgment. But from this time the 'twelve Peers of France' seem to emerge more clearly out of the mist of time. Probably those sturdy chieftains, who, like Eudes of Burgundy, promised under their hand and seal to stand by the King against the terrors of a Papal war, formed the Court of Peers. They were certain, when they had given such a proof of confidence and devotion, to take care that Philip's interests suffered no harm. Faithful to the strong feeling, which has been already noticed, that the French Court was the rightful successor of that of Karl the Great, the number twelve had been chosen; six laymen, six ecclesiastics; the great vassals of the realm were thus grouped round the royal power, and lent it a fresh dignity; while it also gave a sanction of justice and right to its acts[1].

[1] See above, p. 274.

## III. *The Provençal Crusade.*

We must now turn aside, and trace the course of events in Provence, where a horrible war, under the guise of religion, prepared the way for the union of the hitherto independent Southerners to the kingdom of France. Philip Augustus stood aloof from this struggle; yet he and his reaped the fruits of it, although the end did not come in his day.

As far back as the year 1181, Henry of Clairvaux, a cardinal and bishop of Albano, had been sent by Pope Alexander III into Languedoc to convert the Albigensians; and entered the territories of the Viscount of Beziers at the head of a body of fanatics. The Church was already entering on the dark path, along which the Crusades had begun to force her: she called for the strong arm of violence and oppression, with which she sought to crush the errors which had taken hold on the Southern mind. In that warm land, where all things flourished, poetry and love, art and architecture, freedom of opinion, and speculation, were natural. But above all, the movement of the century was hostile to the claims of the priesthood. All the heretics of Provence, whatever their views, agreed in this: and this, above all, alarmed Rome.

It is unfortunate that our knowledge of the religious and intellectual movement of Provence is derived entirely from the writings of their bitterest enemies, the monks. Their prejudices on the one hand; and the equal prejudices of writers eager to do honour to the forerunners of Protestantism on the other, have made it not easy to get at the truth. Still, in the account of Peter, the Monk of Vaux Cernay, a bitter foe to the sectaries, we may discern some of the lines of truth. It appears that we must draw a clear distinction between the Albigenses, and the Waldenses. The former, whose head-quarters were at Toulouse, were rather philosophical than religious. In the year 1167 a sort of council had been held at Toulouse, to which

deputies came even from Asia; indicating even then a formidable organisation. They had their own bishops. They were in fact the descendants of the Manicheans[1], some of whom had been burnt nearly a century back at Orleans. Their opinions are exceedingly dim and uncertain; but sure it is that they rejected Rome, her sacraments, images, purgatory, priests. They divided their followers into the 'perfect' and the 'believers': the 'perfect man' had passed through a spiritual baptism; and was then devoted to a life of the utmost severity. This world to him was the work of an evil spirit; was hell itself;—and he would do nothing which might enlarge hell's borders: therefore death was his greatest blessing; marriage was absolutely forbidden him. The old doctrine of a dualism, a good and a bad magical power, took practical form in the lives of these stoical philosophers. The 'believers' were not tied to such an ascetic life: they might live in the world, yet as those who hoped some day to have strength given them to enter into the ranks of the 'perfect.' Their life is said to have been purer than that of either the clergy and laity of the Church.

The Waldenses, on the other hand, had their headquarters at Lyons, and belonged to the mountains, not to the warm plains. Theirs was essentially a religious, not a philosophical, movement: though the political consequences of their belief, if carried out, would be serious enough.

These 'poor men of Lyons' were of an apostolical spirit. They even thought that they were bound to wear wooden shoes, sabots, 'after the manner of the Apostles[2].' They forbade all swearing, all slaying of man: and they held that any 'insabattatus' could break the bread of Communion, thereby denying the whole priestly power. They were right eager to teach and spread the Bible, while the Albigenses were rather desirous of lessening the influence of the Scriptures; they had it translated into the vulgar tongue; and preached from it, and read it zealously. Their fundamental doctrine was that of the

[1] For the Manichean tenets, see Mosheim, Eccles. Hist. Cent. III, part 2, ch. 5.

[2] Hence their name of *Insabattati.*

immediate influence of the Holy Spirit. Whoso had that was favoured of God: no other orders or divisions of society availed anything. And thus their tenets led directly to socialism: and struck hard at the position of priest and baron. Their life was of the utmost purity and simplicity; even their opponents allow so much.

But the Crusade, which smote them in passing, was really directed against the greater and Manichean movement of Toulouse and Beziers.

The South of France stood absolutely apart not only from the North, but also from the general principles and tendencies of Christendom. It was remarked with horror that the Albigensians did not persecute; and that even the Jews in Southern Gaul had every civil right; could hold lands; could hold office; had their synagogues and their schools; took the lead in the study of medicine; were bold and bright guides on the difficult paths of philosophy. To the South Western Europe owes Medicine and Aristotle: two powers often opposed to Rome. Moreover, the South had never really accepted feudalism; and now there was a prospect that she would bring on a municipal and democratic movement, which might altogether imperil the dominion of the Church. Was it not time to move? Was not a Crusade needed? Was it not time that the Church, hand in hand with feudal France, should pour down on and crush a land so full of strange opinions? Thus once more Rome allied herself with barbarism against civilisation; and the mailed form of the northern knight, side by side with the pitiless priest, entered in to destroy in the name of Christ.

Innocent III at last was roused to action. He sent into Languedoc his legates, two Cistercian monks: and over them he placed Arnold of Amaury, abbot of Citeaux: the most capable instrument in the world for his purposes. He was ambitious, sincere, fanatical: he had the virtues of a monk, and more than his vices. The zeal of Jehu filled his heart; and took, like Jehu's, the form of pitiless bloodshed. But at the outset his mission failed. The lay-powers of the South offered no help:

the monks preached, and men laughed. The Bishop of Toulouse was lukewarm; they deposed him and established Fulk or Folquet, once a brilliant troubadour and gallant, now a fanatical and false monk. His part in the coming struggle is a well-marked and a shameful one.

The legates, disgusted with their work, were sadly returning towards Italy, when, by chance, near Montpellier they fell in with the Bishop of Osma and one of his Canons, who were making their way home to Spain from Rome. These succoured the fainting Cistercians, turning aside from their journey to help them. The mission began anew, with fresh vigour and more success. That Canon of Osma was Domenico: the world-famous founder of the order which bears his name; the parent of the Inquisition [1].

Things went on swiftly towards bloodshed: in 1207 Raymond was excommunicated by the Pope; he professed submission, but took no active steps to persecute; there arose a quarrel between him and the legate; and in the course of it one of the count's retainers stabbed the churchman, and fled. It does not seem that Raymond was really to blame for this murder. But none the less did vengeance fall on him. Innocent, who had before appealed to the sword, now redoubled his efforts; Raymond, already excommunicated, was cursed anew; pardons and indulgences, and all the apparatus of an Eastern Crusade, were brought out; the dangerous and disastrous journey to Palestine, of which men were now weary, gave place to an attack on the pleasant fields and cities of the South: no sea to cross, no deserts or treacherous Greeks to face, no myriads of Saracens; but a land to be conquered, far richer in spoil than the Holy Land, with spiritual advantages just as great, and opportunities for prowess, rapine, cruelty, bloodshed, enough to please the most exacting.

[1] 'Un immense anathème pèse sur la tête de ce moine, qui passe pour le génie de l'Inquisition incarné. Doménique pourtant était né avec une âme tendre, avec l'amour de Dieu et des hommes.'—Martin, Hist. des Français, tom. 4. p. 25.

Raymond was completely cowed. He made submission; listened not to the voice of his gallant nephew the Viscount of Beziers, but went home. Weak and undecided, he tried to ward off destruction by half-measures and by missions of prelates to Rome, while he allowed the outpost of his situation, Beziers, to perish unsuccoured.

Frenchmen, Normans, Burgundians, and others, men of Poitou and Auvergne, Aquitanians and Gascons, were gathered together to destroy the South. Raymond himself was constrained to join the invading army, and led it into the South. Beziers was taken by assault; every soul in it was murdered; the city burnt. There it was that the Abbot of Citeaux is said by one of his brethren, a contemporary, to have made that monstrous answer to one who asked him how to distinguish heretic from orthodox, 'Kill them all; God will know His own.' And they did so.

After giving this example of the work before them, they passed on to Carcassonne, where Roger the viscount lay. Peter of Aragon, the viscount's feudal superior, came and tried to make terms for his vassal: but in vain. The stern implacable churchmen offered such terms as Roger could not accept: and the siege went on. With incredible falseness—'no faith with heretics'—the besiegers swore that if he would enter the camp to treat for a capitulation he should be let go safe and sound. He went, was seized, and made prisoner, and died soon after; men said of poison. So ended the first period of the war, and with it the noblest character it produced. The territory and title were given to Simon of Montfort; who became thenceforth the secular arm of the Crusade. The great lords of the South all gave in; the forty days' service of the barons was over: and the crusading army melted away.

It seems that Innocent III may have been touched by the horrors of the sack of Beziers; and he was not desirous of pushing Raymond of Toulouse too far. But matters had passed out of his hands: the legate Theodicus (who had succeeded Milo), the abbot of Citeaux, Arnold of Amaury, and Simon

of Montfort, were all eager to push on their advantages: Bishop Folquet, with the zeal of an evil spirit, ever stirred them up to act: and Raymond did but humiliate himself in vain. The terms offered him by the Church were so monstrous, that they roused even him to vigour. The Count of Foix, and the chief lords of the northern slopes of the Pyrenees rose in arms; and the war began again. But the gallant young Viscount of Beziers was dead: and the chivalric Peter of Aragon, who would gladly have defended the independence of his vassals, was called away to resist a grand invasion of African Moors, who threatened to avenge on Christian Spain the attacks that Christendom had made on Palestine.

Early in 1211 Simon was ready to attack the princes of the South. In 1210 he had reduced sundry outlying castles in the Beziers' district: he now moved onwards towards Toulouse. In that city Folquet raised a Catholic party, and the nobles enrolled themselves in a league against him. Like the towns of Italy, the city was torn between a 'white' and a 'black' faction. At last the bishop's followers were driven out of the city, and joined the invaders. These were not only Frenchmen, but Germans and Belgians, under the Duke of Austria, and the Counts of Mons and Juliers. But the brave Count of Foix routed them, and the peasantry destroyed their scattered fragments. Still the main body advanced, and appeared before Toulouse. Then the brethren of the white faction awoke to the thought that their city was dearer to them than the dominations of strangers could be; and they broke away from Bishop Folquet and made peace with their fellow-citizens. For that year the invaders did nothing. Their forty days' service elapsed, the place shewed no signs of feebleness, and in the autumn all was once more quiet.

In 1212 Montfort defeated his foes, and busied himself in reducing all the outlying territories which might possibly bring help to Toulouse—even the Agenois, a district not troubled with Albigenses, was ravaged and its fortresses rased. Raymond saw that nothing remained but Montauban and Toulouse, and fled for safety to Peter of Aragon.

Then the invaders fell on the spoil. To every man a portion:—the Southern sees were filled by shameless Northern bishops; the furious Arnold made himself Archbishop of Narbonne; the Abbot of Vaux Cernay became Bishop of Carcassonne; and so forth: the fiefs of the South were distributed among the barons and knights of the North. The South received now what it had never before had—a completely feudal form: the whole of its tendencies were destroyed; its influence on the growth of the human mind and of social life was extinguished. But now the great invasion of the Moors was crushed (A.D. 1212) in a tremendous battle: and Peter of Aragon was free to undertake the affairs of his ruined vassals. He sent to Rome a full account of the doings of the Crusaders: Innocent III was startled, and shewed regret for the evils he had caused: but none the less did the persecutors push on their advantages: and succeeded in representing their case to the Pope in such a light that he changed his tone, and bade them finish as they had begun. Then Peter crossed the Pyrenees with a large army; and all the oppressed South rose with joy. They attacked Muret, whose garrison threatened Toulouse. Hither Montfort hastened; and France measured strength with Spain. The Spaniards, the more numerous but the less disciplined, were conquered; and Peter perished with the flower of his troops. Thus ended in failure the attempt to drive the strong man out. Montfort pushed the advantage he had thus gained, till nearly all the South was under his feet. The cities that still stood submitted themselves humbly to the Legate, to abide by the decision of Rome. Raymond took up his abode in a private house till the coming Council of Lateran should decide his fate. By 1215 Simon held almost all the South as 'prince and monarch of the land.' And thus ended the second period of the war.

In November 1215 met the great Lateran Council: at which Domenic and Francis of Assisi both appeared: a fact which by itself marks it as an epoch in the history of the Christian religion. But to us its interest centres in the cry of the

oppressed South. There was no reticence; one plain-spoken knight of Beziers challenged the Pope to meet him at God's judgment day, unless he gave back to the son of Raymond his father's lands. But the voice of the oppressed and the soft cry of human feeling could not prevail. Even the Pope, it is said, was touched by the appeal of the younger Raymond of Toulouse: but the Crusaders held their own. Simon won for himself all the heritage of the house of Toulouse.

Next spring Simon made splendid progress through admiring France; where he was regarded as God's hero, the new David, the Judas Maccabaeus of the Church; and at Paris did homage to wary Philip for his conquests. Then he returned, acknowledged lord of all the South, to the desolated land whose beauty he had destroyed, whose cities were in ruins, whose chivalry was scattered, whose arts and wealth had been pillaged; the miserable wreck of a noble land.

Meanwhile the two Raymonds, father and son, trusting to the encouragement given them by the Pope, made ready to recover their inheritance. The tide turned. Discord had arisen between Simon and Amaury. The younger count attacked Beaucaire: the older entered Aragon, and thence returned with an army. Simon hastened to relieve Beaucaire: but the younger Raymond, who held the town and was attacking the castle, defended himself with success; and De Montfort for the first time saw his fortunes ebb. The place fell; and Simon hastened back to Toulouse, where matters were already critical. The citizens, learning that in his great anger he was determined to destroy them, barricaded their streets, and stood on the defensive. But he had in his hands many of their citizens, and threatened to kill them all. The city then yielded. He destroyed the better houses, the towers, the gates, and then, having as he thought made the place harmless, set out to attack the Count of Foix. But, directly he was gone, the heroic city rose from the dust, and called back her old prince: in 1217 he forced his way into the place. The towers and walls rose speedily, all the South hastened to help; nothing could exceed the joy of

the people, unless it was their hatred of the French oppressor. De Montfort attacked the city with all his skill and force: but in vain. After a siege of nine months he was killed by a stone from a machine on the walls: that lucky blow restored the South to liberty. In vain did Philip of France throw his weight into the Northern scale; and send his son Louis with the Duke of Brittany and a strong army to reinforce Amaury, Simon's son. The oppressors were everywhere foiled; the new Pope Honorius III cried men on in vain to another Crusade: in vain did Amaury offer his estates to King Philip.

The Northern invasion failed for a time: the South was much weakened, the house of Toulouse much reduced; things grew ready for that absorption into France that would one day take place: but for the time the hand of the persecutor was stayed. Twelve years later the quarrel was finally fought out (A.D. 1229), and the house of Toulouse fell for ever.

## IV. *The Day of Bouvines.* (Aug. 29, 1214.)

Philip Augustus, meanwhile, looked on well pleased at the troubles of the South, which weakened the great and independent houses which stood between him and the advancement of his kingdom below the Loire. But now fresh risks began. The feudal lords grew uneasy at the steady growth of royal power: the Count of Flanders, the Count of Boulogne, and others, felt themselves in danger. King John, though the barons hated him heartily, was also Philip's foe; and when Otho King of Germany, in the lowness of his fortunes, crossed over to England to his uncle the King, and made a treaty with him, the hopes of the feudal party began to rise. Still more did they rise when Philip of Swabia, Otho's rival, was killed, and Otho came to be recognised on all hands as Emperor. But the dark shadow of a Papal intervention came on. In 1208 England was put under Interdict, and in the next year John was excommunicated. Otho also, by the very fact of being Emperor,

became, from having been the Pope's protégé, his bitter foe, and was in his turn excommunicated in 1210, while Frederick II was set up against him.

Philip, wary and clear-sighted, now came forward as the Pope's champion; hoping thereby to crush King John, and perhaps to possess himself of England. He took the trouble once more to bring forward poor Ingeborg, his Danish wife, and to display her with all outward honour as his wife; thus hoping to shew the Church how ready he was to do her bidding.

In 1213, he called an assembly of his barons at Soissons, to which Ferrand of Flanders refused to come; a defiance which the King for the moment overlooked. For he was eager to attack England: he gathered an army near Boulogne; and all was ready, when he learnt with amazement and anger that Pandulf the Legate had induced King John to submit to the Roman See, to make ample reparation to the bishops of his realm, to place his crown in the Pope's hands, and to receive it back from him as a fief of the Papal Empire, with the guarantee of security which such vassaldom was supposed to give. After this great success, Pandulf returned to Boulogne, and set himself to appease and amuse the French King. It was clear he could not allow him now to cross into England; he therefore pointed out to him the advantages of an attack on Flanders, in order to avenge the slight which Ferrand had put on him. His barons, remembering what riches lay stored in Flemish cities, were content to change their course. The fleet, which had been intended to carry them over to the English coast, was sent on to the Scheldt; and Philip entered Flanders. The fleet took first Gravelines, then Damme, at that time the port of Bruges.

While this rich city was occupying their attention, they were attacked by the Earl of Salisbury and Renaud of Boulogne: half their ships were taken or destroyed; the remainder blockaded in port. In vain did Philip hasten up; he could do no more than burn the blockaded vessels, to save them

from the hands of his enemies. Philip consoled himself by pillaging and burning the rich Flemish towns, and towards winter he retired to Paris.

Next spring (A.D. 1214) the war took larger form. Throughout the winter Ferrand of Flanders and Renaud of Boulogne had busied themselves in Lorraine, and stirred up war. Otho and John were names which gave a national appearance to the coalition; but it was really the war of the aristocracy against the royal power: and Philip was justly uneasy as to the fidelity even of the barons round his person; though, in proof, they shewed themselves trusty and true. But though the underlying contest was between feudalism and royalty, on the surface the combinations wear a curious resemblance to those of later times and of very different real conditions: we have the Kings of England and France and the Emperor of Germany contending in Flanders: the externals of the struggle might have suited a much later age. Philip Augustus had to defend himself on two sides. He had to resist King John, who threatened Poitou, and Otho, who was preparing to enter Flanders. To watch the former he sent his son Louis; to face the latter he marched in person with all the strength he could muster. King John, who landed at La Rochelle, and took Angers, retreated before the French, and left no mark on the campaign. But the affairs in the North were very different.

Otho, with such Saxons and Brunswickers as would follow him—for he had but a poor following of Germans—entered Flanders, and encamped at Valenciennes. There rallied to him the barons of Flanders, and the communes of the cities, the warlike nobles of Holland, the gallant Lorrainers, and a good show of mercenaries under Hugh of Boves; and lastly, a body of English knights and bowmen under the Earl of Salisbury. On the other hand, King Philip had with him the Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Saint Pol, and the Viscount of Melun, with their men; representatives of high feudalism. Then there was the most notable knight of the time, William des Barres; and great store of other good knights round the King.

Then we must count up the churchmen, who mustered in some force; two of whom, Guerin, Bishop of Senlis, and the Bishop of Beauvais, with his mace[1], did doughty deeds of war; and lastly, came the Communes of many northern towns and abbeys, which sent their militia, and contributed not a little to the fortunes of the war.

Philip did not await them within his borders, but pressed forwards, 'ravaging royally' as he went, attended by the prayers and blessings of the Church. His chaplain, William the Breton, has left us a full account of the campaign, in which he was present throughout. But, when the two armies drew near, not far from Tournay, the French barons would not let Philip advance farther, and the King, against his will, began to retire. The same day Otho moved forward, the French not knowing it; and, before the day was far spent, there was but a hill between the two armies. The King's men, in the heat of the day, came down to Bouvines, on the river Margne, not far south of Tournay; and, while his forces slowly defiled across the bridge, Philip lay down to rest awhile under an ash-tree, beside a little chapel. Here tidings came that his rearward was hard pressed by Otho, who thought to fall on the French army while cut in two by the river, and to crush the rear before the van could come back to help. Philip at once sent men to hasten back the foremost, and with them the sacred Oriflamme, which had early crossed the bridge. He himself entered the chapel and uttered a brief prayer; then spoke cheerily to his knights, as a King who had faith in God and in himself; and then, with a glad countenance, 'as one who went to wedding or to feast,' rode forward to meet his foe. The English held the right wing of the Emperor's line; the Emperor the centre, having with him a kind of Italian car[2], on which was raised his standard of war, a golden eagle on a dragon's back; the Count of Flanders the left; while the brave Bishop of Senlis

[1] With his *mace*, because he held that a churchman should never shed blood. So he killed his antagonist, if he could, by breaking his head.

[2] Like the Carroccio of the Italian armies.

acted as marshal to the French host, and spread their scanty line out thinly, so as to make fair front to their enemy, till those who had crossed the bridge could return. Over against the Flemings were the Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Saint Pol, the militia of St. Medard's Abbey in Soissons. The King held the middle battle, as was fitting; on his left were the Counts of Dreux and Ponthieu; behind the King himself stood his good chaplain, William the Breton, with another clerk, chanting psalms the battle through.

The vassals of St. Medard of Soissons opened fight, charging down on the Flemish chivalry gallantly, but in vain. What could these ill-armed citizens do? But the knights supported them, and the battle soon became general.

The battle of the chivalry on either side raged without decisive results. The young knights, as at a tourney, cried to each other to 'remember their ladies.' The Count of Saint Pol did wonders: he had sworn that he would shew the King whether he were a traitor or no. After three hours of confusion, Ferrand, Count of Flanders, was beaten down and taken prisoner, and the left wing of the confederates was crushed. Meanwhile the communal militia came hastily back over the bridge, in good spirits—their will was hearty, though their strength was small; and every hour the French battle gained in weight. The German knights pierced through to the French King; unhorsed him, and went nigh to kill him. Then arose a cry of need; and William des Barres, hearing it afar, left hold of Otho—for he had in his turn penetrated to the heart of the German army, and had seized the Emperor—and returned to rescue the King. Up came the communal troops at the same time, and Philip was saved. From this moment the battle went for the French. Otho's horse, wounded to death, and mad with pain, galloped with his rider off the field; nor did Otho care to return. Philip pressed on, shewing himself a good knight and a noble king, and the centre began to melt away. Before long the Dukes of Brabant and Limburg, and all the centre, took to flight. There remained only the

right wing, where were Renaud of Boulogne and the English. These now gave way. The English were routed chiefly by the fierce Bishop of Beauvais, who laid about him mightily with his mace, and felled the Earl of Salisbury like an ox. Renaud, who had been the first to stir up strife, the winter before, was the last to lay down arms: but the field was won ere night. In the hands of the victors were Ferrand, and Renaud, the Earl of Salisbury, and many other men of name. The King distributed these among his chief supporters, that they might enrich themselves with good ransom; some he handed over to the cities; Ferrand, who had defied and insulted him, he took prisoner to Paris.

So ended the battle of Bouvines, the first real French victory. It roused the national spirit as nothing else could have roused it; it was the nation's first taste of glory, dear above all things to the French heart. Clergy and the common folk welcomed the King with transports of joy: the march back to Paris was a triumph; the citizens poured out, the University came forth to do him honour. The Communes had right good reason to be proud of their share of the war. They had but broken themselves against the iron-mailed chivalry of Flanders and Germany, yet they had done it gallantly; had helped to rescue their King; had supported their own knights; above all, had been permitted to measure arms on equal terms with feudal lords: and now the King had thanked them, with presents of noble prisoners, that they might have feudalism in their hands, and bring it down, and win good ransom from it. The battle somewhat broke the high spirit of the barons: the lesser barons and the baronial churches grouped themselves round the King; the greater lords came to feel their weakness in the presence of royalty. Among the incidental consequences of the day of Bouvines was the ruin of Otho's ambition. He fled from the field into utter obscurity. He retired to the Hartz mountains, and there spent the remaining years of his life in private. King John, too, was utterly discredited by his share in the year's campaign. To it may partly be traced his humiliation before his barons,

and the signing of the Great Charter in the following year at Runnymede.

Thus one great siege and one great battle, Château Gaillard in 1204, and Bouvines in 1214, raised the French monarchy far above its former self. The siege gave it a great preponderance in territorial weight, by securing Normandy and the west of France; while Bouvines crushed the great coalition of the barons and princes against Philip, and left him far the most renowned and powerful prince of Christendom. He had now little to do except to consolidate and hand down his high authority. The fortunes of royalty in France were made.

## V. *To the Death of King Philip.* A. D. 1214—1223.

For a brief time King Philip's mind was turned towards England. Soon after John's return from his disgraceful campaign in France, the barons compelled him to sign the Great Charter of English liberties (A.D. 1215). But John was not the man to stand loyally by any act: he signed and broke faith. Innocent III, to whom he appealed, identified himself with the evildoer. He declared the Charter unlawful and evil, and annulled it, as supreme lord of England. The sympathies of the Church had passed from the oppressed to the oppressor—the Papacy was already a political rather than a religious institution. In this act Innocent may be said to have begun that great struggle between Rome and the proud Island, which has had so great an influence on the healthy growth of the political liberties of England.

The English barons would not yield to the Pope's dictation; but, finding themselves hard pressed, offered the crown of England to Louis of France, Philip's eldest son, whose wife, Blanche of Castile, that noble lady, was grand-daughter to Henry II, and gave to Louis a kind of claim on the English throne. Under her ambitious influence, the prince accepted the tempting offer, and betook himself to England in 1216.

The Pope's Legate brought to Philip letters from the Pope begging the King to forbid his son to invade England and vex his vassal John. But Philip replied that the English kingdom was not, nor ever would be, vassal to St. Peter; for that no King can give his kingdom to another without consent of his barons[1]. A notable declaration of Philip's high views as to the royal power, and also as to the importance of the independence of the barons. He delighted to call his own lords round him for counsel, and to listen to their advice, as he did before Bouvines, even when it differed from his own opinion. Still, though he protested against the Papal assumption, he did not care to make trouble with the Church; and he therefore acted prudently in the matter, interfering as little as possible, and that only under pressure from his vigorous daughter-in-law, Blanche of Castile.

When Louis reached England he was joined by nearly all the barons, and, for a little while, was almost recognised as King of England. But John died, and then the barons, having got rid of the tyrant they hated, deserted the banner of Louis, and rallied round King John's young son, Henry, from whose minority they naturally hoped to find time and opportunity to strengthen themselves. Then they defeated the army of Louis at Lincoln, and shut him up in London, which remained faithful to him. The French relieving fleet, under Eustace the Monk, was met in the Channel by the hardy sailors of the Cinque Port towns, and utterly defeated: Eustace was taken and beheaded. Then Louis made the best terms he could, and returned to France; and Henry III reigned undisputed King.

This episode did not at all shake King Philip's ascendency in France. He ruled peaceably and sagaciously over his people, avoiding all risks and quarrels now that he had all to lose, and cared not to win more. He lived much with the clergy, returning to the pious tendencies of his early life, and shewing himself ready to support them in their attempts against heresy.

[1] Matthew Paris.

But even in this he was reluctant to take part, when it meant active warfare. The Roman Court tried hard and long to embark him in the new Albigensian crusade; but he held aloof, and sent his son, and did but little in it. At last (in A.D. 1222) his health began to give way, just as he seemed likely to yield to the Pope's wishes. Fever set in, against which his vigorous constitution struggled for ten months. In 1223 he could battle with it no longer, and died. The will he left shews us how huge a fortune he had gathered, and how determined he was to buy himself the goodwill of the Church and the blessings supposed to follow with it. He left large sums for religious purposes, specially with a view to the better furtherance of persecution; thereby shewing himself in full harmony with his spiritual friends. The bulk of his wealth he left to his son, Louis; and took care not to weaken the royal power by any dismemberment of the domains or any great apanages [1].

So passed away this great King; who did more than any one had yet done for royalty in France. A great King, but not at all a great man. And yet had he shewn more generous breadth of spirit, he might have taken rank among the greatest.

As we have drawn out the story of his reign we have noted the chief characteristics of his mind: his coolness and patience; no eager ambition or restlessness; but an aim taken with a steady hand and a farseeing eye. His ruling quality was pride, a noble pride in being King; and a firmness and dignity in asserting and fulfilling his ideal of the kingly place. But with him coolness was also coldness; he was at no time a genial or friendly man. And with coldness went not unnaturally a want of generousness of character, which was sometimes degraded into trickiness, cunning, and deceit, as when he tried to get the Pope Celestin to release him from his promise to King Richard, or when he tempted away from the old King Henry II his

[1] *Apanage* is the Low Lat. *apanagium* (ad panem), a provision for sustenance given to younger sons and charged on the estate. Cp. the German word '*Panisbrief*.'

undutiful sons. Such a man could well conceal his feelings, nurture secret anger, wait, dissembling fairly, for occasions of requital, if not of revenge. He was a great captain rather than a gallant soldier. His nature was far from being cowardly, and he knew that a King's armour was good and sound; but he had none of that heat of courage which in those days made heroes, and which burnt so high in King Richard. He was eminent as an engineer in war: his skill conduced greatly to the capture of Château Gaillard; he laboured strenuously to strengthen the fortifications of his greater cities. In general he was fair-minded, and kinglike in his respect for justice. It was noticed of him that he gave full compensation to those men whose houses he destroyed when he fortified Paris; a stretch of just dealing hardly credible in those days. His political sagacity was perhaps the most remarkable quality in his character. He succeeded, even in very critical times, in keeping the greater lords faithful to his crown: he took pleasure in and presided over their assemblies; he began the shadowy greatness of the Court of Peers; he passed successfully through the great dangers of several trials of strength with the Pope, yielding where no political question was involved, as in the case of Ingeborg, but standing firm, defiantly firm, when the royal prerogative was attacked. The greatest Pope of the century gave way before him. He checked the pretensions of the spiritual tribunals; marking out clearly the relations of the barons and the Church, and braved the threat of an interdict firmly and successfully, when he felt it his duty to coerce the Bishops of Orleans and Auxerre, when they proved contumacious before the royal power; he succeeded in making feudal privilege and power spring largely from himself. He saw the importance of his cities, and encouraged their growth and independence, as we have seen at the Battle of Bouvines. Paris, his capital, he especially cherished; paved her chief streets, which up to that time had been common sewers, muddy, ill-smelling, and pestilential; he new-walled her, giving her more room to grow, had good houses built in her, and set up excellent markets.

Whether himself learned or not, he was fully aware of the uses of learning; he encouraged and expanded the University of Paris; he loved the literature of his day; its romances of Alexander, and Arthur, and 'Kallemain.'

Religion of a kind was an element in his character: but it had in it no weakness. His cold nature let him favour persecutions: they were not distasteful to him, and they kept Rome in good humour. Innocent was not likely to push a strong man hard, when that strong man was also vigorous in repressing Jew and heretic. But Philip's religion, mixed up throughout with his own interests, never overbore his cool judgment, or led him to pay deference to the Church, if she encroached on his prerogative.

In sum, the King's character, though it falls far short of greatness, and though very deficient in those qualities which ensure our goodwill and affection, was in a remarkable degree fitted for the work he set before him,—the work of building up, stone by stone, the great edifice of Monarchy.

## VI. *Louis VIII.* A.D. 1223—1226.

Louis the Eighth, Philip's son and successor, was the husband of Blanche of Castile. What little vigour he displayed arose chiefly from her prompting and pushing, as in the case of his brief kingship in England.

At his accession there was much joy; and his barons signified the same by voting that they would prefer not to pay the interest of their debts, which were heavy, and due to Jews; and, as to the capital, they would defer its repayment to a distant date. There came, however, a grave constitutional change, which much affected the nobles: for the high officers of the King now began to sit with them in their court, counting as their equals in rank.

Louis VIII had two wars in his short reign: one in the south-west, the other in the south-east. The former was small but successful: he conquered Lower Poitou, and even reduced

Rochelle, the English King's doorway into France[1]. In 1226 Louis undertook the second of these wars, the Crusade, to which the Church incited him. With a great army, well-appointed, he swept all before him on the Rhone till he reached Avignon. Here, as the proud city refused to let him pass through it in pomp of arms, he sat down for a long siege; although the city held not of him but of the Empire. The brave men of Avignon, ever turbulent and hot, made vigorous resistance; and fever spread throughout the King's camp. Still he went on; till at last the place treated for capitulation, and got terms which were not very severe. The campaign however was over; the forty days of feudal service were long gone by; and the King broke up in the autumn, and marched northwards, intending after winter to return and to crush the heretics by the capture of Toulouse. But the camp-fever was upon him: and he sickened and died at Montpensier in Auvergne, leaving behind him a boy, Louis, aged only twelve years, and his noble widow, Blanche.

His will proved his feebleness, and how unlike he was to his father and his son: for he divided the domain, reconstructing great princedoms for his children, whose interests must infallibly before long be hostile to those of the crown. Thus he played into the hands of the barons, alarmed at the royal power, and eagerly looking for an opportunity to reduce it to its older form.

[1] In the Huguenots' time we find this important fortress again made the point at which the English entered into France. It was destined to be the last stronghold of French aristocracy and of the Huguenots.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## *Louis IX, called Saint Louis.* A.D. 1226—1270.

### I. The King's Youth. A.D. 1226—1244.

The accession of Louis IX to the throne in 1226 was a critical moment for the French monarchy. Feudalism was thoroughly alarmed, and on the watch for an occasion to recover lost ground, and a child on the throne, ruled by a foreign mother, seemed to be their opportunity. The year before Count Peter of Dreux, the vigorous regent of Brittany, had made a treaty with England against the King; and, among other great barons on the move, those of Aquitaine joined the Regent, taking as their head Richard of Cornwall, the younger brother of Henry III of England. The young King and his mother had to struggle with one or another confederation of barons for sixteen years, from his accession down to the year 1242, when the feudal party finally gave up the contest, and recognised the complete superiority of the royal power.

The Queen made all haste to have her son crowned at Rheims. The summons to attend the coronation, issued by the barons who had surrounded the death-bed of Louis VIII, was disregarded by almost all the great lords of France. Philip 'Hurepel,' the rough uncle of the boy, was there; some churchmen also; Enguerrand, lord of Coucy, and the young Duke of Burgundy; John of Brienne, the soldier of fortune, the titular King of Jerusalem, who would one day become Emperor of Constantinople, was present:—he was usually to be found at great ceremonies, wherever he was treated with respect, and

kept at the cost of others; but no one else of name appeared. Theobald of Champagne made as though he would have come; but Philip declared that he would shut Rouen gates in his face, as the poisoner of the late King;—and the Count of Champagne stood aloof. All the great barons of the West and South were absent: Henry III of England, the chief of them, hoped to wrest away all that Philip Augustus had conquered; the feudal barons thought to recover their independence. Blanche had nothing to oppose to these formidable foes, save the innocence of her boy, the half-hearted support of a few barons, the good-will of the Papal Legate, and her own genius and gifts. With these she broke asunder every combination, secured Louis on the throne, imprinted on his mind that sense of religion and delicacy of conscience, that honesty of purpose and self-denial, that consciousness of what was due from him and to him, which made St. Louis first among Kings. He alone combines the virtues of a churchman with those of a layman; in him alone the qualities which are usually fatal to kings turned to advantage. Royalty, which under the cold shrewd sway of Philip Augustus had made such great strides towards power, was warmed into higher life by the nobleness of St. Louis. It captivated the heart and imagination of men; and grew strong by the display of softer qualities. The French nation, full of feeling at all times, was at this time deeply penetrated with religious sentiment. St. Louis, like other great men in other times, was the living expression of the aims of his age: in him chivalry received its crown; the fresh humanity of the time found its expression; religion was illustrated and ennobled.

No sooner was he crowned than the barons, who had demanded the release of all noble prisoners as the price of their attendance at the coronation, and who, on being refused, had absented themselves, drew together, and made league against the queen-mother. Theobald of Champagne, Peter Mauclerc[1],

[1] So called from the ill he wrought to clerks. He was noted for his hatred towards ecclesiastics.

the regent of Brittany, Hugh of Lusignan, Count of La Marche, Richard of Cornwall, and, in a secret manner, Raymond VII of Toulouse, took Enguerrand, lord of Coucy, a baron of high nobility and small lands, to be their head. They reckoned on being supported, if not led, by Henry III of England; but then, as after, that feeble prince failed them utterly. He had no force of character; he was governed by favourites; he was engaged in a constant and unsuccessful struggle against his own barons and people; so that he must have felt that in joining the French barons he was fighting against his own side. Queen Blanche found means (it is said by plentiful gifts of money) to interest in her behalf Henry's earliest minister, Hubert de Burgh. The true head of the league was Theobald of Champagne; but the Queen, by her powers of fascination, succeeded in detaching him from the barons' party; and both then and later he gave up his own interests for her sake. Although he failed them, the barons still gathered in force at Corbeil; Queen Blanche, who was at Orleans with her son, hastened towards Paris. When they reached Montleheri with a very scanty escort, they learnt that the barons were at Corbeil in great force, threatening the road to the capital. Thence the Queen sent messengers to Paris, begging help. The citizens with great willingness came forth armed, to bring them on their way. From Montleheri to Paris the road was filled with folk, armed or unarmed, who cried to our Lord to give the King long life, and to defend him from his foes: and so did He[1]. And so the King came safely to Paris, none daring to withstand him, and was welcomed right heartily by his devoted burghers, who, from the time of their great benefactor Philip Augustus, had been warmly attached to the King's party. In this same year, 1228, the magistrates of all communes took oath to defend the King and his friends against all comers.

A languid war went on till 1231, when the treaty of St. Aubin du Cormier gave the victory to Blanche. In that treaty we find

[1] Joinville, Vie de S. Louis, chap. 2.

the famous Hugh of Lusignan, Count of La Marche, reckoned among the King's men; and, consequently, Anjou and Saintonge regarded as his fiefs. The island of Oleron, on that coast, was ceded to him by Henry III. This treaty may be said to close the great troubles of the King's minority. In 1234 Peter Mauclerc became his vassal, and was ever afterwards one of his most devoted followers. The war with the barons was over, and the young King had learnt to hold his own with them: but there followed immediately (from 1231 to 1236) a similar struggle with some of the great feudal bishops; in which the firmness, skill, and prudence of Queen Blanche were again successful, and the King learnt a more difficult lesson,—to stand up boldly against spiritual opposition; and to discern right and wrong, even when priestly vestments cloaked the evildoer. Even the Popes had, to a certain extent, interfered in favour of the feudal party. Honorius III had not been friendly to Blanche, nor was Gregory IX, who, in 1234, actually threatened the King with excommunication if he did not desist from this attempt to restrict clerical jurisdiction. But the Queen disarmed their illwill, through her influence over the Legate, and pursued her course unimpeded: another lesson, doubtless, for the young Prince. During this period Theobald of Champagne became King of Navarre; he had sold to the crown Chartres, Blois, Sancerre, and Châteaudun: Philip Hurepel died: Peter Mauclerc ceased to be regent of Brittany. Time, the friend of the young, had worked silently in the King's favour.

Meanwhile, the course of affairs in the South was equally fortunate. In 1229 the treaty of Meaux, ratified at Paris, brought to an end the long quarrel between France and Toulouse. Raymond VII, worn out with war, agreed to terms, which meant the gradual absorption of the South, and the King's rule over states, which then and for long after were regarded as completely foreign. The name of France was not applied to the South for three centuries to come. In this treaty Raymond bound himself to search out and punish heretics with fresh vigour; to take the cross in person, and to go over

sea to fight the Saracen for four years. The King left him Toulouse, which, it was agreed, was to fall, after his death, to the King's brother, Alphonse, who should marry the count's daughter; and if they died childless, then to lapse to the King himself. He also ceded to the King all other his lands and domains on the French side of the Rhone (the right bank), while the possessions he held across the Rhone, 'in the Empire,' were destined to pass, in 1274, into the hands of the Church; by which means the Papacy obtained the Venaissin; a possession it held till the French Revolution. In addition to these hard terms, the poor count had to fill the ditches and throw down the walls of thirty of his strong places, and of Toulouse herself; to give up sundry places as hostages, and to pay a heavy fine, half to the King, half to the Church. For all that remained to him he did homage to the crown. Thus the whole Duchy of Narbonne came at once into the King's hands; the house of Beziers was disinherited; and the county of Toulouse was secured to the royal house, with a prospect also of the eastern part of Guienne. Then at last the luckless duke was reconciled to the Church; and France entered into possession of a land ruined, and in tears; a land conquered but not convinced. The South of France long suffered from these terrible wars; long it deemed itself a captive, and struggled at times for freedom; for centuries it retained its old names; not till the fourteenth century did the name of Languedoc appear: nor was it spoken of as a part of France till near the period of the Reformation. It was, and is, a land apart; its customs, dialect, the figures and faces of its inhabitants, all still retain marks of its old independence; though of its wealth, luxury, and learning, little trace now remains.

The Inquisition, under the direction of the Dominican Friars, was established over the prostrate body of the exhausted South in the year 1233, in the joint interests of the French King and the Pope. The great monarchies, even in their rise, began to lapse into tyranny. We find even Frederick II, the Emperor of Ger-

many, making this horrible engine of intolerance useful to hunt down and destroy his enemies; which was perhaps scarcely the end for which the Pope had intended the institution.

During these years Blanche both ruled wisely and watched over the growth of her affectionate and sickly son. He proved an apt scholar; the agitated politics of the time taught him whom to trust, whom to fear and shun; he learnt, with singular clearness and straightness of mind, to distinguish the limits of spiritual and temporal powers; to feel the value of right; to recognise his own duty as the supreme administrator of justice; while at the same time his tender conscience and delicate frame made him the most pious and devout man of his age. With the narrowness which in those days followed inevitably upon a strong faith, he persecuted without remorse; with a devotion closely akin to superstition, he accepted all the wonders which then formed a large part of religion; and yet his true nobility of soul brought him into communion with all that was noblest in Christianity: while still he did not fear to withstand bishop and Pope, when he felt that they were not walking right with God. These qualities were quite compatible with a gentle submission to his mother's will, long after the days of his boyhood; and until his first Crusade sundered them, men had but little notion what strength underlay that modest and kindly exterior. Blanche in 1234 had found him a little wife in Margaret, one of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence, a child of twelve years, a maiden sweet and gentle, pure-minded and devoted, brave and loving, whose character answered closely to the King's. But even when they were married, Blanche's imperious disposition could not bear a rival in her son's affections; and watched over the young pair with a care which was grievous to them both, keeping them much apart; so that they were obliged to meet by stealth, and to have signals to guard against her coming. Much did the young Queen suffer from her jealous watchfulness; 'she was,' says Joinville, 'the woman she hated above all others,' so harshly had she treated the little lady, even after she was grown up.

These years passed in tolerable quietude: the King being busy regulating affairs, and keeping in order the churchmen of his realm. In 1238 he was appealed to for help by Baldwin II of Constantinople, and gave him much gold; in return for which he received the Crown of Thorns (there was one already at St. Denis), which he accepted with marvellous devotion, and placed with great honour in his new Chapel[1] at Paris, a building which seems to express in its beauty of proportion, construction, and ornament, something of the exquisite harmony of the King's character.

But while there was peace in his land, terrible war was raging abroad. The great struggle between Gregory IX, the aged Pontiff, and Frederick II of Germany, the most brilliant of Emperors, splendid in his very vices, was at its height. The Tartars or Turks, a hideous race, who struck terror into every heart, were knocking at the Eastern gates of Europe; but the Pope would not relax his efforts to destroy the man who ought to be the bulwark of Christendom. The Moslem, who, much divided among themselves, had suffered greatly from hordes of Mongols, sent ambassadors, crying for help, to France and England. But St. Louis did not stir; 'either we will send these Tartars to Tartarus,' said he to his weeping mother; 'or they shall send us to heaven;' with which pleasant dilemma he turned aside to other business. In England the Bishop of Winchester said in council: 'Let them and the Saracens fight it out, till both are destroyed; then will the Church fill all the earth;' and so England let them be: the Pope smiled at the danger—'at any rate they will first destroy Frederick.' The Emperor himself tarried in Italy: but the Germans, under orders sent by him, met and repulsed them on the Danube; and this great peril was averted.

But the head of Christendom would not attribute to Frederick this great service done by his Germans: his energies, marvellous in an old man now drawing near to his hundredth year, were strained to the utmost to destroy his foe. The Emperor was ex-

[1] This is the Sainte Chapelle, built to receive this dubious relic.

communicated, and therefore, according to the Papal theory, deposed. The Pope cast about for a successor, and offered the imperial crown to Louis for his brother Robert of Artois. But the wise King was ever neutral in this unholy strife; and at once refused the tempting bribe in terms which, if Matthew Paris[1] may be trusted, must have sounded strange and bitter to the Pontiff. He denied the Pope's right to depose a sovereign prince, who had no peer in Christendom, without proof of the accusations brought against him; if he was to be judged and deposed, it must done by a General Council; he had ever been regarded by Louis as innocent; he had ever been his good neighbour. Not content with this, the French King and his barons sent a friendly embassy to the Emperor, and continued on good terms with him. When Frederick in 1241 captured a ship-load of French prelates and others, on their way to Rome to a General Council, convened for the purpose of sanctioning the deposition of the Emperor, Louis wrote him a firm letter threatening to declare war against him; and the Emperor at once gave them their liberty. At a later period we find the King respecting Frederick's rights in the East, although by that time he had been excommunicated again after the Council of Lyons. So raged the war between the two heads of Christendom, to the detriment of all that was good. Gregory died in 1241. After nearly two years[2] Innocent IV succeeded him, and followed in his footsteps. The Papacy gave the house of Hohenstaufen neither peace nor respite, till it had soiled its hands in the blood of the last of the race (A.D. 1268).

In that same year of Gregory's death, 1241, Louis tried to make his brother Alphonse Lord of Poitou and Auvergne; but the barons resisted; called in Henry III from England, and roused the embers of old discontents. Hugh of Lusignan,

[1] Matthew Paris the chief historian of this period, wrote with a very strong bias against the Papacy, and in behalf of the Kings of Europe. His speeches are therefore not to be trusted; although his narratives are worthy of credit.

[2] This interregnum alarmed the King; Matthew Paris tells us he threatened the Cardinals that he would establish a French Pope, according to the powers granted by St. Clement to St. Denis.—Matthew Paris, p. 532.

Count of La Marche, defied Alphonse at Poitiers, renounced his homage, and rode off on his war-horse after setting fire to the house in which he had lodged. Henry III came, not indeed with a great army, for the English barons refused to go, but with three hundred knights and thirty barrels of money, to pay for troops. But Louis shewed unexpected vigour. He gathered all the force he could, and entered Poitou, occupying the strong places one after another. He was before Fontenay, when Henry sent knights to defy him: he took the place, and then, having reduced all north of the Charente, he came down to Taillebourg on that deep river, purposing to cross by a narrow stone bridge there. He found the English King and the Count of La Marche on the other bank: but they had not secured the bridge or the castle which commanded it, consequently the French began at once to cross with all haste and fell on the English. But at first they were like to have been driven back; till the King himself, seeing their need, passed over and came to the forefront of the battle: and when the English saw that, they gave ground and retreated to Saintes, closely followed by the King's men. A second battle was hotly fought in the neighbourhood of that town; but the English were overborne; and King Henry fled into Gascony. Then the Count of La Marche yielded himself to the King, and was pardoned, with the loss of all the lands that King Louis had conquered. Henry III fell back on Bordeaux and spent in idleness the rest of the money he had brought with him, and in 1243 made peace with Louis, who did not care to press the English King hard; for he was his brother-in-law[1]; and Louis himself, together with numbers of his fighting men, was suffering grievously from camp-fever. Then Henry went back to England and landed at Portsmouth, 'with as much bravery as if he had conquered France:' Louis returned sick to Paris.

At the same time Raymond VII made a last attempt to reassert the independence of the South. It was all in vain.

[1] Henry III had married in 1235 Eleanor the second daughter of Raymond Berenger, and younger sister of Margaret, Louis's Queen.

Though the country rose willingly, no help from Spain or the Pyrenean barons came to him; Henry III was unfit and unable to help him. He saw his error, and hastened to make submission to the King; who, ever prudent and moderate, consented to receive him on the old terms of the treaty of Paris. Thus ended the last coalition of the barons against the King. And at the same time (A.D. 1244) the long and mournful persecution of the Albigenses closed with their final extinction. In the high gorges of the Pyrenees, on an almost impregnable rock stood the Castle of Mont Segur (Mons Securus), last refuge of the persecuted. There a few proscribed nobles and knights, with about two hundred Albigenses, with their Bishop, kept up a petty warfare with the plains below. They were attacked by the Bishop of Albi, and the French Seneschal of Carcassonne; and after a long and heroic resistance, were surprised by a body of mountaineers, who succeeded in climbing by night up the rock. They then surrendered, on condition that any who retracted their opinions should be saved. But not one man or woman among them cared so to save his life; they were all shut up in a building made of palings and stakes, and burnt to death. Thus perished the last of the Albigenses, after thirty-five years of unpitying warfare, of nameless horrors. Manichean opinions thenceforth faded away, though they might still be traced in some parts of the South; and, later, in North Italy, and on the Danube. But their day was past; and in the fifteenth century the last sparks of this fire, which once had threatened to kindle half Europe, were stamped out by the heel of the Ottoman invader.

Louis now proclaimed that as 'no man can serve two masters,' all barons holding fiefs under him and also under Henry of England, must choose one lord or other; and almost all chose to abandon their holdings under the King of England. Hereby the separation between France and England was made far more marked; and the wars that from this time raged between them became thoroughly national, although ancient claims and names were still used. Finally, in 1246, Charles of Anjou, the King's

brother, rode with five hundred knights into Provence and claimed his bride, the Countess Beatrix. Raymond Berenger, who would fain have married her to Raymond VII, was lately dead, and the moment seemed fortunate to the harsh and cruel Frenchman, whose character formed so strange a contrast to his brother's. He carried off the heiress unopposed: this was the true end of the separate political existence of Provence.

## II. *The King's First Crusade,* A.D. 1245—1254.

Meanwhile, the King had been slowly preparing for the great act of his life, the Crusade. In 1244, not long after his return from the south-west, he was taken with a great illness; and was brought to such a pass that his attendants disputed whether he were dead or no; but he rallied, and called for the cross: 'and when the queen his mother heard that he had recovered speech, she shewed as much joy as could be; but when he told her he had taken the cross, she lamented as much as if she had seen him dead[1].' After him, his three brothers, Robert of Artois, Alphonse of Poitiers, Charles of Anjou, who was afterwards King of Sicily, also took the cross; together with a goodly company of barons and knights. Not content with these volunteers, the King by a pious fraud caught many more. For it was the custom to give each courtier a new robe at Christmastide[2]; and on the eve of that day 1245 the King bade all his court be present at early morning mass. At the chapel door each man received his new cloak, put it on, and went in. At first all was dark; but as the day rose, each man saw on his neighbour's shoulder the cross which betokened the Crusading vow. Then they jested and laughed, 'seeing that their lord King had taken them piously, preaching by deeds not by words.' But then as they reflected that they could not decently throw down the sacred sign, their laughter became mixed with tears[3]; for men were not then very eager to undertake the holy war.

[1] Joinville, chap. 3.
[2] Whence Christmas Day came to be called 'the day of new clothes.'
[3] Matthew Paris, p. 604.

In the previous year, about the time of the King's illness, the Pope, escaping like a fugitive from the risks around him, took ship for Genoa, and proposed to go on thence to Citeaux, in Burgundy. He knew that the King had agreed to visit the great abbey at the time of their chapter in 1244, and hoped by his own influence and that of his faithful allies the monks, to entrap him into an unwary promise of support against the Emperor. So when King Louis came in state to the abbey gates he saw a long line of monks, some five hundred of them, filing forth from the porch of the abbey church; who all knelt down before the King, beseeching him with pious tears and sobs to help the 'father of the faithful persecuted by a son of Satan' (so they described the Pope's attack on Frederick), and to receive him into his kingdom. The holy King, greatly affected, also knelt before the monks: but nevertheless his prudence overcame his feelings, and he answered cautiously that he would defend the Church, as far as was just and proper, against any ill-doing of the Emperor; and would receive the Pope, if his nobles assented thereto. But the barons did not assent; and the Pope had to abandon his intention of holding the Council at Rheims, and to fix on Lyons as the most convenient spot on the edge of the French kingdom. Lyons, which in Roman times had been, as we have seen, the heart and centre of the imperial system in Gaul, now lay on the border-line of two states; part in France, part in the Empire, divided by the Saone. The city was governed by the archbishop and canons, who were of course in harmony with Papal ideas; and by a civic government, which, sympathising with and following the Lombard cities, also sided with the Church against the Empire. Thus the place was well suited for a council: and here the Pope condemned, and with the sanction of the assembled prelates again excommunicated, the Emperor; and the strife between them grew darker and more severe. Years before, Pope Gregory IX had preached a crusade against Frederick, bidding those who undertook it wear the cross-keys on their shoulder instead of the simple red cross: gladly would Innocent

now have turned aside the single-minded King from his Crusade in the East to one nearer home. But Louis was firm: he was clear as to his duty in the East; he was by no means clear as to the justice or wisdom of crushing the Emperor: and so, after warmly but vainly essaying to make peace between the combatants, he left them to fight out their differences, and went on quietly making ready for his departure.

One of his last acts, before going, was to approve and give powers to a remarkable league of his barons. They were chafing under the encroachment of the clergy; and bound themselves to resist them in matters of jurisdiction and the consequent levying by them of large sums of money from the people. They agreed that if any one of them were unjustly excommunicated, they would all resist in common the operation of the curse, so far as in them lay. The Pope answered the barons' manifesto by a vigorous letter; and there the matter stood. He was not strong enough to push matters to extremes while he had other and heavier work on hand. It was a remarkable quarrel, shewing how thoroughly the King and his barons had come to see that their interests were the same; and how clearly the King was determined not to let fall from his hands into those of the clergy the administration of justice in his realm.

By the late acquisitions of the crown in Provence, France had become at last possessed of seaboard on the Mediterranean, and the King had dug at Aigues Mortes[1] a canal and a harbour, to serve him as a southern port. Hither he came in the summer of 1248, and set sail, with much religious solemnity, for Cyprus, the rendezvous of the expedition.

It was agreed that the Crusade should not be directed to the Holy Land in the first instance, but to Egypt. Partly, it would seem, because the King was unwilling to interfere in the struggles of Pope and Emperor, which he must have done had he gone to Jerusalem. For Frederick was King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and the Pope had already treated him as having

[1] Aquae Mortuae, 'the stagnant waters.'

forfeited his crown, and had named Henry of Lusignan as his successor. Frederick's officers and the Knights of the Temple were at open feud; and Louis would surely have been mixed up in their quarrels. And besides, Jerusalem was a heap of ruins, an open defenceless town, almost without an inhabitant; and the Christian cities on the coast seemed for the moment safe. The Tartars had destroyed the power of the Sultan of Iconium, and Palestine lay untouched. But Egypt was the very heart of the Moslem power. The Sultan of Cairo was nominal lord of Palestine, and the road to Jerusalem certainly lay through 'Babylon,' as Cairo was then called. Therefore the King did wisely to strike at Egypt first: only if one strikes at the heart of a great power, one ought to strike promptly and hard.

After eight months at Cyprus, the good King set sail for the Egyptian coast. A storm dispersed the fleet, and delayed it a few days: at last, in June 1249, the King's ship sighted the low line of the coast and the town of Damietta; and saw the Sultan's cavalry, the Mamelukes, drawn up along the beach. With a vigour which brought its reward, the King, with all his army at his back, dashed ashore, drove back the enemy, and won firm footing on the land. The Egyptian Sultan was sick to death; discord reigned and distrust: it was a fortunate moment for the attack. The unbelievers were seized with panic, and abandoned Damietta without an effort—a city which was very strong and well-provisioned, and had already shewn what it could do when besieged, having once stood out for fifteen months. Thus far all was well: the Crusaders had landed well, and had taken a most important city, which gave them harbourage and a starting-point. But now mistakes began, and the weak side of the King's character shewed itself. He was no general; and underrated the value of time in war. Napoleon, criticising his action on a scene he knew well, said of him that if on the 8th of June 1249 Louis had pushed on, as the French did, he would have been at Mansourah by the 12th: the Aschmun Channel would then have been dry, the waters being at their lowest; he might have crossed at once, and

reached Cairo before the end of June. In less than a month he could have conquered Egypt. But the King feared the rise of the Nile, and determined to remain till the river abated before crossing. Thus he destroyed the first prospects of his campaign. Idleness, debauch, disease, the fiends which overtake those who delay in war, revelled in his camp; and, at the end of five months and a half, when the King set forth, the traditions of success were broken, what little discipline there had been was gone, the actual force was weakened. The army took a month to advance sixty miles, and then sat down to build a causeway over the Aschmun branch, which runs out of the Damietta arm of the Nile[1]. Here they wasted men, patience, and time in a mad attempt; and, at last, after suffering from the Greek fire, which the enemy discharged at their works, and from disease and want, they discovered a ford, by which they crossed over near the town of Mansourah. The Count of Artois, the King's brother, the Templars, and the Earl of Salisbury, got over first, and refusing to wait for orders, with true feudal contempt for any combined plan of action, pushed on, driving back the Saracens through Mansourah. But beyond the town the Paynim rallied, thanks to the bravery of the Baharites or Mamelukes, who that day saved the Egyptians from complete defeat. They shut up the Christians in the town, and there the King's brother, with a multitude of knights, was slain. The battle was a confused struggle, with no man as chief or head. The King behaved like a gallant knight, but not as a commander. He exposed himself to the thick of the fight, and had near been taken by the Turks. 'Never,' says Joinville of him that day, 'have I seen a knight of so great worth; he towered above all his battle by the head and shoulders[2].' All that hot day the battle went on; but, towards evening, the crossbowmen came up, and, when the Saracens saw that, they took to flight, and

[1] Joinville, ch. 5, gives an unintelligible account of the Nile Delta and the arms of the river. He places the French army in an impossible situation, between the Damietta and the 'Rexi' (or Rosetta) branches.

[2] Joinville, ch. 5.

left the King in possession of the field and of their camp. Nothing followed: the French began to retreat. The King was slowly retiring from the field, when a Templar, who had been in Mansourah with the vanguard, came up. The King asked him if he had tidings of his brother, the Count of Artois; and he replied, 'he had right good tidings of him, for that he was surely in Paradise: but, Sire, be of good cheer, for such great honour came never to King of France as has come to you, who have crossed a river swimming, and have discomfited the foe and driven them from the field, and have taken their engines and tents.' To which the King replied, that God should be adored for whatever gifts He gave; and thereon began great tears to roll from his eyes[1]. And so in sorrow, not exultation, closed this hard-contested day[2]. Three days later, the Egyptians in turn became the assailants, and attacked the King's camp. They were repulsed after a hard fight, with terrible loss to the Christians;—scarcely a knight was left unscathed. This second battle settled the question as to the farther advance of the army. But, even then, the same fatal delays took place. For eight days the army was busy burying their dead: it seemed sacrilege to let these martyr-bones bleach in the sun. The stench and the bad food—it was Lent, and rigorously kept by the King—soon bred the army-fever. Six weeks they wasted thus: the enemy's fleet above and below blockaded the river, so that they were almost without food. At length it was decided that they must retire to Damietta. The King, as ever, absolutely unselfish, though attacked by the fever, refused to go on shipboard with the wounded, the sick, and the priests, and placed himself with the rearguard, saying 'he would rather die than leave his people.' They set out. After many deeds of heroism, the King's illness overpowered him; he halted, rested, was taken prisoner. The whole army was either butchered or captive. The Saracens spent several days in massacring, in cold blood, the common

[1] Joinville, ch. 5.
[2] The Arab historians claim the victory; and in truth they may be right.

soldiers. The barons and all who could pay ransom, were retained. They were all carried to Mansourah, and there, after much negotiation, the King agreed to purchase his freedom and that of his barons, by the cession of Damietta, the payment of a million of bezants[1], and a truce for ten years. Damietta had been held bravely by the Queen, whose firmness together with the pity caused by her helplessness, had hindered the garrison from taking flight when they heard of the King's captivity: in the midst of her anxiety and trouble, she had given birth to a son, whom she named John Tristan, in remembrance of her sorrows.

At the same time the Mamelukes, long restive under the Sultan, revolted and slew the last of the Ayoubites, the family of Saladin (A.D. 1250). Thus, with the defeat of the French, began the long dominion of the Mamelukes, who formed the military strength of Egypt for centuries, till another army of Frenchmen led by Napoleon landed in Egypt, and broke their power. These troubles among the Moslem nearly brought the prisoners to their deaths—nothing but the prospect of the ransom saved them. Throughout all, the wonder and veneration of all men was fixed on the King, whose simplicity, firmness, piety, and gentleness, extorted the high praises even of his enemies. At last they were allowed to go on board some Genoese ships. Damietta was given up; the ransom paid; and some set sail for home, while the King steered for the shores of Palestine. Twelve thousand Christians were left behind as prisoners.

Of two thousand eight hundred knights, who were in the King's battle at first, only one hundred followed him to the Holy Land[2]; and these were but the wreck of themselves. The fever clung about them; the King was very ill. Still he refused to abandon his task so long as he had life; and, with tottering steps, he landed at Ptolemais, which was

[1] This bezant (so named from Byzantium), was a gold coin, worth a little less than ten shillings.

[2] So says Joinville. 'De tous voz chevaliers,' says Guion Malvoisin, 'que amenastes en Chippre, de deux mil huit cens, il ne vous en est pas demouré ung cent.'

the only Christian city, excepting Tyre, that had not fallen into Saracen hands.

Here they again suffered much from sickness; and the barons round the King pressed him to return home. But he still refused; though he allowed his two brothers to go. They had grieved him sore by wasting all their time at the dice.

The King's brothers returned safely to France, where Alphonse, Count of Poitiers, took possession of the states of the South, which had fallen to him through the death, in 1249, of his father-in-law, Raymond VII; and Charles, Count of Anjou, the other brother, found that the great cities of Provence had recovered their independence, and were modelling themselves on the plan of the Lombard Republics. He attacked Arles and Avignon, and destroyed their new-formed governments. Marseilles held out for six years; but, at last, she too had to succumb, and with her perished the civic independence of the South.

When Europe learnt the perils of Louis, all men groaned and accused heaven. 'How could the holiest of kings have been so treated?' asked Pope Innocent, who nevertheless took no steps to succour him;—he could not turn aside from his great work of crushing the Hohenstaufen. Frederick II had been poisoned just as he was preparing to bring help to Louis; but Conrad still remained, and the efforts of the Papacy were redoubled. France was filled with indignation when she heard the Papal emissaries preaching a crusade, not to deliver their King and hero, but to destroy the unfortunate sons of Frederick II; and the barons refused the Pope all help. Blanche, now in full accord with them, took strong measures, and declared that she would confiscate the goods of any who took that cross, and stopped the mouths of the Papal militia, the Dominican preachers. A great popular agitation began, a Crusade of the poor, the serfs, the shepherds [1]. The Queen at first favoured them, as their professed object was to succour

[1] Hence called the Crusade of the Pastoureaux.

the King. But when, from invective they passed to action, and killed twenty priests at Orleans, she was obliged to repress them with the strong hand.

Four years the King passed in Palestine. The Saracens had no strength there, or they would easily have crushed him. He negotiated and fought for the release of captives, and, in fact, freed all prisoners in Egypt, which was one of his greatest anxieties; he strengthened such places as remained to the Christians, Caesarea, Sidon, Jaffa, Ptolemais; he did all that was possible to hold together and secure the slight footing the West still had in the East. His army dropped gradually away from him: one baron after another had pressing private business at home, and sailed off. At last, in the end of 1252 or in 1253[1], the noble Queen Blanche died, and the King, feeling that he had done well nigh all he could in the East, and that France without Blanche was in peril, with such a Pope as Innocent on one hand, and such a neighbour as Henry III on the other, determined to return home, whereat all were glad, save the Legate, who begged Joinville to go home to his lodgings, and, when he was shut in, he took his hands, and began to weep and to say, 'Seneschal, I am right joyous, and thank God that you have escaped from so great perils wherein you have been in this land; but, on the other hand, I am very sad and dolorous of heart, since I must leave your very good and holy company, to return to Rome among the disloyal folk there[2].' Strange confession for a Papal legate to make; but a proof, if it were needed, that Louis was already regarded as the most saintly man on earth.

The King reached Hyères in safety, and in September, 1254, was once more in Paris, shewing, as he entered the city, the marks of profound sorrow in his countenance; for he thought that Christendom had been covered with confusion through his own shortcomings.

[1] All the chroniclers, who give the date, make it Dec. 1252, except William of Nangis, who says 1253. The later date seems to fit best with Joinville's narrative.

[2] Joinville, ch. 14.

### 3. *The King's later life.* A.D. 1254—1270.

Now begins the best part of the holy King's reign. He never wearied at his task of making peace in all his borders. Such was his reputation for firmness, justice, and sanctity, that he was able to exert a wonderful influence for good. He made a treaty with King James of Aragon in 1258, by which the Spaniard gave up his fiefs in the South (some of which ran even into Auvergne), while Louis gave him secure ownership of Montpellier, and abandoned his old claims on the Spanish March and on Roussillon. In the next year he gave up to Henry of England, for the sake of peace, Périgord, the Limousin, the south part of Saintonge, and his suzerainty over some smaller districts, while Henry in return gave up all his claims on Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, Poitou, and Northern Saintonge. The inhabitants of the ceded districts were little pleased; and, in after days, refused to celebrate the saint's-day of the King who had thus handed them over against their will to the English. His Council remonstrated with him for it; saying that if his conscience bade him give up these districts, still more ought it to lead him to give up the rest of King Philip's conquests. But the King held that he did it, not as a matter of conscience or justice, but solely 'to create love between his children and mine, who are cousins-german[1].' And many times he acted as peacemaker between quarrelling barons: avoiding strife, doing justice, and setting to all the realm the best and noblest example of the life of a Christian prince. He taught and watched over his children; he gave plentiful alms; built lazar-houses, hospitals, houses for the blind, penitentiaries;—many times did he with his own hand cut bread

[1] Louis and Henry had married two sisters. The cession of these provinces may have been connected with a promise said to have been made respecting them by Louis VIII, at the end of his feeble kingship in England. And, besides, we learn from Matthew Paris (p. 642), that, in 1247, the Bishops of Normandy had pronounced the King's claims to Normandy to be valid and just.

and pour out drink for the poor. He built churches, nunneries, abbeys without stint;—'even as a scribe illuminates the book he has writ, that it may be fairer and held in more honour, so did the holy King illustrate and beautify his kingdom with monasteries and churches, which he built and endowed during his lifetime[1]';—he dispensed his large patronage with great conscientiousness; corrected and regulated the doings of his bailiffs, judges, and other officers; forbade private war and judgment by duel; was ever himself open to the appeals of his people; ofttimes did justice, after hearing mass, seated under an oak at Vincennes; kept open court, and gathered his barons round him by his cheerfulness and generous ways; and, in a word, ruled the land as it had never before been ruled, until security brought plenty, the returns of the royal domains doubled, arts flourished, learning was held in honour, and men enjoyed, throughout the length and breadth of France, a nobler and better life.

But, throughout all these years of welldoing, one master-passion still held the King's mind; a passion which, when he was over seas before, had made so good a husband and father forget the noble wife who was so worthy of him[2]; which made him think nothing of the solid good he was doing, and of the grievous misfortunes he had before brought on his followers. For thirteen years he cherished this desire; and at last, in 1267, at Lent, he summoned all his barons to Paris, and again took the Cross, together with his three sons, to the consternation of all prudent people. He was so weak that Joinville had to carry him in his arms from house to house;

[1] Joinville, chap. 15.

[2] As we may learn from Joinville's account of her arrival at Sayette (Sidon), after she had given birth to a daughter. 'When I heard tell that she was come, I rose up from before the King, and went to meet her. And when I next saw the King, who was in his chapel, he asked me if the Queen and the children were well; and I said, yes. Then he said, I knew when you rose that you were going to meet the Queen, and therefore I sat still for the sermon. These things I have related, because I had been five years about him, and never before had I heard him mention the Queen or the children; and it is not a good way, methinks, to be a stranger to one's wife and little ones.'—Joinville, chap. 13.

he was not fit to sit a horse, or even to be carried in a carriage. The stout old seneschal, who had stood by his King in Egypt and the Holy Land, and had ever told him the blunt truth without fear, refused to take the Cross again, and told the King why. 'While I was serving God and the King over sea, the men and officers of the King had greatly oppressed and trodden down my subjects, so that they were thereby so impoverished that never will they and I recover from it. And I see clearly that, were I to betake myself again to the pilgrimage of the Cross, it would be the utter ruin of these my poor subjects.' And he goes on to say, that 'those who counselled the King in this enterprise did great evil, and sinned mortally. For, while he was in France, all his realm dwelt in peace, and justice reigned. But the moment he was out of it, everything began to grow worse.' And so the greyhaired seneschal stayed at home, and tended his own people in peace and justice. Louis, after three years' preparation, set forth in 1270. This time he steered wide of Palestine, and made for Tunis, for what reason is not known. Some say he had heard that the prince of that place was minded to become a Christian; others, that his ambitious brother, Charles of Anjou, who had so lately subdued the two Sicilies, urged the King to break the power which lay over against him, and made the high sea dangerous for his fleets; others, that the King believed that the Mussulmans of Tunis were the chief supports of those of Cairo, and that he must begin with them. Sure it is that the aim which so often guided Crusaders' movements, the desire to win merit in God's sight by slaying Paynim, could be as easily attained by a battle at Tunis as at Ptolemais or Cairo; and the barons were naturally reluctant to take the long voyage to a shore, on which the memories of past failures sat awaiting them like ghosts foreboding doom. However it was, the fleet sailed for Tunis. They landed without difficulty; and, while they awaited Charles of Anjou on the burning shore of Africa, pestilence at once smote down the host. The King's utter weakness laid him open to an attack. He was seized with dysentery, and soon felt that his

life was drawing to an end. He called to his bedside his son Philip, and gave into his hands a written paper of advice, which he charged him to heed as though it were his will; soon after he yielded up his soul to God. He passed away on the day after St. Bartholomew's Day, 1270; and with him died out the last spark of the crusading spirit. He had reigned for forty-four years, and was fifty-six years of age.

When, after his canonisation, the friar who preached the sermon at the translation of his body from St. Denis to the Sainte Chapelle called him 'the most loyal man of his age,' he summed up in these words his whole character. There have been men of wiser judgment and of warmer affection, but a more loyal spirit never breathed. Truthfulness and honour were natural to him; loyalty to his Master in heaven, to his servants on earth, shine in his every act. No more unselfish man lives in the pages of history. His sensitive and pure conscience sometimes led him into excess of zeal, or of self-negation; his devotion and depth of religious feeling made him a persecutor on one side and a dupe to superstition on the other;—but no one can feel that his character suffers deeply from these blots. He was genial, fond of society and good talk; he said that 'there is no book so pleasant as quolibets, that is, as that every one should talk at will';—if great folk dined with him, he was right good company to them, and amiable[1]. In his habits no man could be more temperate or pure; in person delicate and fine, with a grave sweet face, almost womanly in expression, with great noble eyes, which looked straightforward, hiding nothing, permitting no concealment. Even the Arabian historians felt the fascination of his person and character: 'This prince was of a fine countenance; he had intelligence, firmness, piety; his noble qualities won him the veneration of the Christians, who trusted him implicitly[2].' He was wise and honest, rendering straightforward judgment and

[1] Joinville, chap. 15.

[2] Aboul-Mouassen, quoted in the Collection Universelle des Mémoires, &c.—Tom. 3, p. 59.

honouring the truth; he could even bear to have the truth told him. He was firm, perhaps obstinate, where he felt sure of his ground. Not a good general; he loved peace more than war. He was careless of his own life; it never was in his thoughts; but otherwise he was not given to feats of prowess, or what men called heroism; his delicate frame and temperament were not suited to that. But he would face death to stand by his people;—his life for theirs at any time. He was fond of learned men, though perhaps his own learning was scanty; he was sufficiently noble not to chafe at their superiority. He created the Sorbonne, the theological faculty at Paris; under his patronage the University drew to itself all the learned of Europe: the German Albertus Magnus, the Italian St. Thomas Aquinas, the English Roger Bacon, studied there. The French language sprang into a new and brilliant life. Poetry and history, with wonderful freshness and truth, gave grace and power to the tongue. Joinville, whose Chronicle we have followed, wrote, a little later, with a simplicity and reality which render his book one of the noblest monuments of French literature. To read him is like studying one of the fine manuscripts of the same age, whose every page is adorned with paintings which, in their quaintness and purity of feeling, their vividness of conception and grouping, their brilliant freshness of colour, display before our eyes the real life of the times.

Saint Louis did most for France, strange as it may seem, as a lawyer. It was by the law that he met the chief difficulties of his government: thus he attacked the feudal jurisdictions in many ways. (1) He absolutely forbade judicial combats and private warfare; and compelled the mail-clad baron to stand on equal terms before the judgment-seat, no longer allowing the brute privilege of the strong man armed. The working of this may be seen in the tale of Enguerrand, lord of Coucy, proudest among the feudal landowners, though no more than a baron[1]. This man caught three Flemish students rabbiting in his warren, and hung them up at once; that seeming to him the simplest way

[1] 'Je ne suis Roi ne duc: Prince ne comte aussy: je suis le sire de Coucy.'

of enforcing his game-law. But the lads had friends, who brought the matter before the King. Saint Louis summoned Enguerrand, who refused to come: then he took him, shut him up in prison, and compelled him to appear before the King's court. There the angry knight refused to submit to judgment and offered wager of battle. But St. Louis replied, 'that in the case of the poor, the Church, and the weak, no man shall proceed by way of battle: battle is not the path of justice.' And he compelled the judges, though they were all Enguerrand's friends, and sympathised with him, to condemn him to death. This was afterwards commuted to a heavy fine, with loss of his private court of justice and his rights of warren: and thus the King shewed that he was too firm and too strong for any one safely to indulge in the waywardnesses of feudal injustice. (2) He limited the extent of feudal jurisdictions, taking many classes of cases out of those courts, and transferring them to his own hearing. Lastly (3), he weakened their independence by instituting a right of appeal in all cases to the King; so that he, not the barons, became the last court to which the wronged might have recourse. He re-established Karl's 'Missi Dominici,' the royal commissioners, who went through the realm, and were the King's eyes, spying out whatever was amiss, and bringing swift redress. To him is due the direction given to the Parliament of Paris; under his hand it became a pure magistrature, and centralised justice.

The King also greatly enlarged the extent of the royal domain, not only by conquest, but by purchase. He bought the lands of ruined vassals, which lay dotted about within other great lordships. Here he always introduced the royal 'Establishments,[1]' or codes of law; bringing them more or less under Roman law, and seeing to its fair administration

[1] The Établissements of St. Louis are a confused body of laws, thrown together without order, dealing with all questions civil or criminal, according to Custom-law, compiled by the great lawyers of the reign, Pierre de la Fontaine, Geoffrey de Villette, Philip de Beaumanoir. Beaumanoir's 'Coustumes de Beauvoisis' were a remarkable attempt to codify and establish existing Custom-law, without direct reference to either Roman or Canon law.

by the hands of bailiffs and provosts. The provosts received the taxes; the bailiffs did justice in the King's name, and were called up to the Parliament as referees in cases of appeal. The lawyers alone could administer the written law, alone had learning enough for that. It was very different from the thumb-rule Custom of the Castle Court. The barons cared little to sit beside these shrewd learned folk, who knew so much more than they did, and had such different sympathies: this cause contributed largely to that change in the character of the Parliament to which we have alluded.

With the Church also the same centralisation of the powers of government went on. The King appointed his own bishops; he did not recognise their excommunications, unless they had been judged lawful and just in his own courts; he held that even the Pope himself must keep to his own sphere as lord over consciences, and as ultimate ruler in matters of ecclesiastical discipline. There must ever be a doubt as to the genuineness of the famous 'Pragmatic Sanction'[1] of St. Louis. This document, as we have it, contains six articles levelled against the assumptions of Papal power. It forbade simony, restored free election to the chapters of cathedrals, regulated matters connected with the rights of prelates, benefices, and the like; and above all forbade all exactions or levies of money imposed by the Court of Rome, unless the grounds for such were recognised as 'reasonable, pious, very urgent, and indispensable, by the King and Church of France.' There can be no doubt that the King and his lawyers (whatever we may think of this document[2]) were quite prepared to shew that they would not let the spiritual power encroach on the lay-government of the kingdom.

[1] This technical name is Byzantine in origin. The edicts of the Eastern Emperors were called Pragmatics. The term was used by Karl the Great.

[2] The chief arguments against the genuineness of the Pragmatic Sanction are, (1) that it is not alluded to by any historian or mentioned in any document till the reign of Louis XI, more than two centuries later; and (2) that it is most improbable that St. Louis, regard being had to his character and his age, would ever have promulgated such an attack on the Papacy.

St. Louis reformed, among many other things, the coin of the realm. There was so much corruption and irregularity, through the barons' private mints, that the King's money soon came to pass current everywhere; to the direct advantage of the royal authority, to which the 'image and superscription' on his coins bore perpetual though silent witness. And lastly, by help of Stephen Boileau, Provost of Paris, he compiled a book of trades, which formed for centuries the code of industrial laws and customs, and fostered the growth of civic liberties and corporations.

The crafty skill of Philip Augustus had made all ready for the growth of a great monarchy: but it needed the genial rays of an heroic character to warm the soil and quicken the seed to life. St. Louis roused his nation to enthusiasm; reverence was paid him while he yet lived: his very errors and misfortunes strengthened him in popular esteem, and made his task the easier. In addition to his great work of quieting feudal hostility, while he destroyed the strongholds of feudal independence, he added largely to the actual domain of the crown.

In 1229 that part of the territories of the Count of Toulouse which lies between the right bank of the Rhone, the sea, and the Pyrenees, was made over to the crown by Raymond VII, at the close of his disastrous struggle against the royal power.

In 1234, Chartres, Blois, and Sancerre were given up to him by Theobald of Champagne and Navarre.

In 1239 he purchased Macon: in 1257 Perche was joined to the realm: in 1262, he obtained Arles, Forcalquier, Foix, and Cahors. The rest of the South, west of the Rhone, was certain to fall to the crown in time: Normandy was definitely ceded by the English King.

In many ways he must be regarded as the true founder of French absolute monarchy; and so far, the parent of many woes to his country. Still, this was the only way in which France could emerge from chaos, and become a nation. French ideas as to authority, as to law, as to the relations of the Church to the State, are found in germ in this great patriarchal

monarch. It is largely due to him that popular liberties found no place in the growth of the French constitution.

St. Louis was regarded in his own day as the greatest King in Christendom. The Hohenstaufen had fallen: the English King was a feeble creature, effectually checked by his barons: there was no prince to compare with him. Matthew Paris, regarding him from afar with friendly eyes, as the bulwark against Papal ambition, calls him 'the most illustrious and wealthy of the kings of the earth,' and styles him 'King of Kings.'

In later times, just as the English nation looked back to the days and laws of King Edward the Confessor, so did the French Kings look back to the justice and character of St. Louis: we find a letter by Charles VIII (A.D. 1497), who was desirous of reforming his kingdom, in which he desires to know the ancient form in which his predecessors, and specially Monseigneur St. Louis, were wont to proceed in the hearing and giving audience to the poor folk[1]. For long ages he was the patron saint of the French people; and his day, the anniversary of his death, was kept with great solemnity.

These things did the King who could arouse the enthusiasm of Gibbon; whose virtues won a hearty word of goodwill even from Voltaire.

[1] Quoted in Ducange's Second Dissertation on Joinville, at the end.

# CHAPTER IX.

## *Philip III.* A.D. 1270—1285.

WAR went on before Tunis for two months after the death of St. Louis: then, after two battles, the Crusaders made terms, very favourable for Charles of Anjou, and at once set sail for Europe. The ships were to meet at Trapani, where there was to be a consultation about the future: for Charles had his own designs, not on the Holy Land, but on Constantinople. But a great storm destroyed most of the ships; the remainder made their way home.

Philip III, le Hardi, 'the Rash,' who was eldest son of St. Louis, and succeeded him on the throne, made a melancholy journey back to France, bearing with him the bones of five of his kinsfolk; his saintly father; his own wife, who had died of an accident on horseback; her babe, still-born; his uncle, Alphonse of Toulouse, and his wife, the last of the great house of St. Gilles: these, the five victims of the Crusade, formed a gloomy procession before the new King as he returned to take possession of his kingdom. He was but a poor successor to his father. He was unlearned, and could not even read; unwise and weak; a devout man, guided by the advice of his counsellors, one who led the life of a monk rather than of a prince. Under such a man the monarchy might well have lost ground: but the throne was now surrounded by lawyers, who had their own theory, bound up with their own interests,

and did not allow the King's weakness to weaken royalty. On the deaths of his uncle Alphonse of Toulouse and his wife, the whole of their domains fell in to the crown, and were secured by Philip, with the exception of the Agenois, claimed by Henry III of England under the treaty of 1259. The diocese of Toulouse, Querci, Rouergue, Poitou, Auvergne, and parts of Anjou and Saintonge, as well as the marquisate of Provence, came thus into the King's hands. This last-mentioned territory was in 'Imperial France;' that is, on that border of ancient Gaul which held under the Empire: thus begins the absorption of that eastern district into France. This was, too, the last interference of Henry of England; for he died in 1272, and left his crown to Edward I, then gone on Crusade. As he returned he did homage to Philip 'for the lands which he was bound to hold of him,' reserving his own opinion as to debated points. But he was much occupied with his wars in Wales and Scotland, and never took great part in continental questions.

We have reached the end of the Crusades. When the Christians dispersed, on their way home from Tunis, they agreed that they would meet again at the end of three years, to ease their consciences, burdened with the thought that they had after but a sorry sort fulfilled their crusading vow by deeds of war at Tunis instead of Jerusalem. But that promise was not kept. Never again did Europe go forth in arms to wrest the holy places from the unbeliever. The federation of barons, who went together from every part of Europe, had given place to distinct and separate nations, whose clashing interests forbade them to join in any such common enterprise.

Instead of another Crusade, the chivalry of France rallied round Charles of Anjou, who threw his quiet nephew the King entirely into the shade. Charles, restless and ambitious, aimed at a kind of universal sovereignty. With one hand he would rule the Papacy, with the other would seize the diadem of Constantinople. Brave and treacherous, cold, cruel, bloodthirsty, he was well fitted to be a scourge of men; and inspired all around him with terror. Gregory X resisted him as

anxiously as his forerunners had resisted the Hohenstaufen. The Popes were always engaged in a struggle with one or other of the lay powers which overshadowed them. Sometimes it was Germany, then France, then Spain: theirs was no solid elevation, no enthronement over the heads and in the hearts of mankind; but a position of unstable balance, bending now this way, now that, and sometimes falling, as we shall see, with a tremendous crash. But in order to resist Charles of Anjou the Pope must have a lay champion: and the Empire being vacant, he cast about for an Emperor. He found one in a simple Helvetian baron, a lord of small lands and little influence, but of tried courage, warlike skill, probity and sagacity,—Rudolf of Habsburg. Him the electors choose as Emperor in 1273. With him the new order of the Empire begins. With the last race it had been the 'Holy Roman Empire:' henceforth it was to be the 'German Empire:' tending after a time largely to increase the influence of Austria; until at last it crumbles away, under Napoleon's touch. At the very time when the Electors were offering the crown to Rudolf, the Pope was on his way to Lyons to hold another Council in that frontier city. Thither came the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Greek Bishop of Nicaea; as well as representatives of all the great powers of Europe. The Greek churchmen chanted the Nicene Creed without omitting the Western interpolation[1]; and unity seemed to be restored to Christendom amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled prelates (A.D. 1274). But Michael Palaeologus the Emperor had stooped so low, not because he was convinced, but because he trembled for a throne now visibly threatened by Charles. The union of Christendom lasted but a brief space, and was both interested and hollow.

There were also present Turkish envoys, who sought alliance against the Mamelukes, who were growing formidable to all the East. The Princes of Europe took the cross, but never

[1] This is the word 'Filioque' in the clause 'proceeding from the Father [and the Son],' the point on which the East and West finally broke asunder.

went. Gregory died, and his great schemes perished with him.

That same year Henry of Navarre, Count of Champagne and Brie, died, leaving one daughter three years old. Her mother, a French princess, carried the child to Philip's Court, where she was brought up till of age to marry one of the King's sons. The Pope, who was applied to for a dispensation for this union, being unwilling to see France and Navarre in the same hands, yet fearing to refuse the King, granted the boon, but named in it not the King's eldest son Louis, but his second, Philip, who afterwards, by what is called the irony of history, became, as Philip IV, tyrant over the Papal see. Meanwhile, as guardian of the mother and child, Philip III took possession of the domains of the little heiress. Navarre resisted, supported by the King of Castille; and Philip marched with such blind haste across the frontier that he acquired for himself the name of 'the Rash'; which otherwise scarcely seems to befit his quiet character. He was saved from ruin by the previous successes of his lieutenant, Robert of Artois, which enabled him to make a truce with the Castilian King. The end of it was that Navarre was added to the French kingdom for a time.

France herself was tranquil during this reign, which offers little of interest. The influence of the lawyers did not decrease; and in some smaller matters the crown encroached on the barons. Thus a patent of nobility was made out (a thing hitherto unheard-of) for the King's goldsmith, Raoul; in 1275 the restriction was taken off, which forbade those who were not noble to acquire fiefs; the bourgeoisie of Paris was ennobled, which is as though the whole city were made a baron; and, lastly, all lawyers were created 'Chevaliers ès lois,' 'Knights of the Law,' and thus were placed on the ladder of nobility.

But the history of the King's favourite, Peter de la Brosse, gives us an insight into the jealousy which had sprung up between the barons and the Court. Peter was a man of gentle birth, son of a small gentleman of Touraine, had filled some offices at Court under St. Louis, and had at last been made

his chamberlain. Under Philip he became omnipotent as a favourite: and all men hated and courted him. He was present at all the King's councils; and determine whatever the barons might, if their advice did not commend itself to Peter, it was flung to the winds. Naturally, he had enemies enough; but they could make no head against him till he had made a foe of the Queen. The details of their struggle are dim and probably false: what could the upstart expect at the hands of the chroniclers of the time? It is enough that the Queen and the barons together were too strong for him: the conflict lasted more than two years, but at last the favourite fell. His enemies became his judges, and made short work. He was tried, no one knows how or on what charges, condemned, and the next day hung, 'whereat the barons of France were greatly pleased.' With him fell all his friends and kin. The King himself seems to have yielded with regret; but kings can sacrifice their favourites to their fears: the common people murmured at the judicial murder of the King's friend: and Philip le Bel afterwards restored to his heirs part of their forfeited goods.

Yet one more trait, and we have done with the internal affairs of this reign. When Robert, Count of Clermont, the King's youngest brother, was knighted, Philip held a great tournament to celebrate the day. It was a direct violation of the usual rule of kingly conduct: for hitherto the kings had looked coldly on tournaments as fuel for feudal turbulence and pride. In the mêlée, the poor young knight, in whose honour it was held, was so stifled by his hot and heavy armour and the clouds of dust, and so shaken by the knocks he got, that 'his brain was muddled and he fell into idiocy for the rest of his days.' Nevertheless he married the heiress of the Bourbon barony: and from one of his sons sprang the royal house of Bourbon. We may notice in passing that hereafter, in war or mimicry of war, the Kings become so strong that they are not afraid to call together the chivalry of their day. Their objection to tournaments passes away with its cause; and they love

to give splendour to their courts and reigns by these brilliant displays.

Philip was little but the lieutenant of his uncle, Charles of Anjou; and to this he owes the chief mishaps of his reign. For Pope and Eastern Emperor, Peter King of Aragon, and the Sicilian subjects of Charles, formed a secret league to destroy that hated prince. The soul of the league was John of Procida, a Calabrian refugee, an old friend of Frederick II, and Manfred, an ingenious physician, an able politician. He passed through Europe in disguise, and brought the French prince's foes together. But Nicolas III, the centre of this great conspiracy, died (A.D. 1279); and Charles compelled the cardinals to elect as his successor Simon de Brie, a Frenchman, his creature, who took the name of Martin IV[1]. Relying on his help, and on that of Venice, Charles now thought the time come for his attack on Constantinople. His grand schemes embraced also the recovery of the Holy Land — he would be the one successful Crusader — and perhaps the subjugation of Egypt. But on the 30th of March, 1282, just as in solemn silence of evening the vesper bells were calling men to prayer and rest, an accident, a French soldier's insolence, lit the train, and the whole discontent of Sicily exploded with terrific force. In these 'Sicilian Vespers' every Frenchman, man, woman or child, was massacred; not one escaped. The crime of oppression bore its natural fruit in a terrible reaction of crime. Charles, arrested in his progress towards the East, turned his arms against his Sicilian subjects: a crowd of French chivalry, burning to avenge their kinsfolk, joined him, and laid siege to Messina. But John of Procida, ever prompt and ready in war as in intrigue, entered the city; and Charles withdrew across the Strait to Calabria. Roger of Loria, another Ghibeline refugee from Italy, who commanded the Spanish fleet, destroyed a large part of the French ships, under the very eyes of Charles himself. And thus the French lost Sicily. In vain did Martin IV

[1] He had been a canon of St. Martin of Tours.

excommunicate Michael Palaeologus, and preach a crusade against Sicily and the King of Aragon. In vain did he offer the crown of Aragon to Philip of France. Roger de Loria swept from the sea the Provençal and Neapolitan fleet; on board the latter he captured the son of Charles, who was in command, and had rashly made trial of strength with the Calabrian veteran. When Charles, next day, one day too late, sailing into the Bay of Naples with five-and-fifty galleys, learnt the folly and fate of his son, he fell into a fury, hung a hundred and fifty citizens of Naples, was scarcely dissuaded from burning the city and ravaging the kingdom: then through fatigue, disappointment, despair, his constitution gave way, and early in 1285 he died at Foggia: a bad but a notable man; of monstrous and cruel vices; of an ambition almost heroic in its grasp.

His weaker kinsman, King Philip, burnt to avenge him on Peter King of Aragon; took the Oriflamme from St. Denis, and marched southward with a mighty host. He deemed that he was on Crusade; and therefore when he had taken the town of Elna (or Helena), which barred the entry into the Pyrenees, he massacred all the inhabitants, hundreds of them even in the great church of the city. Then he crossed the mountains into Spain, and sat down before Gerona. The brave Aragonese rose against him; their fleet destroyed his ships; Gerona defended itself, as Spanish cities can do; and it was not till autumn that the King took the place. By that time he was in fact defeated. His fleet half ruined; his army worn out; he could only turn his face homewards again. With difficulty he extricated himself from the Pyrenean defiles; the remnant of his fleet was destroyed as it set sail out of the port of Rosas. In great sorrow did the King return. From sorrow he fell into fever,—the third King of France to whom a siege had proved fatal,—was carried in a litter as far as Perpignan, and there died. Eight days later, the city of Gerona, the one fruit of such sacrifices and losses, was recovered by Peter King of Aragon: who also fell ill from exposure and died about a month after his antagonist.

Three sons,—two of his children by Isabel of Aragon, the third by Mary of Brabant,—survived King Philip. The younger had scanty apanages; for France could no longer be broken up into portions for younger sons: the eldest became King, and is well-known to history as Philip le Bel, or the Fair, as he is commonly called, the conqueror in a field on which so many had failed, the tamer of the Papacy.

# CHAPTER X.

## *Philip IV, le Bel.* A.D. 1285.

PHILIP IV was seventeen years old when he came to the throne. It is not easy to draw the likeness of the youthful King; for there was then no man who had the heart to write the history of his times; and the records are singularly dim and dull. We know from his name that Philip was handsome; and it is unfortunate that his French title of 'le Bel' was not rendered in English by 'the Handsome;' for 'the Fair' does not fully represent the sense. It seems likely that he was tall, though this is uncertain[1]; the regularity of his features somehow gives us a sense of coldness: his enemy, Bishop Saisset, said that he was 'no true King, but a handsome image:' alluding probably to his cold looks. He is figured full-face on one of his coins, but so rudely that scarcely anything can be gathered from it, except that his face was regular, his nose long and straight, his mouth smiling. From his seal[2], which was probably engraven soon after his accession, we can again gather that his features were regular, his face oval, expression mild, his hair long and waving; his attitude is easy and dignified. The pleasant mouth is not against his character; when it suited him he could be fascinating and bright, as we read in the account of his dealings with the people of Aquitaine, whom he wished to win from their English sympathies[3]. One thing seems clear; he

[1] In the Supplication du peuble de France au Roy, Dupuy, Preuves des Libertez de l'Église Gallicane (vol. 2. of Pithou's Libertez de l'Église Gallicane), pp. 133, 134, Philip seems to be alluded to under the name of Saul—'head and shoulders taller than the rest of the people.'

[2] As figured in the Trésor de Numismatique. Delaroche, Paris, 1835.

[3] Chron. de S. Denis (A.D. 1303), Dom Bouquet Recueil, tom. 20. p. 675.

was taciturn, and wore a look of pride, which made men shrink before him. 'This King was simple and sage, and spake but little: proud was he as a lion when he looked on men[1];' and again, his enemies said 'he was the fairest man in the world, and knows not how to do anything else but look at men[2].' In all this we get but little hold of him; he is a kind of abstraction, cold and impersonal; a hard expression of the new forces which were beginning to bear sway in the world. For Philip IV is the Prince of the Roman Law, the head of that cold system of which the letter crushes out the spirit. Lawyers surround his throne; many of them from the South, and therefore bred up in reverence for the Roman, as distinct from either Customary or Canon, Law[3]. These cold and rigid men, who wielded this new force in Europe have been called, not amiss, 'the destroyers of the Middle Ages.' At least, their spirit, and the King whom they served and defended, were destructive of the older order of things. Before them the towers of feudalism go crumbling down; the proud Church bows her head. The Law was a two-edged sword, which smote down baron and Pope. Aristotle in the schools; and the Digest at court;—these were the newly-aroused spirits of Greece and Rome which began to awaken the sleepers of Christendom.

From his lawyers Philip learnt, a willing pupil, lessons of absolutism and statecraft; they drew for him a clear line between things temporal and things spiritual. As the Pope tried to bring all under him by his authority over the sins of men; so did the King determine to draw the clergy under his power by their temporal character. It is round this point, the relations between the temporal and the spiritual, that the great struggle of this reign really turns.

This we see in Peter du Bois, a great royalist pamphleteer

[1] 'Icest roy fu simple e sage e pou parlour, fier estoit, comme i lyon en regardeure.'—Chron. abrégée de Guil. de Nangis.

[2] 'Rex Franciae, quod erat pulchrior homo mundi, et nihil aliud scit facere quam respicere homines.'—Histoire du Différend d'entre le Pape Boniface VIII et Philippes le Bel (Paris, 1655), p. 644.

[3] Thus the King's great lawyers, Nogaret and Plaisian, were both Albigenses.

and lawyer. In 1308 he actually proposed to Philip that he should get himself elected Emperor as successor to Albert of Austria. He uses language of his King which bears a singular likeness to that used in the days of Henry VIII of England, so strong is he on the independence and orthodoxy of the civil power. He appears to have much assisted the King in framing his curious appeals to public opinion.

This is the fitting moment also for the appearance of that special gift of the Gallic nature,—satire. At the King's court is seen Jean de Meung, 'the poet of scepticism[1],' who had been taught at Rome by Giles Colonna, and who was therefore a natural foe to the Guelfic Papacy. Satire is the usual comrade of despotism. A 'despotism tempered by epigrams' is not true only of monarchical France in the eighteenth century. The age which welcomed Jean de Meung at court, saw also the vigorous satire of Jacopone da Todi; these too were the days of Dante.

The history of this reign may be loosely divided into three periods:—

I. The unimportant and feeble time between the King's accession in 1285 and the year 1296.

II. The quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII, and the war with Flanders, A.D. 1296—1304.

III. The epoch of the Templars, A.D. 1304—1314.

## I. *From* A.D. 1285—1296.

At the outset we find King Philip bargaining with his neighbour of Guienne and England, Edward I. He granted him the privilege of never being liable to forfeit the fiefs he held under the French crown; and paid him ten thousand livres for his old claim on Normandy, which Edward henceforth renounced.

War was kept up, in a languid way, in Aragon and Sicily; but it gives us little or no insight into Philip's character or capacity, except that we may perhaps discern some tenacity and stubbornness in him. The operations of the wars were insignificant, and the King preferred his lawyers at Paris to the

[1] Martin, Histoire des Français, 4. 369.

field. Philip never shone in war: there was no heat and enthusiasm in him for such sport.

Still these years doubtless prepared him for his work; and we see almost from the beginning signs that he and his advisers had early taken a cool and clear view of their task. As early as 1287 the clergy were removed from the Parliament; and the Law stood clear of the Church. The clergy were forbidden to administer justice in temporal matters; they could no longer fill the posts of mayors, sheriffs, or baillies.

These offices, and all the administration of the kingdom, fell into the hands of the lawyers; the Parliament, now exclusively composed of laymen, and guided by legal minds, became the central machine of government. It was fixed at Paris (A.D. 1302), it protected Jews and heretics against the Inquisition, it forbade private war, it hindered the territorial growth of both clergy and noblesse. Thus the Law became the spring of action of the body politic; the Courts were all centralised in the Parliament (which, it must be remembered, was a legal, not a legislative body, administering and registering rather than passing laws): and although the Exchequer Court, a remnant of the old Norman liberties, remained at Rouen, and the 'Great Days' were still held at Troyes, and the liberties of Champagne were respected, yet in all these cases the special courts were presided over by members of the central body, the Parliament of Paris.

And while these things were passing in France, tidings came from Palestine that the last stronghold of the Christians had fallen. 'Acre, the asylum of Christianity in those parts, by reason of her sins was destroyed by the foes of the faith, nor was there any among all the Christian powers that would help her in her distress[1].' This, which not long before would have roused Europe to a paroxysm of sorrow and zeal, now fell on careless ears. The age of the Crusades was over. The Pope was no longer the grand central figure of a combined and warlike Christendom; the nations were fast growing into well-knit and independent societies; as they grew, the influence of the

[1] Chron. of William of Nangis, sub ann. 1290.

Papacy must decline. The days of unreasoning piety, and reckless waste were slowly passing away.

This national growth engendered, as it went on, a new want—the want of money. Kings, while they were little more than great feudal lords, depended for sustenance on their domains, for armies on their vassals. But as the machinery of a less simple form of civil life was created, the older sources dried up. The domains' produce became utterly unequal to the calls on it: the service of the feudal lords and their retainers grew continually less satisfactory. We approach the days of a great civil service, and a standing army. The King's ordinances now passing current throughout the land, there go with them a host of officials who must be paid. Farmers of taxes also appear, Italians, who have the Lombard readiness with money. The evil of this method of levying taxation clings to France throughout her history, and is hardly eradicated by the Revolution.

Philip was overwhelmed with neediness, and became a monster of rapacity. He levied a tax, so odious in its incidence that it won the old name of 'maltote,' the 'ill-levied'[1]. He defended the Jews and the Italians, using them as sponges to suck the wealth from the people, and to be squeezed, when full, into the King's treasure-house. The Jews were banished (not carrying away their wealth), allowed to purchase permission to return, and then banished again. The thirteenth century had wrested away the power of arbitrary taxation from the barons; the fourteenth century concentrated that power, with grinding severity, in the hands of an absolute King. The King seized all he could; Jews or Templars, Guienne or Flanders; whatever could be turned into money was good alike: serfs were allowed to buy their freedom; privileges of towns were given for cash; the current coin was debased, then restored to its old value; then again debased, and again raised. The King's sumptuary laws, by which he early shewed the tendency of government in France to administer men paternally, were not

[1] This Maltote, 'exactio quam nominant malam toltam' (William of Nangis), was levied in 1296. (Toltus is a low Latin participle of tollo.)

merely a vexation; they tended, in some of their provisions, to bring grist to the royal mill. The King had strength enough even to plunder the noblesse itself under these hateful laws. In a word, it was a government without mercy, inhuman in its cold cruelty and rapacity.

This need and greed of money brought about that struggle between the King of France and the Pope, which forms the central and most important portion of this reign. Philip, looking everywhere for supplies, at last came to lay his hand on the property of the clergy, and included it in his scheme of taxation. Hence the beginning of the struggle with the Papacy, which proved in the end a great scandal to Christendom, and brought the supreme Pontiff down to the feet of the despotic King, living as his servant, no longer at Rome but in Avignon, where it seemed as though the proudest institution upon earth had become the humble minister to the monarch's pride.

## II. *The Quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII.*

### A.D. 1296—1304.

The Papacy had fallen much in men's regard, both positively and relatively. Positively, through a succession of weak pontiffs, and through the interested squabbles of the Conclave: men had seen the Papal Chair vacant for years at a time, because the cardinals could not agree as to their choice; and their minds were no longer awe-stricken at the name and voice of the Pope, as of old, when he roused all Europe to a Crusade. And relatively: for while the Pope in the midst of all the jarring elements of Italian life was only one weak force among many, the neighbouring temporal powers had been gradually and steadily becoming solid and strong; and there was no longer any question of such a contest as that between the Papacy and the Hohenstaufen.

This weakness was much increased by the elevation of the simple hermit Peter Morrone to the papal throne. There had been a vacancy for two years and over; when the cardinals,

moved by one of those impulses which, through very weariness, sometimes affected them, suddenly cut the knot of their intrigues, and hailed the saintly hermit as their head. Unwillingly he left his retreat, took the name of Celestin V, proved himself utterly incapable of dealing with his new duties; and after a few months, chiefly moved (it is affirmed) by the counsels, and, as it was believed, by the pious frauds, of Benedetto Gaetani, the ablest of the cardinals, the weary Pope took Christendom by surprise, and abdicated in Advent 1294, resuming his plain hermit's dress, and desiring to retire again to his mountain solitude. It was a new and strange thing; nor did it appear clear how a Pope could cease to be Pope. The opponents of his successor ever found this doubt a convenient weapon in the strife. The cardinals, anxious not again to commit such a mistake, before the year was out chose Benedetto Gaetani, who ascended the pontifical throne with a firm and resolute step, and took the name of Boniface VIII (16 Jan. 1295). His unlucky predecessor was kept in honourable but galling confinement, whence death released him, to the great relief of Boniface, in 1296.

Benedetto Gaetani was by interest, by party, and by bringing up inclined towards the French alliance: and, in some sense, was influenced by the lawyer-spirit of the age. It is his misfortune to have failed in all his aims, and to have been at the same time the object of malignant and unscrupulous attack. We know little of his character but from his enemies. That he was ambitious seems clear enough: he was not scrupulous in the means or the language he employed[1]: he was incapable of generosity towards a foe; he hated well, and was well hated in return. That his energy and ability extorted the admiration of his foes is also plain; and he was clear from all low vices. He had no lack of grand conceptions of his high position and duties as head of Christendom: but on the other hand he was altogether a priest in the narrowness with which he regarded the world around him. Although before his elevation he had been

[1] As when he alluded to the bodily infirmities of one of his antagonists, Peter Flotte, as 'Belial semividens corpore, menteque totaliter excaecatus.'

in kings' courts, and had mixed in the political movements of the time, he could not discern the tendencies of society, or make any allowance for the forces by which he was surrounded. He fought new foes with the old weapons, blunted by use and rusted by lapse of years. There was as great a difference herein, as there soon would be in the struggle of the old feudal world against the new engines of war, gunpowder, and cannon, whose voice was so soon to be heard on the battlefield.

Boniface was unfortunate in his character, his surroundings, and his times. He could not bend and yield, and spring up again; but stood, like the old oak-tree of a past age, rigid and venerable, till the storm uprooted him. From the moment of his accession the clouds began to gather. The popular feeling throughout Italy was against him; the preaching Orders, who swayed the opinion of the crowd, regarded him as their foe, as the supplanter of their saint, Pope Celestin. The nobles of Rome knew that he was their enemy; the great Colonna faction, which stood at the head of the anti-papal party, was committed to a deadly struggle with him. He had the misfortune to be regarded as the friend of Charles of Valois, the hated usurper, whose vices were to a certain extent reflected on him; and in whose unpopularity he shared. And lastly, it was his doom to be pitted against his natural friend, the French King; and that King the tenacious, unscrupulous, proud Philip the Fair. He succeeded in winning the hearty hatred of the rising ambitious order of lawyers; the Civil Law triumphed over him, the champion of the Canon Law; while some of his bitterest foes have seemed to after times to be the avenging spirits of that independence of thought which perished in the baleful fires which the Papal Inquisition, earlier in the century, had kindled in Southern France [1].

The King and the Pope thus being fundamentally at variance, little was needed to begin the quarrel between them. And yet, on the surface, their interests were at one. The Pope was

[1] The grandfather of Nogaret is said to have perished in the Albigensian persecutions.

Guelfic in bringing-up and sympathies, and by the traditions of the Holy See. He had persuaded King James of Aragon to give up Sicily to Charles the Lame; he held before the half-dazzled eyes of Charles of Valois the splendid prize of which the Latin princes often dreamed, the imperial crown of Constantinople; he forwarded in every way the interests of France and Italy.

But the moment he interfered with the King things began to go wrong. He endeavoured in 1295 to mediate between Philip and Edward I of England; but they were very unwilling to receive him as arbitrator, and sought to guard themselves by declaring that they were in no way subject to the Papal see as to their temporal affairs. Still more was Philip offended when the Pope bade him do justice to Guy of Flanders, and to release his daughter, whom he held in prison as a hostage. In the beginning of the year 1296 he had issued a Bull[1], entitled 'Clericis laicos,' in which ecclesiastics were forbidden to pay taxes of any kind to the civil power, without the permission of the apostolical see; and all princes and potentates were warned that if they exacted such contributions from the clergy they became liable to excommunication. Though Philip was not named, it was partly, if not chiefly, directed against him: and he did not hesitate to reply. In August of the same year appeared a royal Ordinance[2], forbidding all persons of whatever condition or nation to export from the kingdom anything of value, gold and silver coined or not, jewels and precious stones, armour, horses, and munitions of war, except with the royal permission in writing. This document in its turn made no mention of the Pope, or of any difference of opinion; but all men knew to whom it referred. The Pope quietly rejoined; in the very next month he issued a Bull[3], entitled 'Ineffabilis amoris,' in which he declares that the prohibition of export cannot possibly refer to clerical persons, and that it would be madness to lay hands

[1] Preuves de l'Histoire du Différend, etc., p. 14. (Dated Romae ap. S. Petrum Pontif. nostri anno 2.)
[2] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. p. 13. (Dated August 17, 1296.)
[3] Ibid. p. 15. (Dated September 21, 1296.)

on them. He warned the King to put away his counsellors: for he had awoke to a consciousness of the forces, hostile to himself, which were impelling Philip: he lays out emphatically his own kindness and good offices towards the King; and the dangers to France from the hostility of his neighbours the 'Kings of Rome, Spain, and England.' He then goes on to enforce the 'Clericis laicos' Bull with fresh threats of penalties; but also opens the door to a compromise; he does not object to the taxation of clergy for the defence and support of the realm, provided the Pope's consent be first had; and also explains that he does not forbid the King to exercise his rights over ecclesiastics in regard of the fiefs held by them under the crown; also he claims to judge between Kings 'in matter of sin.' And he closes with a vague threat, that if the King will not amend these matters of his own good will, he must put out his hand 'to other and less usual remedies, however unwilling he may be to do so.' Intentionally or not, the Pope sent this document to Philip by one who did nothing to soften the bad effect it produced. Its haughtiness, its appeals to the King's fears, even the friendly but patronising tone which runs through most of it, were bitterness to the proud prince. His advisers at once drew up a reply, a bold and vigorous assertion of the royal supremacy in things temporal. It opens with a curious phrase: 'Ere ever ecclesiastics existed, the King of France had the custody of his realm, and could make laws for its defence[1].' After which bold beginning, he sets forth the importance of the laity as well as of the clergy, the duty of the latter to contribute to the defence of the realm, the treasonable conduct of such as forbade them to do so; he then touches on his disagreement with his liegeman the King of England, and his neighbour the 'King of Germany'; and ends by declaring that as an 'immense benefactor' to the Church he has a right to claim the Church's help against these his enemies.

As a next step the Pope sent his Nuncios, the Bishops of

[1] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. p. 21. (No date.)

Albano and Palestrina, into France, who were instructed to inform the King that he had made and prolonged a truce between the conflicting princes, and had pronounced an excommunication against anyone who broke it. But before the King read his letter, he protested in person as follows: 'That the temporal government of his kingdom depended on himself alone, nor had he any superior therein, and that he would not submit himself therein to any living person; that he was determined to defend his rights and his realm with help of his friends; that this truce should be no hindrance thereto; while, at the same time, in spirituals he was ready to obey the orders of the Holy See, as a devout son of the Church.' The legates were then permitted to read the Papal brief[1], and to withdraw. Two months before this, the Pope had bidden his Nuncios excommunicate anyone who might stop them from exporting the money they had raised in France[2].

But now the struggle of the Pope with the Colonna cardinals was waxing hot; and he found that even the Gallican clergy[3] were inclined to side with their King: consequently, feeling that he was not strong enough, for the moment, to carry out his high tone to the end, he now issued a fresh Bull[4], in which he declared,—and it is an amazing statement—that the Bull 'Clericis laicos' was not meant to affect the kingdom of France. The King in his turn hastened to assure the Pontiff that he had never meant absolutely to forbid the export of the precious metals from the realm, but only in the public interest. This seeming reconciliation was followed by an act which flattered the public feeling and pride of France. On the eve of the Feast of St. Bartholomew, 1297, the day of his death, the saintly King Louis IX was solemnly canonised, and his remains removed from St. Denis to the new church of Poissy, built in his honour and dedicated to the new-made Saint. Moreover, the

[1] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. p. 27. (Dated April 20, 1297.)
[2] Ibid. p. 25. (Dated February 7, 1297.)
[3] Ibid. p. 26; the Letter of the Archbishop of Rheims and his Suffragans.
[4] Ibid. p. 39, 'Noveritis nos.' (Dated July 31, 1297.)

French and English Kings being yet at variance, Boniface obtained their consent to his arbitration, on the understanding that he was to act as Benedetto Gaetani, that is, as a private person, not as Pope. And thus the Kings sought to save their rights, and the Pope trusted that it would be in reality impossible to separate the man from the Pontiff, and also that he might win the gratitude and goodwill of Philip. Through his arbitration, clearly favouring the French King, two-thirds of Aquitaine passed from Edward to France; and the sovereigns concluded a marriage-treaty: Edward promised to espouse Margaret, the King's sister; and his son Edward, afterwards Edward II of England, was betrothed in 1303 to Isabelle, Philip's daughter; whereby the seeds of the hundred years' war were sown. By this treaty Edward recovered Aquitaine.

But the friendship between Boniface and Philip was but hollow. Both sought to gather strength for the coming struggle, in which each vowed to himself that he would crush the other or perish. A little before this time Philip had detached the Duke of Brittany from the English side, and had created him, as well as his cousin Robert of Artois, and Charles of Valois his brother, Peers of France. Thus he violated the old feudal principles, and shewed himself no longer the 'first among his equals,' but a monarch bestowing on his subjects the high honour of being grouped in dignity around the throne. On the conclusion of the peace arranged by the Pope in his private character, the two Kings abandoned their allies each to the other. Edward wreaked his will on Wallace; Philip occupied Flanders. Guy of Dampierre was not strong enough to resist when his powerful supporters had left him; and, for a time, the kingdom of France touched the line of the Rhine[1]. And in 1299 Guy threw himself on Philip's mercy (as if there had ever been such a thing!), and was imprisoned in the Louvre, while the King caused the Parliament to declare the formal union of Flanders to the crown; and

[1] William of Nangis, in Dom Bouquet, tom. 20. p. 581, says, 'concessum fuisse dicitur quod regnum Franciae . . usque ad Rhenum potestatis suae terminos dilataret.'

rejoiced exceedingly at the thought that there was found a mine of wealth, from which he might draw inexhaustible supplies for his empty treasury. Around the throne were grouped the great lawyers, whose chief representatives were Peter Flotte and William of Nogaret, men who were now called 'Knights of the Laws,' a grotesque but significant title[1]: the Colonnas were exiles in France, longing for the moment when the word should be given which would launch them against their mortal foe. All things were prepared for the strife; and thus the King stood firmly when the year 1300 came, and all seemed well with him. Treachery and rapacity had done their work, and he was now ready for the task he had set himself.

And how fared it with Boniface? He, too, seemed to have gathered strength. He had crushed the Colonnas; they had perished, or fled to foreign lands; he had interfered with authority in the affairs of Scotland and Hungary; he had put Albert of Austria, King of the Romans, under ban[2]. And, lastly, the year 1300 seemed to open with a revival of faith in Christendom, of faith centred on Rome and his own person. Never had crowds so devout flocked to the Eternal City; men ceased to count them; but for a very abundant harvest that year there would have been a famine. Never were such countless gifts laid on the altars; never the blessings of the Church received in return with so much joy, as in this year of Jubilee. It is said,—but one knows not with what truth, so false are all the writers who deal with his memory,—that when messengers from Albert of Austria came to the Pope, he met them with the imperial crown on his head, with the bare sword in his right hand, and with the words 'I, I am Caesar, I am the true Emperor[3]; and therefore supreme over all princes of the earth.' Certain it is that from this time his claims grew more extreme, his language more violent; he seems to have been dazzled by

[1] See above, p. 349.

[2] The position of Boniface is well summed up in Milman's Latin Christianity, bk. 11. chap. 9.

[3] He is even said to have used the words, 'all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.'

the scene, and to have thought that what he saw proved that the Papacy still had its roots deep in the heart of the people.

Soon after the close of the year of Jubilee the Pope named Bernard Saisset, Bishop of Pamiers, a city which he had but lately erected into an episcopal see, as his legate to the King's Court. An unlucky choice. Saisset was a rash and violent man, who was also full of the hereditary hatred of Languedoc for the French masters of the South. He did not hide his mind, and at the same time tried to rouse the Count of Foix and other Southerners to revolt against the King. Wherefore the King set his lawyers on him, and had him arrested at Pamiers. The King must have felt very sure of his ground; for he employed an ecclesiastic to take him prisoner. His trial was pressed on, under the guidance of Peter Flotte[1]. In January 1301 came out a Bull in which the Pope spared no hard words towards the King; and endeavoured to stir up the slumbering enmity which existed between the North and South of France, affirming 'that the Gallic people had ever been hostile to the Tolosan language, nor had done good to the men of Toulouse, but ever evil, and had bereft them of their property, and that the King himself did so.' And this was presently followed by three several documents[2], all of one date (December 5, 1301), the first of which summoned all ecclesiastics to Rome, and used unmeasured language as to the King's conduct; the second also summoned all Doctors of Theology and Masters of Canon Law to Rome, as though he would marshal the Church lawyers against those of the State; and the third was the famous Bull, entitled 'Ausculta, fili.' This Bull, which censured the King in no measured terms, and took up the position that the Pope was

[1] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. pp 621–662.—It is said that Flotte was sent to Rome to insist on Saisset's condemnation, and had a stormy interview with the Pope. The Pope is reported to have said, 'My power, the spiritual power, embraces and limits the temporal.' To which Flotte made reply—'It may be so; but your power is *verbal*, while my King's is *real*.' But the whole is probably a fiction.

[2] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. pp. 48–54.

far above all Kings, was read in all its harshness to Philip; who was filled with scorn and anger at its audacity, and had it solemnly burnt: he banished from the kingdom the Nuncio who had brought it, as well as the Bishop of Pamiers; thus putting an end to the lesser quarrel which had small importance beside the greater one now coming to its crisis.

It was probably at this moment (though the date is uncertain), that those two extraordinary documents, the Little Bull and its Answer, were drawn up at Paris and circulated through France. No one will now defend the genuineness of the Little Bull; though there seems to be no doubt that it appeared about this time. The sharp brevity of the document is itself strong presumption against its genuineness; as is also the fact that it is not among those Bulls which were afterwards annulled by Clement V. The two documents, a few lines long, were simply an appeal to the public opinion of France—a strange appeal, indicating, whatever their influence might be, the dying-out of all the old reverence for the Papal name. The Little Bull itself bears the same date as the great 'Ausculta, fili' Bull; and may have been intended as a résumé of the claims set forth in it; it certainly gave emphatic expression to the Papal doctrine that the King was subject to the Pope in temporals as much as in spirituals. The mock reply was so coarse and brutal, that, had the tone of feeling not changed immensely in France, it would have been regarded as a blasphemy:—as it was, it passed without a protest. It opens thus: 'Philip . . . to Boniface, who makes himself out to be Sovereign Pontiff, little or no greeting. Be it known to thy supreme idiocy that we are subject to no man in things temporal:' and then echoing the close of the Little Bull, it ends with the words, 'Such as think otherwise we count to be fools and madmen.'

Men's minds being thus prepared, the King took the bold step of throwing himself on the patriotism of the country, and, in the April of 1302 called together the Estates of France, that they might take cognisance of the quarrel. On the day for which they were summoned, 'the birthday of the nation,' as it

has been pretentiously called, the Three Estates of France, the nobility, the clergy, and the burghers, met at Paris, and, sitting separately, considered the King's griefs. Thither came 'prelates, barons, chapters, conventual bodies, colleges, communities, and universities[1] of the cities of the realm, with masters in theology, and professors of either law, and otherwise, and grave persons of divers parts and realms[2].' Each body drew up an address to be forwarded to Rome. That of the towns was sure to be favourable enough to the royal side; but the actual document is lost. The letters of the nobles and clergy are extant. That of the barons is addressed to the cardinals, and is couched in sharp and rough terms, hinting that Boniface is an usurper seated on the Papal throne, and declaring that they seek no redress of their griefs from the Pope but from their Lord the King. The clergy signed a letter in very different style and terms, but in the main of like significance. They were naturally much embarrassed by their position between the spiritual and the temporal powers. They applied for permission to obey the Papal summons to a council at Rome. The King and the barons refused their request; and they were made to know that, if they went, their goods would be liable to seizure—and seizure in Philip's time meant irreparable loss.

The Pope's reply, which was sent without delay (June 28, 1302), was gentle in tone, and again drew the old distinction, as to the subjection of the King to the Church 'in matters of sin.' In a consistory held a little later he broke forth into violent language against Peter Flotte—'a man of Belial, a man half blind in body, and quite blind in soul;' and ended by a threat that he would, unless the King repented of his ways, 'chastise him like a child[3].' The Pope knew not at that moment that he was already partly avenged of his enemies. The French had made

[1] These 'Universities' are the Communes of Southern cities, not the learned bodies.

[2] The Continuator of William of Nangis, sub ann. 1302.

[3] Like a *groom*, 'deponeremus Regem sicut unum garcionem.' Regnaldus, sub ann. 1302.

themselves as hateful in Flanders as they had been in Sicily: and a new 'Sicilian Vespers' had befallen them at Bruges[1]. Then Flanders burst into open revolt. The news of this mishap must have reached Paris but a few days before the meeting of the States-General: and directly their work was done, the barons set forth, eager to punish the Flemish, and to sack their brimming cities. Peter Flotte went with them. Near Courtrai they came up with the Flemish footmen, a force of about twenty thousand, led by William of Juliers. This army of burghers and artisans knew that retreat was impossible; the French cavalry would have instantly cut them in pieces. So they boldly determined to face their oppressors, and took up a position behind a narrow canal, deep, with level banks, not seen at a little distance. Guy of Namur[2] and his nephew William of Juliers, while they waited, conferred knighthood on Peter Koning and forty leading citizens; and then with their Belgian and German followers the two leaders sent their horses to the rear, and made ready to fight afoot, on equal terms with the Flemish. Meanwhile the French knights, full of their usual vain recklessness and insubordination, put spurs to horse, making much dust, and coming on apace to crush the burgher-folk they so despised. For haste and dust they saw nothing of the canal till it was too late to pull up, and in they went; then those behind pushed those before, and followed them, till the flower of French chivalry lay crushed and drowning in a helpless mass. The Flemish men-at-arms crossed the water on either flank, and fell on the disordered army. The rear fled in uttermost panic. Robert of Artois with his men alone tried to stay the fortunes of the day; but in vain. He fell pierced with many wounds.

The citizens, who could scarcely have stood against the barded chivalry, for lack of arms and horses, were brave enough on an equal field, and merciless. They spared no man, but

[1] March 24, 1302.

[2] Guy of Namur was nephew of the imprisoned Count, Guy of Dampierre, and was fighting on his behalf.

knocked the barons and knights of France on the head like bullocks. The carnage was terrible; four thousand gilt spurs —some say even seven thousand—were hung up in Courtrai Cathedral[1]. Thus perished the foremost men of France in a ditch. Terrible as this mishap seemed at the moment, it was not the King of France who was the loser. On the contrary, the death of so many lords of fiefs left him at leisure to pursue his plans for lifting the kingly power far above feudalism. The turbulent noblesse, which had thus ruined itself by its careless insubordination[2], was now no match for the cold King with his men of law. Boniface, hearing all this, rejoiced. He did not discern the ultimate meaning of it, and thought that he might now take his enemy in his weakness. The bishops thought the same. Forty-five of them, on the news of the disaster, set forth for Rome. The King, who marched into Flanders with a strong army, found himself unable to make head against the insurgents, and 'returned to France without any glory[3].' From the other end of the realm came tidings of the revolt of Bordeaux, and the English King seemed likely to interfere.

At Rome the famous decretal, 'Unam Sanctam[4],' was proclaimed before the assembled bishops (18th Nov. 1302); in it the claims of the Papacy were asserted in most unmeasured terms. It forms the high-water mark of Papal pretensions; declares that the spiritual power ought to judge the temporal, but that God alone can judge the spiritual. It was followed by a general excommunication against all who should lay hands on or despoil those who might go to Rome; evidently intended to defend the forty-five French bishops. For a moment Philip seemed to lose confidence: his reply was timid, apologetic, weak. The Pope saw it, and hastened

[1] Eighty years later Charles VI saw them, and massacred the grandchildren of the victors of the Day of the Spurs.

[2] We saw at the battle of Mansourah (above, p. 332) how undisciplined were these gallant lords of France.

[3] Continuator of William of Nangis, sub ann. 1302.

[4] Preuves de l'Histoire du Diff. p. 54.

to strike his last blow. He summoned the King to speak out more clearly, to amend the past, and threatened him with excommunication, and the deposition that was understood to follow in its train (13th April, 1303). But, before this terrible Bull had left Rome, the King had recovered heart. He had (12th March, 1303) again called together his Parliament, from which a great ordinance was issued, 'for the reformation of the realm,' which was well received everywhere; liberty was sold to serfs, nobility to citizens: Nogaret also appeared with a series of charges against the Pope, in which he lays down four great points: (1) that he was no Pope, but one who 'came in by another way' (alluding to the abdication of Pope Celestin); (2) that he was a heretic; (3) a simoniac; (4) a man of horrible crimes and vices. These are the usual charges, the commonplaces of a faithless and unscrupulous age; and they seem to have rested on no foundation. Yet they doubtless had some weight.

When the Bull of Excommunication reached France it was seized, its bearer imprisoned, the goods of the forty-five prelates confiscated, themselves cited to appear for judgment; the Inquisition was attacked and forbidden to act. The neutrality of Edward I was bought by the cession of Guienne. The Parliament was again called together in June, to hear this time a new and still more violent series of charges, drawn up by Plaisian, knight and lord of Vezenoble, who was backed by all the power of the nobles. Whereon the King declared that he appealed from all the bulls of Boniface to a General Council, and to the Pope who should be elected in his stead: even the high clergy joined in this appeal. Nogaret was at this time in Italy: he was instructed to lodge the appeal with Boniface, and to make it public in Rome. The Pope, who was now at Anagni, his native place, for the summer heats, rejoined by fixing the 8th of September as the day on which France would be laid under Interdict and her King declared excommunicated.

But Nogaret had laid his plans with Sciarra Colonna, the

most turbulent of Italians, the family-foe of Boniface, who burnt to avenge his fathers on the aged Pontiff. Several hundred soldiers were hired, led by Rinaldi da Supino, captain of the town of Ferentino, the neighbour-town and, after Italian fashion, the rival-town to Anagni. On the morning of the 7th of September the conspirators entered Anagni; its captain, Arnulfi, had been bought by French gold. Instead of resisting, he allowed the people to sack the cardinals' houses and the Papal treasure. Boniface, undefended, fell into the hands of his foes. He showed a firmness and dignity worthy of his place and character. Colonna would fain have slain him at once, but Nogaret would not allow it: he is said to have struck the old man in the face with his mailed hand till the blood came[1]. Nogaret heaped abuse on him. They allowed none of his attendants to be with him. He was set on a horse, with his face to the tail, and so carried to prison. For two days he neither ate nor drank, for fear of poison. Then the people of Anagni could bear it no longer; they rose and drove out the soldiers, and delivered the aged Pontiff. The Romans too had tidings of the outrage, and sent out their militia to bring him safely back. His return was a triumphal march. But once in Rome, he found the French party in the ascendant, and was again almost a prisoner. This was more than he could bear. Worn out with weight of years, with the terrible trials of the last few days, and the privations he had suffered, on this last mortification he gave way, and died[2]. Strange and malignant tales were told of his last moments: the horrors, which were thought to people monkish brains alone, seemed now to have found place in the minds of hard cold lawyers. They grouped portents round his deathbed; they declared that he died furious, without the last consolations of the faith. Nor did the hatred of his foes leave him even there; for years his memory was pursued with bitter zeal by the King and his lawyers—it was part of their ghastly triumph that they should seek to destroy the character of the dead. Ambitious,

[1] Chron. de S. Denis.

[2] At the age of eighty-six.

unforgiving, untrue, the great Pope had been, but withal a noble figure; the last champion of the ages of chivalry, fighting in vain, and to the death, against the new life of a new age. And from his fall dates the true beginning of the medieval monarchy, that absolute Kingship of which France has given to Europe the first and the grandest specimen, and of which France also has freed herself, with the convulsions of a revolution, and the risks of an imperial despotism. The Papal dream of universal monarchy crumbled to the ground, and left the nations to work out their destinies after their kind.

The cardinals elected an able and good man, Benedict XI, as Pope. He began his reign prudently and firmly; and it seemed as if he might be destined to repair the breaches made by the terrible contest we have just depicted. But, even as he was preparing his measures to defend the memory of Boniface, when he had reigned but nine months, he suddenly sickened and died. All men deemed that he had perished by poison.

Meanwhile King Philip had won, in Flanders, the sterile victory of Mons-en-Puelle (A.D. 1304); but, finding that the Flemings presently raised another army with all the obstinacy of the race, he gave up the struggle and made peace, recognising the independence of Flanders, and retaining only his feudal lordship. The eldest son of Count Guy did him homage; and Flanders, with the exception of two or three frontier towns, passed away from France.

In truth, the interests of the King lay in another direction. He discovered that he must keep a strong and steady hand on the Papacy, or it might yet work him woe; and he laid his plans to that end. The unexpected death of Benedict XI gave him his opportunity. The Conclave was evenly balanced, and nine months slipped by without an election. The Guelfic Gaetani, the friends and relations of Boniface, neutralised the Ghibeline Colonnas, who were the friends of France. At last the Colonnas proposed that the Gaetani party should

nominate three, not of their own number, as candidates, one of whom they promised to elect within forty days. They consented, and picked out three prelates, known friends of their party and foes to Philip. The Colonnas sent the names to the King, advising him to make terms with Bertrand de Goth, Archbishop of Bordeaux, a subject of the English King, foe to the French, and to choose him as Pope. The King sought an interview: hung before the Gascon's dazzled eyes the grand prize, and promised it him on certain conditions. Let us name them as they are handed down to us, without saying whether they are matters of fact, or were invented after the reign of the Pontiff had shewn that he was somehow tied down to the King. They say he agreed (1) to reconcile the King with the Church; (2) to absolve the King's agents; (3) to grant him a tithe on the property of the clergy of France for five years; (4) to reinstate the Colonnas, and to make some French cardinals, to be named by the King; (5) to censure the conduct of Boniface: and it is said that he agreed to a sixth condition, the terms of which have never been revealed; some have thought it referred to his residence at Avignon, others to the destruction of the Templars, others to a promise of the imperial crown for Charles of Valois. To all these things is Bertrand said to have bound himself by solemn oath, and hostages given; and therefore, within the forty days, he was duly elected Pope, and took the name of Clement V. The cardinals were summoned to Lyons for the consecration; they came unwillingly, knowing that the wily King had duped them. The new Pope was consecrated in the Church of St. Just, in the Castle at Lyons, which part of the city then belonged to France; and, after the ceremony, he got on horseback, with the King at his bridle. Outside the castle gate Philip gave up the rein to the Counts of Valois and Evreux, and to the Duke of Brittany, fortunately for him; for a high wall, brought down by the weight of the crowd that thronged it, fell on the procession. The new-made Pope was thrown from his horse, his tiara broken; the Duke of Brittany and one of the Pope's brothers

killed on the spot, and the Count of Valois severely wounded; and many others suffered. So gloomily opened the new era of the Papacy, in which, as Walsingham says, the Church was judged by Pope and King, like the Lord between Herod and Pilate. The King held the Pontiff captive in France; the Pope revenged himself, by passing from city to city with a following of courtiers, who ate up the land, and caused grievous scandal by their shameless lives, the Pope not less shameless than the rest. The Church was even more degraded and humiliated by this spectacle of luxury and sin, than by the manifest subjection of the Pontiff. Even Philip himself had to interfere; it seemed as though his prisoner was like to eat up all the wealth in the land.

But now Clement began to pay the price of his elevation. He cancelled the obnoxious Bulls; the King's instruments were pardoned; after a time, even Nogaret, though reluctantly. Nine French cardinals were made, so as to secure the King's influence in the Conclave; some of them men who had been professors of civil law, to countervail the Canonists. In the spring-time of 1307 the King met the Pope at Poitiers, on pretence of arranging for a crusade to place Charles of Valois on the throne of Constantinople, and to recover the Holy City; but in reality the King was there to press on him the condemnation of the memory of Boniface, and the overthrow of the Templars. As to the former, the Pope escaped, by referring the matter to a council to be held at Vienne on the Rhone; as to the Templars, proof was demanded of their crimes: and thus the Pontiff hoped to win a little time. In the former case he succeeded in averting the misfortune: to have condemned Boniface as a false Pope, would have been to render null all his acts, to make his cardinals no cardinals, their election of him no election, himself no Pope. The whole fabric of the Church seemed to be shaken; and men remembered the broken wall of Lyons, and the Pontiff fallen in the dust.

## III. *The Epoch of the Templars.* A.D. 1304—1314.

But the Templars he could not save from the fearful doom which awaited the Order.

In 1118 nine knights took possession of a house near the Temple at Jerusalem, and called themselves its Knights Defenders. They lived on alms, in simple poverty; following the usual law of chastity, purity, humility. They wore a white cloak with a red cross on it: their dress and rules were fixed at the synod of Troyes. Gifts soon rolled in upon them, land and goods. Ere long their numbers began to increase swiftly, their wealth more swiftly still, till their income rivalled those of kings. With wealth came luxury and pride. When the Holy Land ceased to be a possible home after the loss of Acre in 1291, they left the hopeless task, and settled in Cyprus. By the end of the thirteenth century they had almost all made their way to Europe. They were peculiarly strong and wealthy in France—a strength and wealth alike dangerous to them. In Paris they built their fortress, the Temple, over against the King's palace of the Louvre; and in that stronghold the King himself had once to take refuge from the angry mob of Paris, whom his extortions had wearied out of patience. During the life and death struggle with the Papacy, the Order had not taken the side of the Church against the sovereign. Their wealth had held them down. But Philip knew no gratitude, and they were doomed. A powerful and secret society endangered the safety of the state: their wealth was a sore temptation: there were no lack of rumours. Dark tales came out respecting the habits of the Order; tales exaggerated and blackened by the diseased imagination of the age. Popular proverbs, those ominous straws of public opinion, were heard in different lands, hinting at dark vices and crimes. Doubtless the vows of the Order, imposed on unruly natures, led to grievous sins against the first laws of moral life. But there was more than this: there were strange rumours of horrible in-

fidelity and blasphemy; and men were prepared to believe everything.

So no one seemed to have been amazed when, in October, 1307, the King made a sudden *coup d'état*, arrested all the Templars in France on the same day, and seized their goods. The Temple at Paris, with the Grand Master, fell into his hands. Their property was presently handed over to the custody of the Pope's nuncios in France; but the knights were kept in dark and dismal prisons. Their trial was long and tedious. Two hundred and thirty-one knights were examined, with all the brutality that examination then meant; the Pope also took the depositions of more than seventy. From these examinations what can we learn?

All means were used: some were tortured, others threatened, others tempted with promises of safety[1]. They made confession accordingly; and the ghastly catalogue of their professed ill-doings may be read in the history of the trial. Who shall say what truth there was in it all? Probably little or none. Many confessed and then recanted their confession. The golden image with eyes of glowing carbuncle, which they worshipped; the trampling and spitting on the crucifix; the names of Galla and Baphomet; the hideous practices of the initiation;—all these things pass before us, in the dim uncertainty, like some horrible procession of the vices in hell. What the truth was will never be known; the Order may have contracted some eastern habits and introduced some eastern ceremonies; probably also the moral condition of the knights was low. At any rate, enough was said, true or false, for the King's purposes: and he urged the Pope definitely to condemn the Order. Clement hesitated, temporised, even fled more than once disguised from Poitiers towards Bordeaux. But the wily King was prepared even for this; and he was detected and brought back. He had weighted himself with several mule-loads of treasure, which he could not bring himself to leave in the King's clutches.

[1] See Dupuy, Procès des Templiers, p. 161.

Without this fatal hoard he might well have escaped. In 1309 the King at last allowed him to leave Poitiers: he turned his face southwards, and travelled slowly as far as Avignon. There, in a city, hereafter to belong to the Holy See, the wretched Pope, to whom the King absolutely refused permission to return to Rome, deemed that he had won a little independence, and there he established his court. Here the Papacy abode, in the grasp of France, for seventy years. Who could resist the name, which seemed so well to suit it, 'the Babylonish Captivity?'

The trial of Boniface went on at Avignon: Nogaret and other lawyers insisting on his condemnation; they urged that his body should be exhumed and burnt as that of a heretic. The affair, however, was again deferred. But none the more could the Templars escape.

The knights made a dignified defence in these last moments of their history; they did not flinch either at the terrible prospect before them, or by reason of the memory of the tortures they had passed through. Public opinion, in and out of France, began to stir against the barbarous treatment they had received; they were no longer proud and wealthy princes, but suffering martyrs, shewing bravery and a firm front against the cruelties of the King and his lawyers. Marigni, the King's minister and friend, and the King were embarrassed by the number and firmness of their victims, by the sight of Europe looking on aghast, by the murmurs of the people. Marigni suggested that men who had confessed and recanted might be treated as relapsed heretics, such being the law of the Inquisition, (what irony was here!) and accordingly in 1310 an enclosure was made at Paris, within which fifty-nine Templars perished miserably by fire. Others were burnt later at Senlis.

The King, not sure of the Council which was called to assemble at Vienne, at last consented to abandon his vindictive attack on the memory of Boniface; and Clement, in return, declared that the King and his counsellors had been actuated by excellent motives in all their conduct towards the late Pope;

and finally he promised that the Order of the Templars should be definitely dissolved. The King and Pope worked on the feeble Council, until in March 1312 the abolition of the Order was formally decreed; and its chief property, its lands and buildings, were given over to the Knights of St. John, to be used for the recovery of the Holy Land; 'which thing,' says the Supplementor to William of Nangis, 'came not to pass, but rather the endowment did but make them worse than before.' But the chief part of the spoil, as might be well believed, never passed out of the King's hands. One more tragedy, and then all was over. The four heads of the Order were still at Paris, prisoners, the Grand Master, Jacques de Molai, and Guy of Auvergne the Master of Normandy, and two more. The Pope had reserved their fate in his own hands, and sent a commission to Paris, who were enjoined once more to hear the confession of these dignitaries, and then to condemn them to perpetual captivity. But at the last moment the Grand Master and Guy publicly retracted all their forced confessions, and declared themselves and the Order guiltless of all the abominable charges laid against them. Philip was filled with devouring rage. Without further trial or judgment he had them led that night to the island in the Seine[1], and there they were fastened to the stake, and burnt.

But Philip's dark reign was drawing to a close; and the last year was the darkest of all. The wives of his three sons were accused of loose lives. Jeanne of Burgundy, with whom Philip of Poitiers expected to receive the heritage of Franche-Comté, was spared; doubtless the prospect of losing this fair province weighed with the King: but the two others, Margaret, Queen of Navarre, and Blanche, wife of Charles, were condemned to languish out the miserable term of their lives in close prison. Their lovers were put to death, with every conceivable detail of cruelty.

The nation could abide it no longer. Nobles and burghers made league together; the King's oppressions touched them all, his cold cruelty was a disgrace to them all. We see in this last

[1] Where now the statue of Henri IV stands. Martin, Histoire des Français, 4. 505, note.

year a first confederation in France against the crushing weight of tyranny, and at the head of the document drawn up by the two orders, we may read the venerable name of the Seneschal of Champagne, the aged Sire de Joinville, now hard on a hundred years old. It was the shade of St. Louis coming forth to rebuke his unworthy grandson.

Philip was amazed and overwhelmed; an accident out hunting shook his health; anxiety forbade his recovery, and in November 1314 he expired at Fontainebleau, at the early age of forty-six years. Yet he had seemed to have reigned an age. It was like the red setting of a hot and angry sun, amidst banks of tempestuous cloud.

His reign saw some additions to the French territory. In 1286 Edward I of England ceded Le Quercy; in 1292 Bigorre fell in by a legal decision; in 1295 Valenciennes, at one end, and Montpellier at the other, of the realm, were incorporated in the domain[1]; but the great accession was that of the 'second city of France,' Lyons, which was absorbed into the kingdom in 1312.

That city had had many wooers: the Emperor, the Archbishop, the Chapter, and the King of France, (to say nothing of the Count of Forez and the civic authorities,) all had rights over her; and by their rival suzerainties had left her a kind of independence among all. But in this year (A.D. 1312) a quarrel broke out between the two banks of the Rhone; between the archbishop and the citizens: the French garrison of St. Just fomenting their quarrels. At last archbishop and burghers made peace, and together attacked the King's folk. Whereon Louis le Hutin, the King's eldest son, was sent against them with a strong army; and the place gave way. The archbishop was sent to Paris, and made submission: and thus Lyons once more became a Gallic city.

It is needless to draw the odious character of the King. It can be seen in his every act, in the whole chronicle of his reign.

[1] Some put these additions in the year 1349.

# CHAPTER XI.

## *The Three Sons of Philip le Bel.* A.D. 1314—1328.

### I. *Louis X, 'the Quarrelsome.'* A.D. 1314—1316.

PHILIP died in the beginning of a strong reaction against absolutism; and his eldest son, Louis le Hutin, the Quarrelsome, the Wrangler, twenty-five years old, was but a mere child in sense, unfit to cope with this new difficulty. A childish man, thriftless and senseless, he was little fit to rule over France, his father's kingdom, and Navarre, which he held by right of his mother; he thought only of amusement in tournament and court, and left the business of the realm to his uncle Charles of Valois.

Now Charles of Valois, ambitious, turbulent and empty, was only too ready to be the instrument of the reaction. Did this not mean vengeance on the man who had stood in his way? Enguerrand de Marigni, 'the other King,' only a poor Norman gentleman by birth, but who had wielded the power of the realm, while Charles was chasing bubbles over Europe; on whom accordingly the ill-will of the past reign had fallen, was seized and tried at the Temple by the young King himself; Charles acting the part of accuser with urgent malignity[1]. The fallen minister was not listened to, even the wish of Louis that he should be

[1] Johannes de S. Victore, in Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. p. 660, where there is a hostile account of the last days of the minister. The anonymous continuator of this chronicle tells us that when Charles was on his death-bed 'he had great repentance for the death of Enguerrand de Marigni;' and at a dole given after his death this was said to the poor: 'Pray for Monseigneur Enguerrand and for M. Charles,' thus putting Marigni's name before that of the prince.—Continuator de Jean de S. Victore, Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. 686.

banished was set aside; he was hung, like a thief, with great indignity. His death was the signal that the feudal interests had recovered the ascendency. The noblesse, following its fatal instincts, forthwith broke its ranks; each man seeking the old lawless independence, with no care of public liberties, nor of anything save the seignorial courts and private wars, and trial by battle. And thus the aristocracy of France missed its opportunity. It might have moved side by side with that of England. But the moment the pressure of Philip's strong hand was off them they threw aside the league with the burghers, and sought only to return to their congenial state of chaos. The 'constitutions of St. Louis' were in many mouths; the cry was a good one. But the meaning attached to those words would never have been allowed by the good King; for those who used them wanted nothing but the dissolution of the kingdom. No wonder if even the folly of Louis X grew alarmed. Monarchy was reduced to great weakness, concession followed concession; the nobles seemed likely to leave him nothing but the shadow of power.

Then came out one of those documents which seem like lightning-flashes in the darkness. The King was forced to seek support; and the lawyer-spirit, though for the moment checked, was far from vanquished. The King's legists have clearly modelled this ordinance on the Roman Law; and it is notable as containing a very distinct proclamation of that principle which became afterwards the guiding line of the constitutional changes in France; the principle that 'every man according to the law of nature ought to be born free[1].' It was but a step from this to add the words 'and equal.' Still it would seem that the King's aim was little beyond the desire to open a new vein of contribution. For this act, after its grand opening, sinks down into a mere permission to serfs to purchase their freedom for good and solid considerations.

He wanted cash to fight the Flemings with; he did all in his

[1] Ord. des Rois, I. p. 583, July 1315: 'Comme selon le droit de nature chacun doit naistre franc.'

power to destroy commerce, by those foolish regulations which we so often meet with; by taxing the merchants, forbidding all dealings with the Flemish, &c. He went on campaign as far as the Lys; but there the heavy rains conquered him, and he withdrew again to France, 'not without much inconvenience and some disgrace[1].' In this year, too, and the next (A.D. 1315, 1316), great distress and famine fell on France. And in the midst of all this weakness and misery, the King at Vincennes 'as if he had been a boy, played at ball and got very hot, then indiscreetly went down into a cold cellar and drank wine without stint; whereof the coldness penetrated to his vitals, and he took to his bed and died in June 1316[2],' leaving one daughter, Jeanne, and his Queen with child.

And now arose a great question; who should succeed to the throne? If the Queen bore a son, the matter would settle itself; if a daughter, would Jeanne become Queen, or would the crown pass to Philip of Poitiers, the late King's brother. The barons of France at once seized on the reins of government, and the royal power seemed for the moment suspended. But Philip returned from Lyons, where he had been making a Pope, John XXII, a worldly, immoral creature of the French crown. The barons named him Regent of France and Navarre till the Queen should have a child; if that child was a boy, that then Philip should be still Regent for eighteen years; but if the babe was a girl, then these two princesses should take Navarre, Champagne and Brie, abandoning all claim to France; and Philip should be proclaimed King. But this was not to be carried out till they were of age to act; when, if they refused to give up their claim on the French throne, right should be done them therein; but, on the other hand, Navarre and Champagne would not longer be secured to them. Philip, in the interval, was to act as governor of all, France, Navarre, and Champagne[3].

[1] E. Hor. Chronicon Bernardi Guidonis, Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. p. 725.
[2] Johannes de S. Victore in Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. p. 663.
[3] Hallam, Middle Ages, chap. 1. p. 1. (vol. 1. pp. 41, 42, ed. 1846).

But the question was not thus to be settled without some debate. If women could everywhere succeed to fiefs, and if the crowns of Europe were, in theory, fiefs of the Empire, then surely a queen might sit on the French throne. On the other hand, it was felt that this powerful monarchy, the lord even of the Papacy, could not really be under feudal subjection to the Empire; and that the question must be settled by other considerations. One would have expected the barons to take care that the regency should continue, and that the crown should be weakened by being placed on a woman's brow.

## II. *Philip V, 'le Long,' or the Tall.* A.D. 1316—1322.

The Queen bore a son, who was named John; but in seven days he died. Then Philip, holding that the birth of a boy had freed him from all engagements, broke faith at once with his defenceless niece, hastened to Rheims, filled the Cathedral with his own followers, and compelled the archbishop to consecrate him King. Thence he returned to Paris, assembled the citizens, and, in the presence of a great concourse of barons and notables of the realm, declared that no female could succeed to the crown of France [1].

Thus began the so-called Salic Law of France, through the determined violence of an unscrupulous man. The lawyers round the throne, seeking to give to the act of might the sanction of right, bethought them of that passage in the law of the Salian Franks, which declares 'That no part or heritage of Salic land can fall to a woman [2].' Wherefrom this law obtained the name of 'the Salic Law.'

Great and obvious as were the advantages of a male succession in earlier times, it may be a question whether France was

[1] The continuator to Nangis, p. 222. Hallam doubts this statement.

[2] The text of this law (tit. 42. 6.) runs thus: 'De terra vero Salica nulla portio haereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terrae haereditas perveniat.' Or in the Pactus Legis Salicae, tit. 6. 2. § 6: 'De terra vero Salica in mulierem nulla portio haereditatis transit, sed hoc virilis sexus adquirat: h. e. filii in ipsa haereditate succedunt.'

the happier for the series of Queen-Regents which it entailed, or for the exclusion of that sex which in certain conditions of society seems to be especially fitted for the throne. England, at least, need not regret her freedom from this law. Two at least of the Queens of England take rank among her noblest and wisest sovereigns: and in our days a Queen has been to us what no King could have been.

Thus Philip V, surnamed 'le Long,' the Tall, seized the throne. But his short reign was dark and evil. There is no lack of ordinances and activity: but society was plunged too deep in evils of old growth to be cured. The Franciscans, who had already shewn signs of passing away from the orthodox creed, now attacked the flagrant vices of the Pope and his court, and preached a Gospel of the Holy Ghost, and a return to the primitive simplicity of the early Church. Persecution at once set in; and though the people took their side, the order had at last to place itself under the shield of Louis of Bavaria, whom the Pope refused to recognise.

The angry and down-trodden people, excited by the friars, rose with great violence, demanding to be led to the Holy Land. They committed the usual excesses; pillaged churches and castles, and fell on the Jews. They were easily suppressed. Horrid rumours of magic now filled the air; the lepers, a race by themselves, were accused of sorcery, and of poisoning wells in order that all men might become lepers like themselves. They were seized, and slain, or burnt, or shut up for life in lazar-houses. Then came the Jews' turn: they were attacked by every one as confederates of the lepers; many of them too were burnt, and their wealth taken for a prey [1].

And then the King, having worked this woe, was smitten with death, in the year 1322, at the early age of thirty.

[1] Johannes a S. Victore in Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. p. 673.

## III. *Charles IV, 'the Fair.'* A.D. 1322—1328.

Philip had made a law against his brother's daughters; now his brother used that law against his. He left four girls, who were set aside, and the Count of La Marche, the youngest of the three sons of Philip le Bel, was crowned as Charles IV, or the Fair.

His reign was brief and unimportant: the direct line of the Capetian Kings was dying out in obscurity. There were a few ordinances, one or two of which illustrate the still growing power of the lawyers; some slight hostilities in the South against the English in Guienne; an ambitious but unimportant demonstration against Louis of Bavaria, who despised the Papal excommunication, and set up an Antipope, a Franciscan friar, who, following the tradition of his order, called himself the Pope of the poor. But the strange feebleness which had brought the others to their graves, smote Charles the Fair in 1328. He called Philip of Valois to his bedside, appointed him guardian to his Queen, and, if she bore a son, then also of the boy: but, if it were a girl, then 'the twelve peers of France and the high barons should consult as to the succession, and give the crown to him who had the right thereto[1].' The child was a girl. 'And thus, in less than thirteen years, perished all the noble and fair lineage of the Fair King, whereat all marvelled much: but God knoweth the cause thereof, not we[2].'

So ended the last son of Philip the Fair: smitten, as public rumour held, even as his father and his brothers had been, by the curse of the dying Templars.

Then the barons, joining with 'the notables of Paris and the good towns,' considered who should be made King. It lay between Philip, Count of Valois, first cousin of the three last

[1] Froissart, chap. 49. (Ed. Lettenhove, 1. c. 3. p. 10.)

[2] 'Et ainssinc toute la noble lignie et belle du Biau roy trespassa en moins de xiii ans, dont tuit orent grant merveille; mès Diex scet la cause, laquelle nous ne savons.'—Continuation de la Chron. de Jean de S. Victoire in Dom Bouquet, tom. 21. p. 688.

Kings, son of Charles, younger brother of Philip le Bel, on one side, and on the other Edward III of England, who was the son of Isabelle of France, Philip le Bel's daughter[1].

They decided against Edward of England on these grounds; to which there seems no reply.

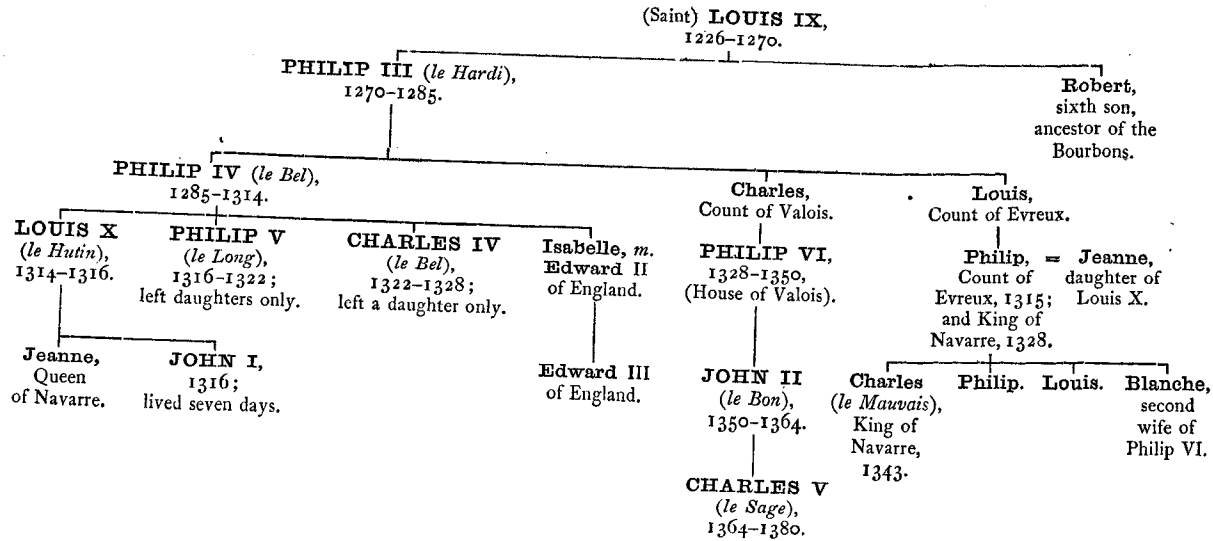
By the 'Salic Law' Isabelle and her heirs were excluded from the succession; and even supposing the Salic Law not to exist, then there stood before him Jeanne, daughter of Louis X, three daughters of Philip IV, and one of Charles the Fair. But if he urged his distinction, that, 'though females could not succeed, their male issue could,' this also would be of no avail to him: for, in that case, Charles Count of Evreux, son of Jeanne, the daughter of Louis X, had a claim to the throne at least as good as that of Edward of England. Therefore they gave the crown to Philip of Valois: and a new line of sovereigns dates from this moment[2].

We bid farewell with regret to the direct line which produced princes so great as Hugh, Louis VI, St. Louis, and Philip IV. They had reigned in and illustrated the ages of chivalry, now gone by. They had given form and consistency to the kingdom, and had laid the foundations of that great monarchy, of which France is justly proud; for the monarchy at last was identified with France herself, and, with France, had no small share in shaping the destinies of modern Europe.

[1] It is not quite clear whether Edward made any formal claim to either the regency or the throne. Froissart (ed. Lettenhove, 1. c. 41. pp. 127, 128) says, 'Fu bien nouvelle de Édouwart le jone roi d'Engleterre, fil de sa serour, mais la querelle fut débatue et point longuement soustenue, car li douse per de France dissent et encore dient que la couronne de France est de si noble condition qu'elle ne puet venir par nulle succession à femelle, ne à fil de femelle.'

[2] See Genealogical Chart on next page.

# TABLE XII.—THE SUCCESSION TO THE FRENCH THRONE.


(Saint) LOUIS IX, 1226–1270.
PHILIP III (le Hardi), 1270–1285.
Robert, sixth son, ancestor of the Bourbons.
PHILIP IV (le Bel), 1285–1314.
Charles, Count of Valois.
Louis, Count of Evreux.
LOUIS X (le Hutin), 1314–1316.
PHILIP V (le Long), 1316–1322; left daughters only.
CHARLES IV (le Bel), 1322–1328; left a daughter only.
Isabelle, m. Edward II of England.
PHILIP VI, 1328–1350, (House of Valois).
Philip, Count of Evreux, 1315; and King of Navarre, 1328.
= Jeanne, daughter of Louis X.
Jeanne, Queen of Navarre.
JOHN I, 1316; lived seven days.
Edward III of England.
JOHN II (le Bon), 1350–1364.
Charles (le Mauvais), King of Navarre, 1343.
Philip.
Louis.
Blanche, second wife of Philip VI.
CHARLES V (le Sage), 1364–1380.

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# BOOK IV.

## MONARCHY AND FEUDALISM.

## PERIOD OF THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

## A.D. 1328—1453.

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Forebodings of the Hundred Years' War.*

PHILIP OF VALOIS, newly chosen King of France, was at this time thirty-five years of age. He was a great feudal lord, and the barons doubtless deemed that they had raised one of their peers to the throne, and that he would not fail them. But they mistook their man. Philip had no generosity nor justice in him. Cruel and violent, he turned his hand against those who had supported him, as soon as ever he could stand alone. In his youth he had been rash and hot in tourney and adventure: when he came to man's estate he was still hasty and headstrong: and, worse still, he listened greedily to evil counsel, and preferred it to good[1]. But the great lords, the Counts of Hainault, Guy of Blois, and Robert of Artois, who had married Philip's three sisters, took great pains to win the consent of the barons; and so he

[1] 'Chils rois Phelippes, en son jone temps, avoit esté uns rustes et poursievoit joustes et tournois, . . . mais il creoit legièrement fol consel, et, en son aïr, il fu crueuls et hausters, . . . Chil rois fist en son temps mainte hastieve justice.'—Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 43. p. 135.

was chosen King, and crowned at Rheims with all solemnity. At that same time he promised his cousin, Louis of Flanders, that he would never enter Paris till he had beaten down the pride of the Flemings; who were now in full revolt against their senseless count. So he sent forth his summons at once, gathered a great host of feudal lords, who rejoiced in the thought of Flemish spoil, and marched to Arras, and then onwards into Flanders. He pitched his tent under the hill of Cassel 'with the fairest and greatest host in the world' around him. The Flemish, under Claus Dennequin, lay on the hill-top: thence they came down all unawares in three columns on the French camp in the evening; and surprised the King at supper, and all but took him. But the French recovered from the surprise; 'for God would not consent that lords should be discomfited by such riffraff[1]:' they slew the Flemish Captain Dennequin, and of the rest but few escaped[2]: 'for they deigned not to flee,' so stubborn were those despised weavers of Flanders. This little battle, with its great carnage of Flemish, was enough to lay all Flanders at the feet of its count. They all swore homage anew to him: and the King, having fulfilled his promise, thanked and dismissed his host, and entered Paris with great pomp, with the King of Bohemia, and the King of Navarre, and there held high state and show with his Queen: who, it may be added, was a woman not likely to lead the King into good ways[3].

Thus the opening of the reign was successful and splendid. The feudal lords were full of goodwill for one who had proved himself ready to wipe out the old stain of their disgrace at Courtrai; and in whom they innocently thought they saw the triumph of their interests: his cousins reigned in Naples and Hungary: a group of lesser kings, Bohemia, Navarre, Majorca, Scotland, gave lustre to his throne: even the youthful King of

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 42. p. 133.

[2] They went down 16,000 strong, and left 13,000 dead on the field.

[3] 'Trop male et périlleuse fu celle roine de France, . . . et aussi elle morut de male mort.'—Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 43. p. 135.

England did not venture to refuse his homage for Guienne and Ponthieu. With ordinary good faith and ability, Philip might have strengthened and bettered his kingdom, and rendered the evils impending over it impossible. But he had no wisdom: and his reign must be marked as a great beginning of woes to his nation.

When the French King and the twelve peers, 'in the fair church of Amiens,' met the English King with his barons and prelates, it is said that Edward refused to put his hands into Philip's hands, and did homage only with his mouth and word[1]: and that he declared that he was willing to swear it 'so far forth as he was holden;' but that he must refer the matters in dispute to his Parliament at Westminster; and that he could not do anything which it forbade[2]. The French King did not press the boy: either, as Froissart says, because he was keen to go to the Crusade[3], and to take Edward with him in his train; or because he thought that any act of homage whatever was so much gain, so far as it might seem finally to close the question of Edward's right to the succession. A Parliament was duly held in England on the homage question, and discussion on it went on till 1331: at the end of that time the King was advised to write a letter under his great seal, acknowledging his duty to do homage 'such as he ought to do[4].' Edward followed it up by a hasty visit to Paris, during which all the difficulties between the two sovereigns, uncle and nephew, seemed to be smoothed away.

Not long after Robert of Artois, grandson of that Count of Artois who had perished at Courtrai, the King's brother-in-law, and 'the man of all the world who had most helped the King to attain to the crown and heritage,' thought that his time for repayment was come; and submitted to Philip his old claim to his grandsire's inheritance. This domain had been left by

[1] De bouce et de parole tant seullement.—Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 45. p. 142.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Philip took the Cross in 1337; but did not go; partly, because of the imminent war with England; partly, because the Pope would not promise him the imperial crown and certain other demands he made.

[4] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 46. pp. 144, 145.

the old count to his daughter; and the claims of Robert, as nearest male heir, had been defeated by the interested views of the sons of Philip le Bel. But Philip of Valois was as little willing to listen to him as his predecessors had been: and the lawyers declared the documents he produced to be false. He was also accused of using poison to rid himself of his aunt Mahaut and her daughters, who were in possession of the fiefs. Things went so ill with him that he fled to Brussels: there he was accused of having used magical acts to produce the King's death:—the great fear of the age was magic, as we shall see a little later, in the days of Jeanne Darc. He was banished, his goods confiscated; his accomplices were caught and executed. He thought himself not safe till he had placed the Channel between himself and Paris. As a refugee he was well received by Edward, and fanned the young King's ambition and discontent (A.D. 1334). We shall often see, during this period, how easy it was to pass from the one court to the other: the language spoken in both was nearly the same; and there was little or no sense of dishonour connected with a change of allegiance.

Thus did royalty, backed by the lawyers, follow its old course of smiting down the opposition of the feudal nobles: thus did the King lay the foundations of that illwill which hindered him in his struggles against England. And not content with this, he devised measures, which tampered with the coin of the realm, and by vexatious restrictions interfered with (and in fact almost stopped) the course of trade throughout France. Thus he alienated the merchants and burghers; and at the same time dried up the sources of his revenue[1]. Nothing tended so much to equalise the two competitors for the French throne as the harmony between all classes which had grown up in England, and the discord which ruled in France.

In this way Philip of Valois made ready to meet the dangers of the great 'Hundred Years' War,' which would so soon break forth upon his shores.

[1] See the note to Lettenhove's Froissart, 1. p. 177, in which the popular discontent is described.

It is time we sketched the rise of the great rival of Philip, Edward III of England.

At almost the same moment England and France became alike the scenes of a feudal reaction. In England, in 1326, Isabelle of France had come back with her young son; had been welcomed by the barons and bishops, the feudal nobility in Church and State, had overthrown and slain, by their help, the unhappy Edward II and his minion De Spenser; and the kingdom, as we have seen in the young King's appeal to Parliament, had fallen almost entirely under the guidance of the feudal lords and the good cities. In France, in 1328, from different causes, the succession to the French throne had been placed in the hands of the great French nobles, who elected the nearest heir, certainly, but still one of their own number.

But here the parallel ends: the two princes followed very different lines: Philip, a despot, in the midst of a turbulent and ill-affected feudalism: Edward, a popular sovereign, arousing his people to a fresh sense of their national existence, adopting the national language at court, attaching to himself all classes, finding a sphere for the bravery of his nobles, for the constancy and quickness of his yeomen, even for the wildness of his Welsh and Irish followers. In developing the resources of their two countries the two princes again followed opposite lines. Edward threw open his ports to all comers, welcomed them, gave them a home: but Philip continued the old vexatious and ruinous policy of Philip le Bel. Commerce ceased to pass through France: new routes, by Flanders and Germany, or by the Straits of Gibraltar, brought the wealth of the East to the shores of Britain. The incessant fluctuation of the value of coin in France; the uncertainty as to weights and measures; the known rapacity of the Court, all these things strangled trade[1]. In every way, as the wealth and strength of England grew, that of France waned. There is some truth in the saying, that 'the secret of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers lies in the counting-houses of London,

[1] Michelet, Histoire de France, livre 6. chap. 1.

Bordeaux[1], Bruges.' Soon after his accession, Edward III married Philippa of Hainault, 'a lady tall and straight, wise and gleesome, humble and pious, liberal, courteous, and all her days adorned and decked with every noble virtue, beloved of God and man:' and 'while she lived the realm of England had favour, prosperity, honour, and all good adventures, nor did ever famine or hard times come there all the days of her reign[2].' Through her influence, and the natural tendencies of the times, there was close relation between England and the Low Countries.

Flanders, in one sense, lies between England and France; and has ever been a battlefield between the two nations. At this time she was commercially dependent on the former; for England supplied her swarming cities with their wool; and these cities, which were her strength, ever gravitated, when rightly advised, towards an English alliance. On the other hand she was attached by feudal relations to France, and her noblesse therefore chose, on the whole, the French side: she was destined naturally enough to be the scene on which the great struggle should begin. Louis, Count of Flanders, in constant feud with the stiff-backed burghers, lived mostly at Paris, in a state of half-expulsion. In 1336, Philip, pursuing his usual policy, persuaded him to arrest the English merchants in Flanders. Edward retaliated by stopping the whole export of wool. And as the wool was all-important to the English, the measure, while it roused them to wish for a French war[3], threw the Flemish cities into Edward's hands. Jaquemart van Arteveld of Ghent, then rising to the perilous height of his popularity, persuaded the men of Bruges and Ypres, in spite of the civic jealousy between Bruges and Ghent, to join with him in banishing their hated Count, and

[1] Bordeaux at this time was an English entrepôt.

[2] Froissart (Lettenhovè), 1. c. 35. p. 112, and c. 36. p. 113. He can never mention her except in terms of affection and admiration.

[3] The Woolsack in the House of Lords bears witness to the early importance of the wool-growing trade of England. This 'wool famine' of 1337 drove many skilled artisans to seek refuge in England, where they could get at the wool. These Flemings did much to advance England's manufacturing greatness.

took steps towards an English alliance. Edward, prudent beyond his years, seemed to fear a war, and appealed to the Pope's mediation: but Philip was bent on fighting; demanded that Robert of Artois should be given up, and got ready for the struggle. He entered into communications with the Scots; beginning that long chain of alliances which connected France with Scotland in a common hostility to England till long after the Union. It is curious to note that Edward found in Brittany a faint counterpart to Scotland: a disaffected neighbour-land, which he could use to harass his antagonist.

At the moment when Edward is wavering between peace and war, it will be well to consider the strength of the two parties in this great struggle of one hundred and sixteen years, in which the brilliant prize was twice won and twice lost by the English; and in which throughout its earlier scenes the splendour of decaying feudalism casts a glamour over our eyes, till we can scarcely see the truth. The age was fortunate also in Froissart its chronicler, the unrivalled painter of his stirring days. No more vivid writer, no truer poet, has ever lived than the Treasurer of Chimay. To him chivalry owes very much of its popularity with later times. He draws with a graphic pen its picturesque bravery, its blazonry, its fluttering pennons and trappings, its grand figures, its daring feats of arms, till we are only too glad to forget how hollow all is, and how England won her victories by means of her sturdy yeomen, and France was in a state of desolate barbarism, her people sunk in misery. We scarcely hear the sound of those new engines of war, which with terrible voice proclaimed the downfall of the Middle Ages; cannon, the great leveller, smiting mail-clad baron and trembling serf with an equal fate. Armour and castle-walls were soon to be proved no longer impregnable.

And what had Edward to encourage him in his great enterprise? He set himself to the task of conquering and holding a great and solid kingdom, on the border of which indeed were independent princedoms, as Brittany, Burgundy, Guienne; but which was recognised as the land of the most warlike and

spirited nobility; a country full of great and fenced cities; a kingdom which gave laws to the fallen Papacy, its humble henchman, and which had no small influence on the German Empire; having grouped round its throne a circle of minor princes and kings. What was it that brought the enterprise so near success, and redeemed the chivalrous King from the charge of presumptuous folly, though it could not prove him wise?

The answer is to be found in the contrast between the two countries. England, though far weaker in men-at-arms, was still at ease and compact. Wales and Ireland were at rest; Scotland was not hard to curb. The King was popular, had something of that genius which grasps at new methods, and wins the first advantage from them. There is no doubt that, whether he used cannon at Crécy or not, Edward made early and important use of the new discovery of gunpowder[1]. The barons were closely united to the nation by interest and feeling, and among them were great and brilliant soldiers; but above all, the independent yeomen, skilled to draw the bow in daily pastime, resolute, sturdy, strong-limbed, sure of eye and hand, a free and gallant race, were found to be the best soldiers of the age, and proved their prowess in many bloody fields. It was a race, as Froissart tells us, 'exceeding fierce in war, and hot of temper and spirit;' but their heat never brought confusion, nor was their spirit rashness. Behind them stood the burghers of the great merchant-cities on whose wealth he could draw for the sinews of a war, which in its outset seemed to them destined to draw closer their relations with their great customers the Flemings. In a word, national life had made great progress in England, and was the strength of the war-movement. But

[1] It is a curious fact that in a splendid but unfinished MS. (now in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford), written and illuminated by Walter de Millemete, a royal chaplain, bearing date of the year 1326, and presented to Edward III at his accession, there is a picture of a man in armour firing a cannon on a stand, the field-piece being apparently about four feet long, bottle-shaped (like a Dahlgren gun), and being used to batter in the gate of a fortress.

in France, though some steps had been taken towards unity, the classes of society was still far apart. The barons were turbulent and undisciplined, vain and brave to rashness; there was no middle class, except in Paris and a few large cities;—nothing at all answering to the English yeoman;—the bulk of the people were serfs. The King and his advisers were unwise, rash, ignorant: his army a horde of independent chiefs, each with his own following, each doing his own will. Thus were the two parties somewhat balanced: we shall also see that fortune as well as valour gave the English the advantages they won, and all but enforced that claim which might have made the English Kings the lords of France, and thus have reduced England to the position of a dependency of the mainland.

This great war may well be divided into five periods. The first ends with the Peace of Bretigny in 1360 (A.D. 1337–1360), and includes the great days of Crécy and Poitiers, as well as the taking of Calais: the second runs to the death of Charles the Wise in 1380; these are the days of Du Guesclin, and the English reverses: the third begins with the renewal of the war under Henry V of England, and ends with the Regency of the Duke of Bedford at Paris, including the field of Azincourt and the Treaty of Troyes (A.D. 1415–1422): the fourth is the epoch of Jeanne Darc, and ends with the second establishment of the English at Paris (A.D. 1428–1431): and the fifth and last runs on to the final expulsion of the English after the Battle of Castillon in 1453.

# CHAPTER II.

## *The Hundred Years' War; Period I.* A.D. 1337—1360.

### I.—A.D. 1337—1347.

NEITHER the busy tongue of Robert of Artois, nor Edward's dissatisfaction as to his exclusion from the French throne, would have pushed the English King into war, had Philip of France not shewn a clear determination to drive his rival to the last step. He interfered with the English trade with Flanders; he abetted Robert Bruce in Scotland; he raised claims on Guienne; he seems to have had a strong personal hatred for the English and their King. The Count of Flanders had directed from Paris the blockade of the Flemish ports; a force full 5000 strong lay in the Isle of Cadzand, and let no ship pass by. At last Edward, on the appeal of Jaquemart van Arteveld and the men of Ghent and Bruges, sent in November 1337 a strong fleet, under the Earl of Derby, who easily drove the Flemish knights out of the island. There, for the first time, the superiority of the English longbow was felt. 'There arose strong battle and fierce, and the crossbowmen drew their best, but the English made nothing of it, for the archers are far swifter to draw than are the crossbowmen[1].' So the blockade was swept away, and the war began. Yet the King's defiance, or declaration of war, was delayed till the year 1339.

The opening of the Flemish markets brought on at once a more friendly feeling between the cities and England; and

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 72. p. 220.

FLANDERS
AND
BRABANT
NORTH SEA
West Scheldt
Cadsand
Sluys
Ardenburg
Damme
BRUGES
Dunkirk
Furnes
FLANDERS
GHENT
Scheldt R.
Dendermonde
Mechlin
ANTWERP
Scheldt R.
BRABANT
BRUSSELS
Lys R.
Rosebeke
Ypres
Cassel
St. Omer
COURTRAY
Oudenarde
Scheldt R.
Grammont
Comines
Lys R.
Therouanne
LILLE
Bridge of Bouvines
Tournay
HAINAULT
LIÈGE
Bethune
Orchies
Mons en Pucile
Condé
Mons
Namur
Valenciennes
ARRAS
Thun l'Evêque
Cambray
ARTOIS
Chimay

Van Arteveld did all he could to strengthen this alliance of policy and interest. But yet when in July 1338 Edward crossed the sea and landed at Antwerp, he found little heartiness among the Flemish lords. They all held back till the Duke of Brabant should declare himself: that worthy sedulously trimmed between English and French, and hindered Edward in every way he could. They also had scruples; and would not move till Edward had been recognised by the Emperor Ludwig (or Louis) IV. The English King was present at a diet held at Coblentz, at which high talk was held, and the weak Emperor declared himself head of the Christian world, and independent of the Avignon Pope. It was a feeble echo of the old war between Empire and Papacy. The diet decreed that Philip of Valois was under ban, and had forfeited the imperial protection. Edward was named Imperial Vicar—with which high title he must fain content himself; for no more solid help came from decrepit Germany. From his Avignon obscurity the Pope awoke a moment, and protested, murmuring the old phrases; and so roused the echoes of old discords in Germany, till Ludwig was frightened, and left the English King, his brother-in-law, to sustain his own cause. With his empty title he returned into Hainault, and at last in 1339 set out for France, with a few trustworthy troops, and the unwilling following of Flemish nobles. The men of Hainault alone seem to have been of any service to him in the war. He besieged Cambrai, an important and ancient frontier-town; but, finding it not easy to take, he left it behind him, and pushed on into Northern France. At this same time a Norman and Genoese fleet crossed the Channel, sailed up Southampton water, and on Sunday morning, when all folk were at church, they sacked and burnt the rich town of Southampton; and 'the news spread throughout all England, how that the Normans had been at Hampton, and had taken and pillaged it, whereby the English knew well that open war was begun between the countries[1].'

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. p. 251.

Meanwhile King Philip brought a great host northward, as far as St. Quentin and Péronne in Vermandois, and the King of England came on as far as to the Oise, burning and harrying the land; and so they drew together till they were but two leagues apart. Then all thought that there would be a battle; and in either army men were knighted, notably Sir John Chandos by the English King. The two armies were drawn out in fighting-array: but the English, though far weaker in numbers, were admirably posted. The French therefore prudently forbore to assault them; for success must have cost much, and defeat would have been well-nigh ruin. They saw also that the English King was not likely to begin the fight; and that they had all to lose by action and all to gain by waiting; as indeed fell out. For Edward, seeing himself overmatched, and trusting little to his half-hearted Flemish friends, fell back into Hainault, disbanded the host, and came to Brussels. Here a Parliament of all the cities and lords of Flanders was held; they called on the King, 'seeing they were under obligation of faith and oath, and liability to fine, and to the Pope's sentence, if they made war on the King of France,' to take on himself the name of King of France, and to quarter the arms of France with those of England. Then they could obey him as their true King, and would gladly make war on Philip of Valois as a pretender. The King consented; and the style and title of King of France, with the lilies on the royal shield, remained to the Kings of England for centuries, the empty memorials of an ill-founded claim, and a ruinous strife.

This done, Edward returned to England, landing at the mouth of the Orwell, and riding through Essex to town. He was received with gladness, though the Londoners were very jealous of the commercial privileges he had found himself obliged to grant the Flemish merchants. In fact, the King bought his Flemish alliances at a high rate; and they were worth little or nothing to him. Jaquemart van Arteveld was staunch, and he lost his life through his English tendencies; the

barons of Flanders leant on France; the cities were thoroughly selfish and unreliable.

The French King also dismissed his whole army, and set himself to strengthen his navy in the Channel. He gathered a large fleet of Normans, Picards, and Genoese, under the Genoese Barbanera, the treasurer Bahucet, and Sir Hugh Quierès, and sent them to cruise along the English coast, where they made descents on the Isle of Wight, and threatened the seaport towns from Dover to Dartmouth[1].

So ended the campaign of 1339; and yet the winter had no rest; for the French harassed the northern frontier ceaselessly, and even took and burnt Chimay, which belonged to John of Hainault, and Aspre, which was in the land of William of Hainault, his nephew. These insults, which were as impolitic as they were useless, threw these princes into the arms of Edward. When the abbot of Crespy carried to Philip letters of defiance from the Hainault princes, who were backed by the good will of all the Low Country provinces, the hasty King took no heed, but called his cousin an outrageous fool, who was planning now to have all his country burnt[2]. And thus he alienated one of his best supporters. The Hainaulters made reprisals on Aubenton and the villages around; and then the Count dismissed his men, passed into England, and concluded a close alliance with Edward. Meanwhile John of France, King Philip's son, Duke of Normandy, carried on the war, and, from his headquarters at Tournay, spoiled and burnt the land. The Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, whom Edward had left in Ghent, fell into an ambush near Lille and were taken; on the other hand, the Duke of Normandy was repulsed from Le Quesnoy, where cannon on the walls taught him a new lesson in warfare. The French King used yet one more weapon; he brought his Avignon Pope to bear on the Flemings, and laid the country under interdict. The Flemings wrote to England, begging the King to

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 91. p. 284.
[2] Froissart, c. 101. p. 281 (Lettenhove, c. 95. p. 294).

send them priests in plenty, to carry on the services of the Church: and in June, 1340, Edward set sail from London with a fine fleet, well manned, and filled with his best soldiers, carrying also no less than three hundred priests, who despised the Papal interdict, and went in answer to the prayer of the Flemings.

The French fleet took up its station between Blankenberg and Sluys; well knowing that the English King would desire to land there. Froissart gives the number of ships at full two hundred, with forty thousand men; among them conspicuous for size was the Christopher, a big merchantman they had captured in the winter from the English. Edward came sailing over sea with about a hundred and twenty ships, and had on board four thousand men-at-arms, and twelve thousand archers. They knew not that the French were awaiting them; but when they drew near to Blankenberg, they discerned the masts of ships like a forest before them[1]. They cast anchor, and waited for the tide; then, with one ship full of men-at-arms between every two ships manned with archers, they bore down on the foe. 'Beauty was it and great pleasure to behold these banners and strange blazonry of arms, and the Normans shewed themselves right willing to fight, for they raised anchor, hoisted sail, and came forth to meet the English, with the great Christopher in the van[2].' When they met, great was the clamour, down came all sails; the English recognised their old friend the Christopher, and greatly desired to recover her. So they hemmed her in, and the bowmen shooting after their wont, strongly and swiftly, soon overbore the Genoese archers[3] who manned her, and boarded and took her with great triumph. The battle was hot and sharp; and lasted from eight to five; and great feats of arms were done on either hand; for good as were Normans and Genoese, the English were still more at

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), I. c. III. p. 338.—'Des mas qui drèçoient contre mont, ce sambloit un grans bois.'

[2] Froissart (Lettenhove), I. c. III. p. 339.

[3] The Genoese archers, and their Captain Barbanera, were political refugees, to whom Philip of France had granted asylum.

home on the sea: 'for they were good seamen,' says Froissart, 'they are made for it, and nourished up thereon, and take great pains therewith.' And their King, in the flower of his youth, spared not himself, but adventured himself in the battle, as much as the boldest of his knights: he sailed in a ship that was 'strong and fair, built, wrought, and timbered at Sandwich'; armed and adorned with banners and pennons rich and fair, with the arms of France and England quartered, and on her mast-head a great silver crown gilt, which shone and flamed in the sun—a right royal sight. Moreover the Christopher, now manned with English archers, did great execution. The ships were all cramped together, and the knights fought as if they had been ashore. At last the English won the day; and few of their foes escaped; they were driven back on Sluys, and could get neither out nor in. For the Flemings came on them, and slew as many on land as had fallen at sea; for they also took part in the battle from the shore from the beginning to the end with much bravery. It is said that thirty thousand in all perished, most of them Frenchmen. Barbanera was among the slain; Hugh Quierès was beheaded on his ship's bulwark, so that his head fell into the sea; Bahucet, 'for that he was thief and robber on the seas,' was run up to a mast and hung. Thus ended the great sea-fight of Sluys. It is said that when the tidings came to Paris, none dare tell the hasty King the bad news, till a court-fool bethought him to cry out that the English were cowards: and when the King asked why? he replied, 'because they did not dare to jump boldly into the sea, as our brave French and Normans did,'—and so the King learnt what a mishap had befallen him[1].

For centuries after this day the English remained undisputed masters of the Channel. One blow sufficed to sweep away the naval force of France[2].

[1] Walsingham, p. 134.

[2] I have followed Froissart's account (ed. Lettenhove), which differs in many respects from other historians. They all make Barbanera escape, following the chroniclers of S. Denis and Villani, II. c. 120. All agree that one chief cause of the disaster was the blunder of lying close in

When tidings of this great disaster reached the French army lying then before Thuin l'Evêque, the King and the nobles seemed to think but little of it. They reflected 'that these Normans were but pirates; they let no fish be sent up to the inland; and besides, the French King has gained two hundred thousand florins by their death—for he owed them four months pay[1]'—and they would never come back to claim it. And so they comforted themselves. But Edward came ashore at Sluys with all his men, his archers, and his three hundred priests; and was received with joy by the Flemings; thence to Ghent, where lay Queen Philippa, who had just borne him a son, John[2]; they met with great gladness, 'like folk who loved each other hugely.'

But for all this fair outset, the campaign came to very little. Edward laid siege to Tournay, and could not take it; Robert of Artois made a diversion against St. Omer, which failed with heavy loss; the French again were stronger in the field, and the King of England found no firm support in his allies. A truce, first for one year, then lengthened to two, was agreed on; and he returned to England, without doing any feat of arms. So ended his second campaign.

Up to this point the war had gone against Edward. It is true he had crushed the French naval power; the sea was completely open to him; but this was all. He had shewn himself unequal to Philip in the open field; had failed in the siege of Tournay; the French, treating him, by a fair inference, as a vassal revolting from his lord, had declared him to have forfeited his fiefs in Guienne, which they seized; lastly, from the other side, Douglas, disguised as a charcoal-burner, had captured Edinburgh Castle, the King's strongest place in Scotland.

But now there came a turn in affairs. Hitherto the English

shore at Sluys, so as to be hemmed in, and unable to use their superior numbers. The French historians excuse the defeat by saying that the ships were commanded by men who had never been at sea. As a fact, they had been cruising all the winter.

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 1. c. 113. p. 344.

[2] John of Ghent or Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Lancaster.

had had two points at which they penetrated into France. Flanders they had tried. It was near, and convenient for landing and harbourage; but experience had shewn the King that not much, beyond a heavy drain of money, was likely to follow from his German and Flemish alliances. It seems, however, to have been preferred to Ponthieu, which was in Edward's hands, because of the connexion it permitted with the allies. The other doorway was Guienne; but it was a long and dangerous voyage thither; and though Bordeaux provided excellent harbourage, a force landing there would be farther than ever away from the centre of the French kingdom. But now a third and in all ways most desirable door was opened into the very heart of France.

In 1341 John of Brittany died childless[1]. His brother Guy had died before him, leaving one daughter Jeanne, who had married Charles, Count of Blois; his half-brother, John of Montfort, was still living. To whom should the great fief fall? By the older custom the elder brother's daughter should have succeeded; but the Salic Law had shaken all the rules of inheritance; and John of Montfort claimed the duchy to the exclusion of the female line. There was first an appeal to the lawyers; but they failed to settle it, and political questions entered in. Charles of Blois was King Philip's nephew; and the Parliament at Paris naturally decreed that the inheritance was his. But John of Montfort crossed the Channel, and came to Edward, promising to recognise him as King of France and suzerain of Brittany, if he would help him; and the King agreed.

Then began a picturesque and oppressive war between the two claimants. Charles of Blois, with John of Normandy[2],

[1] TABLE XIII.— THE BRETON PEDIGREE.

*m.* (1st) Marie de Limoges = Arthur Duke of Brittany =*m.* (2ndly) Yolande de Dreux, Countess of Montfort

John III, Duke of Brittany, † 1341. — Guy — John, Count of Montfort.

Jeanne, *m.* Charles of Blois.

[2] King Philip's son, afterwards King John 'the Good.'

besieged Nantes where John of Montfort lay. Charles, 'the terrible saint, who had pity neither on himself nor on any other[1],' and John 'the Good' were inhuman enough to behead thirty Breton knights, who had fallen into their hands, and to sling their heads into the beleaguered town. The place took the hint, and opened its gates. John of Montfort was taken, and sent to Paris; Philip cast him into prison. But this was far from ending the struggle. The noble Countess of Montfort put on her husband's armour, and became the head and soul of the war. Yet she lost Rennes, her chief city, and was shut up in Hennebon, whither she had retreated, in order to be within reach of her English allies. Here she bore herself stoutly, and held her own till help came across the sea, and the siege was raised. She has won a fair place among the illustrious women of France; as though she would prove the folly of the Salic Law. About this time perished Robert of Artois, stormy petrel of the hundred years' war, in a skirmish near Vannes. The English King, late in autumn, came over into Brittany; and John of Normandy gathered a great host to meet him. But though Edward's force was small (but one-fourth of the French), he always knew how to post himself on ground which fully made up for his weakness, and the Duke hesitated to attack him; the Papal Legate interfered, and early in 1343 a truce was agreed to, which should last till the Michaelmas of 1346.

Thus did Edward's first attempt on the side of Brittany end in nothing: nor did he seem at all more likely to make good his claim, than when he had leant on the support of the half-hearted Flemish lords, and uncertain Flemish cities: these cities ere long showed signally how little they could be trusted; for Ghent, resenting Van Arteveld's plan that the young Prince of Wales should become their Duke, hastily rose up against their chief and murdered him (A.D. 1345).

Meanwhile, the rash folly of King Philip of France gave

[1] Michelet, 3. p. 309 (ed. 1852).

ENGLAND
LONDON
R. Thames
Dover
Straits of Dover
THE CHANNEL
Southampton
Wight
Portsmouth
Calais
Boulogne
Dunkirk
Nieuport
Furnes
Bourbourg
Ypres
Cassel
Thérouanne
Lille
Bethune
Lomines
Courtrai
Oudenarde
Ghent
Antwerp
Bruges
Slays
Tournay
Mons
Valenciennes
Arras
Cambray
Chimay
Montreuil
St Pol
Crecy
St Valery
Treport
Mons
Abbeville
Amiens
Corbie
Peronne
St Quentin
Vervins
Aubenton
Marle
Laon
Rethel
Noyon
Neele
Montdidier
Beauvais
Clermont
Compiegne
Soissons
Rheims
Crespy
Senlis
Chateau Thierry
Condé
Chalons
Vitry
Dammartin
St Denis
PARIS
Nogent le Roy
Melun
Provins
R. Seine
Bray
Troyes
Nemours
Sens
St Florentin
Tonnerre
Auxerre
Avallon
Crevant
Gien
Sully
Montargis
Orleans
Meung
R. Loire
Beaugency
Blois
Vendôme
Pont Vilain
Le Mans
Chateaudun
Patay
La Ferté
Nogent
Chartres
Etampes
Brétigny
Montfort
Dreux
Vernouil
Sees
Argentan
Falaise
Vire
Bayeux
Caen
St Lo
Lisieux
Harcourt
Evreux
Cocherel
Mantes
Pont de l'Arche
Gisors
Gaillard
Ronen
Havre
Harfleur
Fécamp
Longueville
Arques
Arrieppe
Treport
Mons
St Valery
Crecy
Cherbourg
Barfleur
C. La Hogue
Alençon
Lile Vilain
Mayenne
Angers
Beaugé
Tours
Amboise
R. Cher
Romorantin
Mehun
Bourges
Nevers
Issoudun
Chinon
Poitiers
NORTHERN FRANCE
to illustrate the
Anglo-French Wars
King Edward III^rd route 1346
King Henry V^th route 1418

Edward an advantage he would never have dreamt of. Not only did he grievously burden the country by a ruinous fiscal policy, and bring it to revolt and famine, but he determined to rid himself of the independent Breton lords by foul means. High festival was held at Paris; sundry Breton lords of the French party, with Oliver Clisson at their head, were invited and came; there they were seized and beheaded to the number of fifteen, without shadow of trial; three Norman barons shared their fate. All Brittany flew to arms. Oliver Clisson's widow raised her men, seized castles, made peace with the English party and the Countess of Montfort; the two high-spirited ladies meeting as friends. Oliver's brother Amaury was a prisoner in England, on easy terms, and the Lord of Harcourt, a powerful Norman baron, whom Philip had failed to snare, went over and attached himself to Edward. He gladly took up their quarrel, and broke the truce (A.D. 1344). He divided his forces into three armies. One under the Earl of Derby landed in Guienne and held John of Normandy occupied there, penetrating as far as to Angoulême; a second, under John of Montfort, entered Brittany; the third under the King, with the Prince of Wales, sailed for Flanders, where Van Arteveld was trying to persuade the cities to receive the young Prince as their Count; an attempt which ended, as we have said, in his death. But when the King heard of his murder, he returned to England, and thence sailed for Normandy, landing in July 1346 at La Hogue in the 'Cotentin,' with a force of over thirty thousand men, English, Welsh, and Irish. Normandy lay before him, rich and unspoilt, with no man to withstand him. He took Barfleur, Cherbourg, Saint-Lo, and Caen, where the burghers came out to fight; but 'so soon as they saw these English coming on in three battles, well-ordered and close, and noted the banners and pennons waving in the wind, and heard the sound of archers, which they were not wont to see or hear[1],' they lost heart, and turned to

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 210. p. 213.

flee. But the English following fast got in with them; and so Caen, 'a city greater than any in England save London,' was taken, though not without heavy slaughter in the streets[1]. Thence he threatened Rouen, but the place was too strong; and he marched on up the left bank of the Seine to Poissy, while his foraging parties burnt even Saint Cloud and Boulogne, and came up almost to Paris gates. Philip was in some peril; for his main army was in the South: but he had with him a strong force of Genoese archers; soldiers also from Germany, with the refugee 'priests'-King' Charles of Luxemburg, and his father the blind old King of Bohemia, and the Duke of Lorraine, soon poured in to his aid, and he found himself at the head of a large army, although it was of loose texture, and under no control. With this force he left Paris, where he was certainly not too safe, and took up his quarters at St. Denis, ready to observe the movements of the English King.

To the French King Edward's movements must have seemed very uncertain. He might be intending merely to do mischief, and to fall back on Normandy. Or he might aim at the sudden capture of Paris, which the Parisians expected[2]: or he might be meditating some bolder step. He had friends in plenty in Burgundy; was he going thither to strengthen their friendship[3]? or lastly, he might aim at a junction with the Flemings, who were besieging Béthune. Edward kept up this uncertainty. He lay at Poissy, restoring the bridge over the Seine, the piers of which had not been destroyed; and meanwhile, as we have said, his scouts were pushed up close to Paris, burning as they went; and, according

[1] Here Edward is said to have found a document in which the Normans offered to reconquer England, as their ancestors had done, on condition that they should divide it among themselves. This paper he sent to England, where it was read in the churches, and helped to fan the national feeling in favour of the war. The document was doubtless a forgery.

[2] They murmured much when the King went out to St. Denis.

[3] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 214. p. 222: 'Disoient li aultre qui respondoient à ce pourpos: Il iront passer en Bourgongne, qui ne lor ira aultrement au-devant.'

to one account, the French King rode through Paris southward, and down the Orléans road; where he learnt at last that Edward had blinded his eyes with the smoke of those burning villages, and had quietly crossed the Seine at Poissy. Thence the English rashly struck northward; King Edward here shewing great lack of sagacity in war: for he could keep up no communications, and had foes before and behind. He chanced to fall in with and scattered the burghers of Amiens, who were hastening to defend their King[1]; then passed on through the Beauvoisin, closely followed by Philip with all his forces[2] about a day's journey behind, while the difficult river Somme, with all its bridges either broken down or strongly fortified, lay right before him. King Edward's marshals, whom he had sent out to look at the river, returned and told him there was no point at which he could get across: 'whereat the King began to muse and to be sad.' 'And his people rode on pensive and melancholy, talking to one another, how and where they might get over the Somme, for right well they knew that the French King and his people were following them hot foot in great force[3].' And the French King, in close pursuit, thought he had the English in a corner, and hoped to starve them between the Somme and the sea, in a country where, if they fought at all, it must be at great disadvantage. And in truth the fortunes of the English army were trembling in the balance, when there came a squire and told the King that a little lower down the river, he might get across with safety when the tide was out. Where the Somme comes near the sea, it widens out, growing at the same time shallower, so that at low water it can be crossed with ease at a ford then called Blanche-Taque[4]. The need was so great that the King caught at the chance. He broke up from his quarters early in the morning, and before dinner-time the King of France entered the place, and found great store of Eng-

[1] This shows that they did not much expect to see Edward on that side, or they would have not bared Amiens of her defenders.
[2] Some said 200,000 strong.
[3] From the Anon. Chronicler of Valenciennes (MS. de l'Arsenal, fol. 194).
[4] White gravel, 'blanche marne.'

lish bread, and 'meat on the spit,' whereof they ate. There Philip, who thought he had caught the English and had them safely, seems to have halted for the night. But soon after midnight Edward roused his army, and by the first dawn they were on their way for Blanche-Taque, and came there when the tide was falling. Ranged on the other side, by King Philip's foresight, they found Godemars de Foy with a great levy of men-at-arms, Genoese archers, and burghers to bar the passage[1]. But, as soon as they could, the English plunged in and waded over: for sore dread was on them, lest the French King, so close on their heels, should catch them before they crossed. And Godemars' men also waded in; and they fought in mid-channel. But the English archers from the southern bank shot so sharply that the French burghers began to give way: and the English men-at-arms charging fiercely up the other bank, drove their enemies off, and made good their footing. It was not an hour too soon; for the French came into sight in time to kill some of the last of the rear-guard; and the rising tide caught and drowned the stragglers. But it also formed an impassable barrier between the two armies; and Philip, finding that his prey had escaped, turned on his heel back to Abbeville, where he might cross the Somme at his ease, and again pursue the foe. Had he not been so certain that they could not escape him, he might easily have caught Edward in the act of fording the river, and have destroyed the whole of the English army. But they, now more at their ease, moved northwards, through a more friendly country, till they came to Crécy in Ponthieu, and halting there, drew their forces well together. For there on a gently rising ground the King had resolved to await the French. Froissart tells us that the English numbered only four thousand men-at-arms and twelve thousand archers[2]. Behind the whole force

[1] A force of some 12,000 men.

[2] The French historians think that Froissart here underrates the English force, which they put at about 25,000 men. He gives 68,000 as the strength of the French. But the numbers had really nothing to do with the fortunes of the day.

Edward made a 'park' of carriages and baggage, with the horses in the midst. For all men were to fight afoot. The army was drawn out in three lines or 'battles'; in the rearmost battle was the King, with a goodly company of knights and archers; in the next lay the Earls of Arundel and Hertford; in the first line was the young Prince of Wales, the Black Prince, under care of the Earl of Warwick, and many of the best knights in England. Among his men he had archers in plenty, and a thousand half-wild Welsh and Irish. These all placed, the King rode among them and bade all do their duty; and they made cheerful reply that they would. And so they sat awaiting for the French.

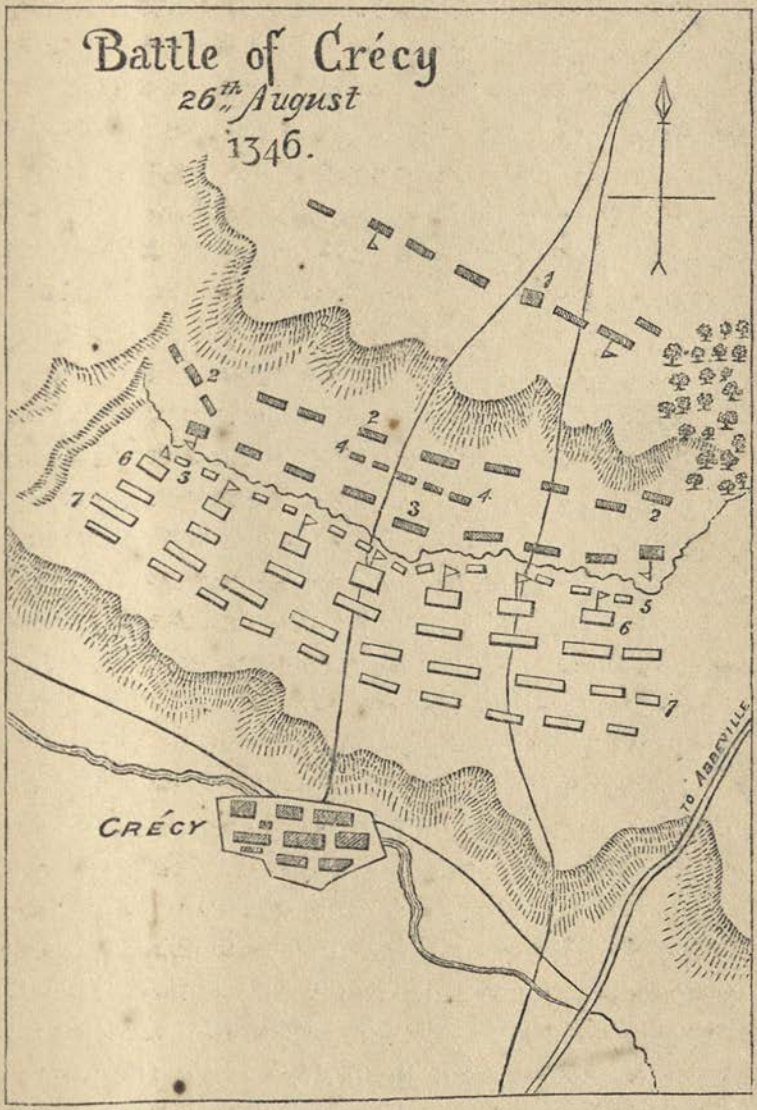
That morning[1] betimes Philip had ridden out of Abbeville, with all his force. 'They came forth without order, no man waiting for his neighbour[2],' pushing on as best they might. Four knights were sent on to reconnoitre, and came back to tell that they had seen the English on Crécy hillside, sitting quietly in their battles, waiting. As they rode back they met the French, on horse or afoot, with no one to control them. Seeing the good array of the English, and the utter confusion of their own men, they counselled the King to halt that day, and wait till he could get the army together in some order. The King consented, and the word went out. Those in front halted; but the mass of men behind still pressed on, each wanting to get to the foremost place, as at some show. Then when those who were in front saw that, they moved on again, each saying, 'I was first, and first I will remain.' 'Such was their pride and vanity,' says old Froissart; 'that there was no mastery over them.' But when they came in sight of the English lines, those in front cried halt, and stood: and those behind pushed past them into the open space between. Edward with his men-at-arms had posted himself at the foot of a windmill on a little hill, overlooking both the English lines and the French advance. With no small joy they saw the confused advance, the

[1] August 26, 1346.
[2] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 223. p. 243.

rocking and swaying of their enemies, their cries, and the inextricable disorder of their masses of men; and they said, 'These people are ours,' even before the fight began. Then as they drew nearer, the English rose to their feet, quietly and orderly; and the Prince's battle made a gallant show, for they knew that they would bear the brunt of the day. The French King, when he saw this, was stirred in his hasty blood[1]; 'for much he hated those English;' and forgot all good advice, and bade put the Genoese to the fore and begin the fight. But the crossbowmen demurred. 'Their bows were slack; they had had orders to rest the night, they were weary;' and when the Count of Alençon heard their murmuring, he cried out, 'consider what rascals these are to be burdened with! They are useless but to eat at table; they will be more hindrance than help to us.' Then came on a summer storm, as they were thus debating, sudden and sharp, with thunder and lightning and drenching rain, which made their bowstrings give; while the English, accustomed to a far wetter climate than these Italians, hid their strings under their coats, and kept them dry. As quickly as it came it went by, and the slanting evening sun shone clear and bright, full in the faces of the French, who were attacking from the east. At last the Genoese advanced; crying and singing loud ('to frighten the English, but the English took no heed to it'), and shooting with their crossbows[2]. But the English archers took one step forwards, and drew on them; and the Genoese, who had never met with archers like these, were soon utterly discomfited; for the arrows flew like snow. They turned to flee. But the King and Alençon, when they saw how ill they fought, bid their men to cut them down. So they were slain by the archers before and the French behind, till they fell in a great heap in the midway between the hosts. And thus the confusion grew worse and worse. The French army rolled its waves wildly against the Prince's battle; men thought he

[1] 'Le roy Phelippe estoit bien hastif homs.'—Chron. published by M. Luce, p. 16.

[2] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 224. p. 250, 'Pour les Englois esbahir, mais les Englois n'en fissent compte.'




*From Spruner's Atlas.*

1. Edward III. 2. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel.
3. The Prince of Wales. 4. Welsh and Irishry. 5. Genoese Crossbowmen.
6. The Counts of Alençon and Flanders. 7. Philip VI's Battle.

was like to be overwhelmed, and begged Edward to send him help. But the King, who saw all from his hillside, had no fear for the boy, and left him to fight it out, thus keeping his strong reserve, the 'third battle,' altogether untouched. The whole of the fighting fell on the first and second lines. The blind King of Bohemia begged his knights lead him into the heart of the fray: they tied themselves together by their horses' reins, and rode in, like madmen, upon sudden death; which met them forthwith. Thus they struggled and were entangled, and fell down in heaps. The Gaelic Kerns from Ireland and Wales with their long knives, knowing nothing of the speech in which the fallen gentlemen cried for mercy, gave no quarter, but slew all they seized. At last the French King drew away reluctantly, almost forced to it by John of Hainault, and the summer night fell, ending the carnage. The English lighted torches, and searched the field, while King Edward came down from his windmill and embraced his fair son[1]. Philip, accompanied by only four of his Barons[2], and the tattered remnant of his army, recoiled as far as Amiens, so heavy had been the blow; and the English, after piously burying the French chivalry, moved leisurely back to Calais. Such was the famous battle of Crécy; a battle, which has no proper history, being a formless and confused mêlée[3]. It was but the

[1] It is commonly said that Edward knighted the Prince after Crécy; as a fact, he knighted him on landing at La Hogue. The error has perhaps come from Froissart's use of the phrase . . . 'le prince son fils; si l'accolla et baisa.'—(Ed. Buchon), 2. c. 294. p. 374.

[2] Froissart (Buchon), 2. c. 292. p. 369. . . . 'se partit le roi Phelippe tout déconforté, il y avoit bien raison, lui cinquième de barons tant seulement.'

[3] It is usual to attribute much of the French disaster at Crécy to the use of cannon by the English. But this is extremely doubtful. Only one authority mentions it (Villani, tom. 12. cc. 65, 66), who died two years after this date. Froissart is quite silent about it, and so are all the chroniclers of the time. Villani was far off, and probably got his account from the Genoese archers, while Froissart heard both sides, especially the English. Against the cannon are (1) the balance of authority; (2) the improbability of King Edward's having been able to carry such weapons of war (though they were doubtless small and light at first) in his hasty retreat, and across the Somme, in the face of the enemy; (3) the possibility that Villani misunderstood some account of the thunderstorm for the use of these new weapons.

pendant to Mansourah and Courtrai; another instance of the overweening pride and vanity of the French feudal lords, and of the ill-feeling which existed between classes[1]. But most of all it shows the difference in structure of the two nations; France still so incoherent and turbulently feudal; England already compact, with a stout middle class of freemen, the famous bow-drawing yeomen. In the French army were the unlucky Genoese mercenaries, who had no interest in this quarrel, and who were despised, distrusted, and illused by the overbearing noblesse; there were the levies of the cities, undisciplined, who increased the confusion, adding nothing to the strength of the attack[2]; there were the serfs from every part, mere slaves, worth nothing in war; lastly, there were the barons, great and small, brave, impetuous, ungovernable, who rushed heedlessly on their ruin, and perished fighting like blind heroes. On the other hand, one feels that the English army represented a formed nation, centred round its head. The King, in the prime of his years, riding round on his hackney, encouraging his men and getting back their cheery replies; the quiet self-reliance of the little army; the skill and prudence of the yeomen, with their longbows, used on many a village-green, and in the woodland glades of England; the hearty helpfulness of the barons and doughty knights, clustered round the boy-prince at the post of danger in the van; these are the sufficient reasons why the French army was swiftly ruined in those evening hours on the 26th of August, 1346.

[1] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 185. p. 159, gives us a sad account of the state of feeling in France in 1343, only three years before Crécy: 'Li orgoels et la négligense estoient si grandes en l'ostel dou roi Phelippe, pour ce temps, que on ne faisoit compte de tels coses, ne del aler, ne del envoyer, et pour le temps d'adont li saudoyer estoient si mal payet en France que nuls estrangiers ne s'i traioit volontiers pour demander saudées, ne ossi parellement chil dou roiaulme.

[2] Froissart (Lettenhove), 2. c. 223. p. 246: 'Là ot sus les camps si grant peuple de communauté des chités et bonnes villes de France que tout estoit là reversé et les cemins tous couvers entre Abeville et Créchi, et plus de euls vint mille de ces bons hommes, quant ils se veirent sus les camps, traïssent lors espées et escryèrent: A la mort, ces traitours Englois! Jamais piés n'en retournera en Engleterre.'

Philip fell back, first to Amiens, then to Paris, having disbanded his army. He had before called his son John home[1], so leaving the English masters of the South; and the Earl of Derby, learning tidings of Crécy, rode northwards as far as to Poitiers, which city he took without difficulty, and stayed there several days; 'and longer he might have held it, had he wished; for no man came to challenge his right, but all the land as far as the Loire trembled before the English[2].' The diversion, also, on the side of Scotland failed signally. Queen Philippa rode as far as Newcastle-on-Tyne, and her army met David the Scottish King at Nevile's-Cross, in Durham, where he was defeated and taken prisoner.

Meanwhile Edward settled himself down before Calais; for that city was the best landing-place the English could have; moreover, during these last years, in which the French ships had been so active and so vexatious to the English coasts, it had been the scourge of English commerce, and the home of a harassing privateer warfare, which had led to angry and cruel reprisals. The siege was therefore popular in England. The King built his army a complete wooden town—the 'Villeneuve la Hardie'[3]—and spared no pains to make the position as strong as possible, holding Calais in his firm grasp, first by land, then by the harbour-entrances, until sore famine began to reign within. All through the winter of 1346 went on the unflinching blockade; all through the spring, till midsummer was past, and yet no help came from Paris. At last, in July, King Philip with a strong relieving army appeared on the Sangate Hill, between Calais and Wissant. But what could he do? There were four ways of getting into Calais, or of getting at King Edward. The sea-passage was completely blocked; the approach by the downs from the South was commanded by the English ships and the army, so that no man could pass by; to the North lay a great host of Flemish, who stood firm to

[1] The siege of Aiguillon was raised about a week before the day of Crécy.

[2] Feoissart (Buchon), 2. c. 303. p. 403.

[3] We have returns from which it appears that there were about 30,000 men in Edward's camp.

the English, and barred that way; and lastly, the one approach from the inland was by a causeway through the marshes, and over the bridge of Nieulay, and this causeway was held by the Earl of Derby, who had left Guienne to join his King. Philip looked and looked, and the more he saw the less he liked the prospect of an assault. He tried other ways. He sent the two legates of his Pope; but Edward knew his advantage, and they made no impression. The King proposed that Edward should meet him in open field; but such an offer was absurd, and Edward told him that he would not give up his certainty for the chances of a fight. At last Philip broke up and fell back to Amiens; and the citizens knew that their fate was sealed. We all know the fair tale of the devotion of Eustache de S. Pierre and his brother burghers; how they came into Edward's camp with bare heads and feet, in their shirts, with halters round their necks; and how the King was unmoved by the petitions of his courtiers, till Queen Philippa, strongest and gentlest of women, came and won their lives from the angry victor[1]. Eustace afterwards received no small mark of favour from the English King.

The French inhabitants were all sent out, and made their way to Amiens and elsewhere, though many of them before long found their way back again to their old homes; and the city was repeopled with English traders, who made it the mart for their wool, tin, lead, and other goods. Thus did Calais become English, and continued such for full two hundred years.

## II. *From the Truce of* 1347 *to the Battle of Poitiers,* A.D. 1356.

The fall of Calais closed the first period of the war. As yet all had gone amiss with Philip. He had received a great defeat in the field; had lost Calais before his very eyes; had withdrawn from the struggle in Guienne, leaving all Southern

[1] This beautiful tale is found in Froissart's pages (c. 321), and has been strongly suspected of being a poetic rendering of some very simple transactions.

France at the mercy of the English. Flanders became more decidedly English; in Brittany the French party was ruined, the Scottish King was a prisoner. It was time to stand still and get breath. England also was exhausted by the cost and drain of the siege; and a ten months' truce was readily agreed to.

But, while the two nations were thus recovering breath, one worse than war was slowly drawing near. From Egypt, perhaps from still farther East, perhaps from the centres of Mahometan faith and pilgrimage, then doubtless as now centres of infection, came rolling over Europe the dark cloud of pestilence—the Black Death. First it smote Italy, where Boccaccio has immortalised it in the ghastly selfishness of his 'Decamerone,' and where three-fifths of the people of Florence perished, among whom was John Villani the historian; thence it passed into Provence, in 1347, where Narbonne was ruined for ever, and Avignon lost three-fourths of her population, where Petrarch's Laura was snatched away from her happy home; then northward to Paris, in 1348, where no man's life was safe, and many were smitten even in the King's court. The tale of dead amounted some times to more than eight hundred in a day; the charities of life disappeared; the priests fled; the monks and some heroic sisterhoods alone defied the last enemy, and threw in their lot with the stricken. The usual accompaniments of pestilence appeared: men were hardened and grew careless; or became mystics, as in Germany[1]; or they wreaked their panic on the unlucky Jews, who were accused of witchcraft, and who perished wretchedly by thousands[2]. The scourge reached England also, but not quite so severely; and, by the end of 1349, it had worn itself out.

This plague lit up the darkness of the Church, and men could see how corrupt it had become. Clement VI, the Avignon

[1] These were the days of Tauler and of the Flagellants.

[2] The Continuator of William of Nangis is our authority here (p. 110). Froissart had no care to describe the 'grands apertises d'armes' of the Black Death, and dismisses it in three lines. He had no eyes for mankind in general; only for kings and knights.

Pope, was sunk deep in debauchery[1], the clergy were little better; only in the religious orders did any religion and humanity survive. France, vexed with heavy imposts and foolish restrictions on trade, and suffering in parts also from the effects of war; without any true national feeling or aims, had sunk very low; even chivalry, the natural growth of France, was perishing by its own weight[2]. In one respect alone did the kingdom seem to gain: two valuable districts were added to the crown in Philip's reign. In 1349 Humbert 'Dauphin' of Vienne, resigned his domains, in order to become a Carmelite, and the district was bought by Philip. He ceded the district to Charles, eldest son of John of Normandy, his grandson, who took the name of the Dauphin, which afterwards became the established title of the eldest son of the King of France; and, about the same time, Philip bought from James of Aragon, last King of Majorca, the district and city of Montpellier. To pay for these acquisitions the value of the coin was changed again and again; and offices, titles, pardons, nobility, began to be put up for sale: a miserable source of income which cursed France as long as the monarchy lasted.

Philip, now about fifty-eight years old, married again a lovely maiden of eighteen, Blanche of Navarre. But his health was gone, and in 1350 he died, leaving the crown to his son John of Normandy, 'John le Bon.'

Thus ended a dark and melancholy reign. All things seemed to be evil in France. Oppression, war, pestilence, faithlessness in King and people, days of shame and distress.

Nor was the new King likely to be helpful. 'Le Bon' does not mean 'the Good.' It is the epithet of one prodigal, extravagant, foolish, the 'good fellow' of those who are debased

[1] 'Molto cavalleresco, poco religioso.'—M. Villani, 3. c. 43.

[2] At this very time, 1349 (though Froissart says 1344), Edward III instituted the Order of the Garter at Windsor, so grouping around himself the chief men of England. Chivalry was surely passing away when it began to need the help of such institutions; it was becoming a piece of royal furniture, and began to have least of life when it had most apparent bravery.

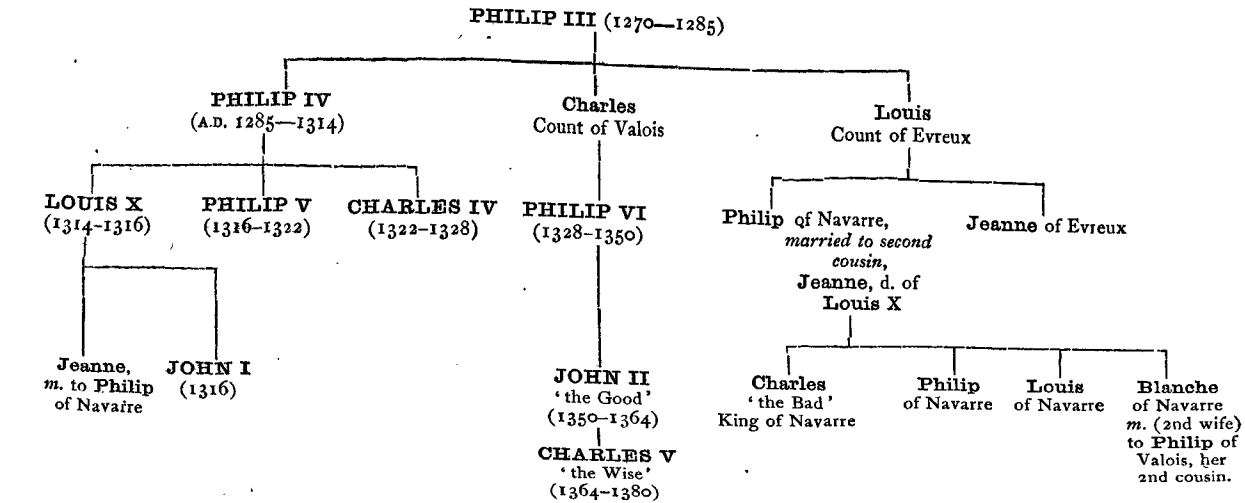
enough to take his gifts. To be gay, courteous, and liberal, like John of Bohemia, his kinsman, who had perished so madly at Crécy, far from his country, which he had left to its fate, that he might amuse himself at the Court of Paris[1]: this was the ideal of King John. A man very like his father, King Philip, and like him on his worse side; he was passionate in every sense, violent and cruel, self-indulgent, ignorant, rash, proud: you have in King John 'le Bon,' the most unhappy character that could have come to the throne at such a moment. A cool wise head might perhaps have drawn France out of her difficulties; King John only thrust her deeper and deeper in. To him she owes the day of Poitiers, and the humiliating peace of Bretigny.

Between King John 'the Good,' of France, and King Charles 'the Bad,' of Navarre, the country had evil days. Still Charles 'the Bad,' the French King's kinsman[2], was by far the better man of the two; nobler in thought and acts, and of a higher type. He had eloquence and winning manners; he was ambitious, intriguing, often false; restless for action, and not too particular as to whether its end were evil or good. When Charles the Dauphin (afterwards Charles V, 'the Wise') became Duke of Normandy, he entered into friendly relations with Charles of Navarre, who, with many friends and followers, ventured to come to a banquet at Rouen, and was then and there surprised and taken by King John (A.D. 1356): he did not hesitate to treat Charles shamefully, casting him into prison in the Louvre; the Count of Harcourt and some others, who were taken with him, were at once beheaded behind Rouen castle walls. It is not known whether father and son had or had not concerted this surprise beforehand. Philip of Navarre and Godfrey of Harcourt escaped, crossed over to England, and were welcomed by Edward, who was only too glad to promise them speedy and effectual help.

The truce between the Kings had had but little reality. King John did nothing to allay the growing ill-feeling: his warlike

[1] Martin, Histoire de France, tom. 5. p. 120.
[2] See the Genealogical Table on the next page.

## TABLE XIV.—THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE VALOIS PRINCES.


PHILIP III (1270—1285)
PHILIP IV (A.D. 1285—1314)
Charles Count of Valois
Louis Count of Evreux
LOUIS X (1314–1316)
PHILIP V (1316–1322)
CHARLES IV (1322–1328)
PHILIP VI (1328–1350)
Philip of Navarre, married to second cousin, Jeanne, d. of Louis X
Jeanne of Evreux
Jeanne, m. to Philip of Navarre
JOHN I (1316)
JOHN II 'the Good' (1350–1364)
CHARLES V 'the Wise' (1364–1380)
Charles 'the Bad' King of Navarre
Philip of Navarre
Louis of Navarre
Blanche of Navarre m. (2nd wife) to Philip of Valois, her 2nd cousin.

measures were weak and unsuccessful; he attempted Calais, but was foiled; Guines threw itself into the arms of England; slight hostilities were kept up in Guienne; war never ceased between the two parties in Brittany, the school which bred the great captain of the next period, Du Guesclin. France was restless and miserable; the English King, who had felt little of the woes, and had enjoyed much of the excitement, of war, was eager to begin again: each successive act of King John laid him more open to the English attack. Edward had already sent three expeditions out to the three vulnerable points of France on the western side. In 1355 he had himself landed at Calais, but was recalled to quiet Scotland; he sent Charles of Navarre to Cherbourg, and the Duke of Lancaster lay on the frontiers of Brittany; and lastly, the Prince of Wales sailed down to Bordeaux, and thence harried all the south unhindered, as far as Narbonne itself, returning back to Guienne for the winter months. But, next year, the English made ready for something more than a mere war of excursions.

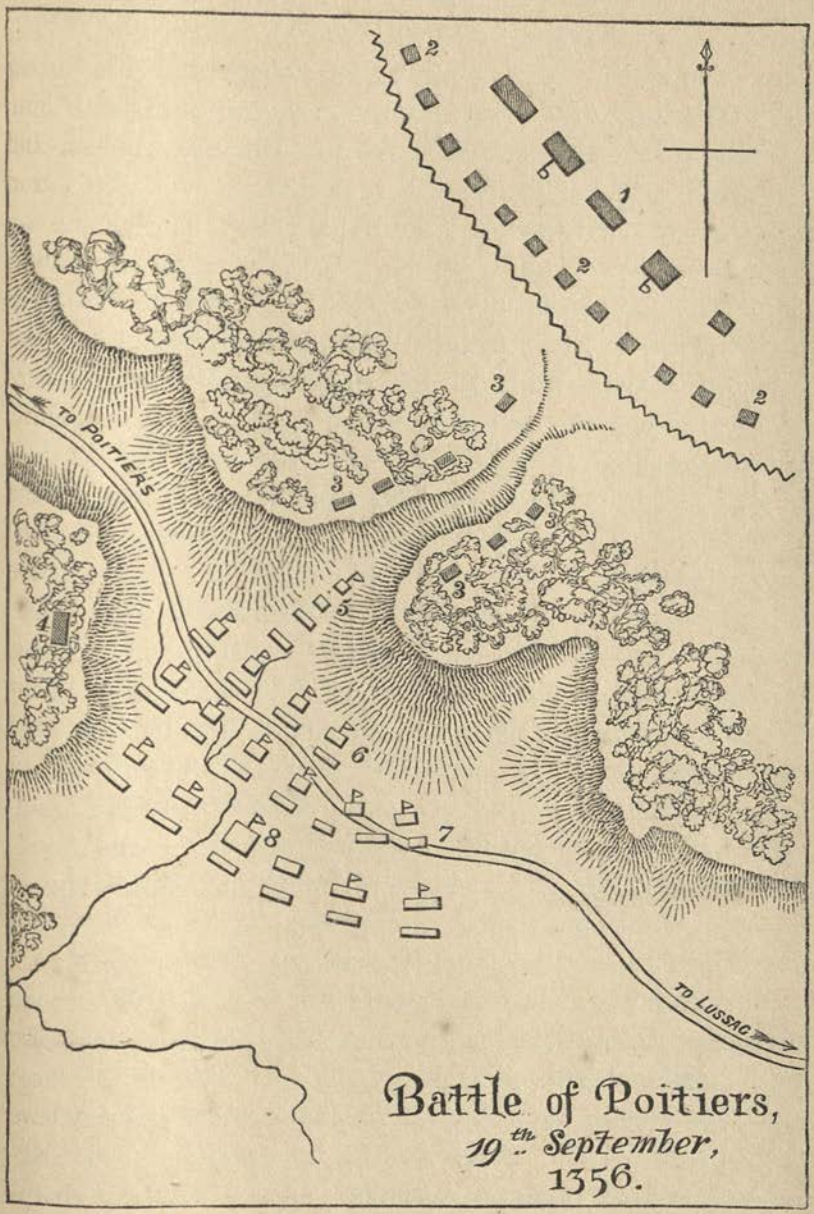
In the early summer of 1356 the Black Prince took the field with a small army, not more than from eight to ten thousand men[1], the most part not English, and rode into the Rouergue, Auvergne, and the Limousin, meeting no resistance, sacking and taking all they found, and so upwards to the Loire. Doubtless the opposition with which the Estates of the 'Langue d'Oil' had but just met King John, made it very hard for him to set an army afoot. The Estates, weary of long exactions, refused to vote him supplies without concessions; by the mouth of Etienne Marcel, Provost of the Merchants of Paris, the head of the bourgeoisie of the capital, they demanded rights of session, of control, of levy, and of taxation. They seemed likely to take up the same ground which had already been successfully occupied by the English Parliament. But it was only for a moment: the parallel cannot be carried

[1] Froissart (Buchon), xxii^me^ addition 3. p. 155: 'Avec deux mille hommes d'armes et six mille archers, parmi les brigands' (i.e. besides the light-armed mercenaries).

on seriously between the progress of the English Constitution and the fitful efforts of the French Estates.

The French King was lying before Breteuil, with a strong force, when news of the Prince's ride northward came to him. He hastily granted the garrison of the town easy terms, and they withdrew to Cherbourg; then he marched to Paris, and summoned all his nobles and fief-holders to a rendezvous on the marches of Blois and Touraine. He himself moved southwards as far as Chartres. The Black Prince threatened Bourges and Issoudun, but failed to take either city; then he marched to Vierzon, a large town of no strength, and took it; here he found, what he sorely needed, wine and food in plenty. While he lay here he heard that King John was at Chartres with all France at his back, and that the passages of the Loire were occupied. So he broke up, and turned his face towards Bordeaux, at once abandoning any plan he may have had of joining the Earl of Lancaster in Normandy. King John, hastening to overtake him, actually overshot the English army, and placed himself across the Prince's line of retreat. Thus he had the English utterly in his power: a little patience and prudence, and he might have avenged himself almost without loss on the invading army, by taking it and its brilliant captain prisoner. But, unfortunately for France, John 'the Good' was possessed with chivalrous ideas, which prompted him to do exactly the wrong thing.

The Black Prince, seeing his retreat cut off, stood at bay in a strong position at Maupertuis, near Poitiers. It was a rough hill-side, covered with vineyards; cut up by hedges, and also sprinkled with low scrub. Nothing could be better for defence: the chivalry of France, whose overwhelming weight would have been irresistible on the plain, was of no avail on such a hill-side: and there was plenty of such cover as would delight sharp-shooters who know their work. The only point of attack from the front was a narrow and hollow way, liable to a convergent fire, which would grow more severe the farther the enemy penetrated; for the cheeks of the ravine commanded the whole of the roadway.




*From Spruner's Atlas.*

1. The Black Prince. 2. Archers. 3. Sharpshooters, lining banks.
4. English ambuscade. 5. Audenham and Clermont. 6. The Duke of Orleans.
7. The Duke of Normandy. 8. The King of France.

On the level ground atop lay the main English force: every available point was crowded with archers; the narrow way had high hedge-crowned banks. Underneath lay the 50,000 Frenchmen, 'the flower of their chivalry,' all feudal, no city-levies this time. The King was there, with his four sons, his brother, and a crowd of great princes and barons. Had they been content to wait, and watch vigilantly, the Black Prince must have been starved, and compelled to lay down his arms. But this was not their idea; nor the idea of that age. So they got them ready to assault the Prince's formidable position; to give themselves the utmost disadvantage arising from useless numbers; and to give him the means of taking the greatest possible advantage of his ground, where every man of his little force was available. Before the assault took place the Papal Legate interposed, and obtained a truce for twenty-four hours. The Black Prince, knowing well his peril, was willing to treat on terms honourable to France: but unconditional surrender was the only thing King John would listen to. But this was as bad as a lost battle; what could they do but refuse? better die in arms than suffer imprisonment, starvation, and perhaps a shameful death. So they set themselves to use the remainder of the day's truce in strengthening their position; an ambuscade was quietly posted on the left flank of the one possible line of attack. Next morning, the 19th of September, 1356, the French army was moved forwards: in the van came two marshals, Audenham and Clermont, with three hundred men-at-arms, on swift warhorses; behind them were the Germans of Saarbrück and Nassau; then the Duke of Orleans, in command of the first line of battle; Charles, Duke of Normandy, the King's eldest son, was with the second; and lastly the King, surrounded by nineteen knights all wearing his dress, that he might be the safer in the battle[1]: before him fluttered the Oriflamme. With heedless courage the vanguard dashed at the centre of the English position; for such were the King's orders. They rode full speed along the narrow roadway up the hill-side, between the thick hedges; but the hill was steep,

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 351. p. 186, 'armé lui vingtième de ses paremens.'

and the archers flanking it shot fast and well. A few only struggled to the top; these were easily overthrown. The rest were rolled back in wild confusion on the Duke of Normandy's line, and broke their order. At this moment the English ambuscade fell on their left flank. But when the Black Prince saw that the Duke's battle 'was shaking and beginning to open,' he bade his men mount quickly, and rode down into the midst, with loud cries of 'St. George' and 'Guienne.' Pushing on cheerily, he fell upon the Constable of France, the Duke of Athens; the English archers, keeping pace afoot with the horsemen, supported them, shooting so swiftly and well that the French and Germans were speedily put to flight. Then Charles, the Dauphin, with his two brothers, put spurs to their horses, and fled headlong from the field; there followed them full eight hundred lances, the prime of the French army, who might well have upheld the fortune of the day. It was a pitiful beginning for the young Prince, who would so soon be called to fill his father's place. The first and second lines of battle were thus utterly scattered, almost in a moment: some riding hither and thither off the field, in panic; others driven back under the walls of Poitiers, where the English garrison took great store of negociable prisoners; for at that time prisoners meant ransom. The King, perhaps remembering the mishap of Crécy, now ordered all his line to dismount and fight afoot. And then for the first time a stand was made, and something worthy of the name of a battle began. The French were still largely superior in force: at the beginning they had been seven to one[1]; and the advantage of the ground was no longer with the English. But the Prince of Wales pressed ever forwards, with Sir John Chandos at his side, who bore himself so loyally that he never thought that day of prisoners, but kept on saying to the Prince, 'Sire, ride onwards; God is with you, the day is yours!' And the Prince, who aimed at all perfectness of honour, rode onwards, with his banner before him, succouring his people when-

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 360. p. 210, 'Les François étoient bien de gens d'armes sept contre un.'

ever he saw them scattering or unsteady, and proving himself a right good knight[1].' Thus the English force fell, like an iron bar, on the soft mass of the French army, which had but little coherence, as was the nature of a great feudal levy; and this swift onset, with the Prince riding manfully in the van, like the point of the bar, scattered them hither and thither, and decided the fortunes of the day. The Dukes of Bourbon and Athens perished, with a long list of other noble names; among them the Bishop of Châlons in Champagne: the French gave back, till they were stayed by the walls of Poitiers. King John was now in the very thick of it: and with his own hands did many feats of arms, defending himself manfully with a battle-axe[2]. By his side was Philip, his youngest son, afterwards Duke of Burgundy, founder of the second line of that house, who here earned for himself the name of 'le Hardi,' the Bold; for though but a child, he stood gallantly by his father, warding off the blows that rained thickly on him. But the rout was too complete to be stayed by their gallantry. The gates of Poitiers were firmly shut; there was a great slaughter under the walls. Round the King himself the fight was stubborn; many of his bodyguard were taken, or slain. Geoffrey de Chargny, who bore the Oriflamme, went down: and the King was hemmed in, all men being eager to take so great a prize. Through the crowd came shouldering a man of huge stature, Denis of Mortbeque, a knight of St. Omer; when he got up to the King he prayed him in good French to surrender. The King then asked for 'his cousin, the Prince of Wales:' and Denis promised that if he would yield he would see him safely to the Prince: the King agreed. Thus he was taken, and with him Philip his little son. Then arose around him a great debate between English and Gascons, all claiming to have taken him: they tore him away from Denis, and for a moment he was in great peril. But at last two barons, seeing the turmoil, rode up; and hearing that it was the French King, they spurred their horses, forced their way into the angry

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 361. p. 216.
[2] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 364. p. 223.

crowd, and rescued him from their clutches. Then he was treated with high respect, and led to the Prince of Wales. He bowed low to the ground before one who in the hierarchy of princes was his superior: he paid him all honour; sent for wine and spices, and served them to him with his own hands. And thus King John, who one day before had held the English, as he thought, in his grasp, now found himself, broken and wounded, a prisoner in their hands.

Thus went the great day of Maupertuis, or, as it is more commonly called by us, of Poitiers.

Great was the carnage among the French: they left eleven thousand on the field, of whom nearly two thousand five hundred[1] were men of noble birth; while nearly a hundred barons, and full two thousand men-at-arms, to say nothing of lesser folk, were prisoners. They were so many that the victors scarcely knew what to do with them: they fixed their ransom as quickly as they could, and then let them go free on their word. The Prince, with the huge booty gathered in his expedition, and with the richest prize of all, King John and his little son, at once fell back to Bordeaux. The French army melted away like snow in spring, such feudal nobles as had escaped wandering home crestfallen, the lawless and now lordless men-at-arms spreading over the land like a pestilence. A two years' truce was struck between England and France; and Edward at once carried his captives over to London. There King John found a fellow-King in durance, David Bruce, King of Scots, who had now for eleven years been in King Edward's hands.

The years between Poitiers and the peace of Bretigny were indeed dark and evil for France. The nobles were utterly shattered; from Mansourah to Courtrai, from Courtrai to Crécy, from Crécy to Poitiers, they had, within a century, proved by their turbulent vanity that they were unable to stand against the times. Their power was much weakened; and, far worse, all France could see that weakness: 'the nobles who returned

[1] In exact numbers, 2426. See the careful list given in Buchon's note to Froissart, 3. c. 364. p. 224.

from the battle were so hated, and abused by the Communes, that they scarcely could venture to set foot in any of the good towns [1].

## III. *Étienne Marcel and the Bourgeoisie of Paris.*

### A.D. 1356—1360.

The four years from Poitiers (A.D. 1356) to the Peace of Bretigny (A.D. 1360), years of disaster, are relieved by the greatness of one man, Étienne Marcel, Provost of the Traders of Paris. No man has been more unfortunate: while he lived he struggled in vain for his country, became entangled in intrigues, committed crimes 'which were blunders,' and perished by the hand of the city he loved and served. After his death, history was also against him; the chroniclers, Froissart at their head, were ignorantly and violently prejudiced against him. One contemporary writer only, the second continuer of William of Nangis, a poor friar of Paris, eye-witness of many scenes of that time [2], writes of Marcel in a friendly spirit. He had no prejudice against the burghers; was no hanger-on at courts, like Froissart; and he had with his own eyes seen Marcel, and knew what strength and worth were in him.

Even before Poitiers the chivalry of France had lost their credit in men's eyes. 'Pride and dissoluteness flourished among many nobles and men-at-arms:' their dress was sumptuous and scandalous, with gilt and silvered belts and precious stones, and all manner of luxury. 'At this time they wore brave birds' plumes in their hats, giving themselves up without stint to fleshly lusts and sports and games by night and day, so that the people grieved greatly when they saw the money levied from them for war wasted so uselessly [3]. And again, after Poitiers,

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 372. p. 253.

[2] The second Continuator Willelmi de Nangis (in D'Achery, Spicil. tom. 11. pp. 785–920) speaks of himself: 'Ego frater quidam .. prout *in parte vidi* et audivi,' and again, where Edward III, before Crécy, threatened Paris, he says, 'Omnes hos eventus, ut in pluribus, *vidi ego qui haec scripsi.*' His part of the chronicle begins with A.D. 1340.

[3] Continuator secundus W. de Nangis, sub ann. 1356.

this feeling grew stronger still: royalty and chivalry seemed to have fallen at once and together from their high estate. In the attempt to make a firm government by the Three Estates[1] at Paris very few nobles joined, 'and those who came were either very young or were dishonoured.' Everything went amiss in the realm: bands of lawless soldiery ranged the land; no man cared for his brother: the nobles despised and were despised; they neglected their King, a prisoner, and their people in their defeat: they oppressed and robbed their rustics; took no thought for the defence of their country, trod underfoot or carried off the chattels of men, and it was very clear that the Lord Regent took no heed at all[2]. Then began the whole land of France to fall into confusion of spirit and grief, for it had neither defender nor guardian.

A few 'good towns,' that is, towns girt with wall and ditch, were saved from the terrors which befell the defenceless countrymen. Paris, safest of all, was crowded by countryfolk, driven in by stress, and well-nigh starved; even monks and nuns came in; for not even were the houses of God safe, unless they were within the walls of some good towns.

Thus, with the annihilation of the kingly authority, the downfall of the nobles, and the misery of the country districts, the cities, specially Paris, became more and more important. In them alone survived security and some shadow of good government. Directly the Dauphin returned to Paris he convoked the States-General: the nobles, as we have seen, were few, the clergy numerous; the commons strong and resolute. The nobles, not yet weaned from the dark traditions of their order, still eager to fight and pillage, and to be paid for it by the industry of the land, clamoured for war and subsidies; but the clergy and commons made common cause, and, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Rheims and of Étienne Marcel the Provost, demanded delay. No conclusion was come to; the release of Charles of Navarre, now a prisoner at Arleux, in the

[1] Ordonnances des Rois, 3. 47.
[2] Continuator secundus, p. 828.

Courtrai country, was insisted on: and the Estates broke up after sitting less than three weeks. Meanwhile, the fortifications of Paris were pushed on; chains stretched, ditches dug, many fair houses outside the walls demolished; steps taken, in a word, to make it a bulwark and rallying-point for the nation.

Étienne Marcel was not likely to leave things in chaos without an effort. It seems not impossible that his name may have been a corruption of the name of that great Roman family, the Marcelli, whose representatives had not then died out of Italy. If so, he retained in Paris some of the old Italian spirit of civic life, and dreamed of making Paris the true centre of France. But his plans did not involve any abolition of the royal authority. He laboured hard and long to reconcile Charles the Dauphin and Charles of Navarre. It was not till he had made the former his irreconcilable enemy, that he threw himself into the hands of the 'bad King.'

Charles le Sage, or 'the Wise,' called by the misfortunes of his country to be Regent of France, was very foolish in his young days, very cowardly and self-indulgent. His health was wretched; he had suffered from some mysterious malady in which he had lost hair and nails, and 'became as dry as a stick.' Though but nineteen years old, he was weak, pale, mean-looking, lantern-jawed[1], wanting in courage, but full of cunning, clear of aim, and tenacious, cold, unfaltering in carrying out those aims. He was surrounded by a knot of nobles, and was in fact in their hands. There is no truth in the common saying that royalty allied itself to the burghers to counterpoise the noblesse: the Kings used either, and distrusted both; but if they had to choose between the two forces, their tendency would certainly be to incline towards the barons.

There was old dislike and distrust between the royal party and the cities; and from the beginning Charles of Navarre had supported the good towns in resisting the King's demands. He also, thanks to his charming manners, which go so far in a prince, and almost take the place of virtues, had won Bishop

[1] Michelet, 6. c. 3. p. 366.

Lecocq of Laon to his side. The Bishop of Laon was a leading man among the clergy. No wonder that the second and third Estates joined in the demand that Charles should be let out of prison at Arleux; no wonder that when they found the Dauphin unmanagable, they turned to Navarre as their last hope.

When Charles the Dauphin had dismissed the Estates of 1356, he set off on a bootless mission to Metz: it was, in fact, simply his pretext for getting rid of counsellors who were too independent. To Metz came envoys from the Emperor, from the Pope, and from the English King. But nothing came of it except rumours which reached Paris as to the Regent's brave doings, his feastings and shows. When he came back, bringing no treaty of peace, the city rose in anger against him. During his untimely absence things had gone worse, and the debasement of the coin was renewed, in spite of the burghers' protest. No sooner did they hear that the Regent insisted on his new and lighter money than they flew to arms, by their corporations. The Regent's counsellors fled for their lives, and he gave way. He agreed that the debased coin should not be forced on the people, that the Three Estates should meet where they would, that he would dismiss, and, if possible, bring to justice, the seven high officers named by the Estates. Thus Paris, with Marcel, man of 'a severe and noble countenance[1]' at her head, gave to the state some semblance of constitutional life. Happy for her could she have maintained it! The Estates met at once: under Marcel and Bishop Lecocq they set themselves to carry out the reductions agreed on at the session of the previous autumn. They had then agreed—

1. To assert the equality of all under taxation, from the King to the peasant.

2. To name collectors of revenue to check and control, if possible, the extravagance of the Court.

3. To make these collectors independent even of the King.

[1] This 'sévère et belle figure' is to be seen in an illumination of the assassination of the Dauphin's favourites, in a copy of the Grandes Chroniques which belonged to Charles V himself.

They also forbade the depreciation of the coin of the realm; and decreed that all men of all orders might arm themselves as a kind of national guard.

The Regent was forced, unwillingly, and meditating ill-faith, to ratify these decrees. Some hope of good government sprang up. The Committee of Thirty-six, appointed from the Estates to help in governing the land bereft of its King, were vigorous, vigilant: they made a truce for two years with the English; and King John was carried over from Bordeaux to London. Before he left the main land he sent envoys to Paris to forbid the execution of the agreement between the Regent and the Estates. Henceforth the King and his son are on one side, and Marcel with Paris at his back, with some uncertain countenance from the clergy, on the other side. The noble example set by the capital was not followed or understood elsewhere: she stood almost alone. All the nobles, and the bulk of the clergy, vexed to see the chief power in the hands of the Third Estate, withdrew from the city: they mostly betook themselves to the Regent, and helped him against the citizens. The government of the Thirty-six was first weakened, then deposed; the Regent declared that he would rule alone: even Bishop Lecocq withdrew to Laon.

The times were critical for Marcel; everything pointed to a restoration of the old corrupt government, a renewal of extravagance, the neglect of national defences, a royal anarchy. Then the Provost, in a secret meeting with his few trusty friends, the officers of the city, Bishop Lecocq, the Baron of Picquigni, and a few deputies of good towns (for all had not fallen away from Paris), decided on compassing the release of Charles of Navarre, in hopes that his influence might be a counterpoise to that of the Regent. They seem to have thought that he might some day found a new dynasty in France, connected with the old noblesse and the King's family, and at the same time resting on, and grateful to the Third Estate and to Paris, willing therefore to grant to France some constitutional government, the blessings of a firm rule, and the assuagement of the worst ills under which the land was groaning. Picquigni undertook

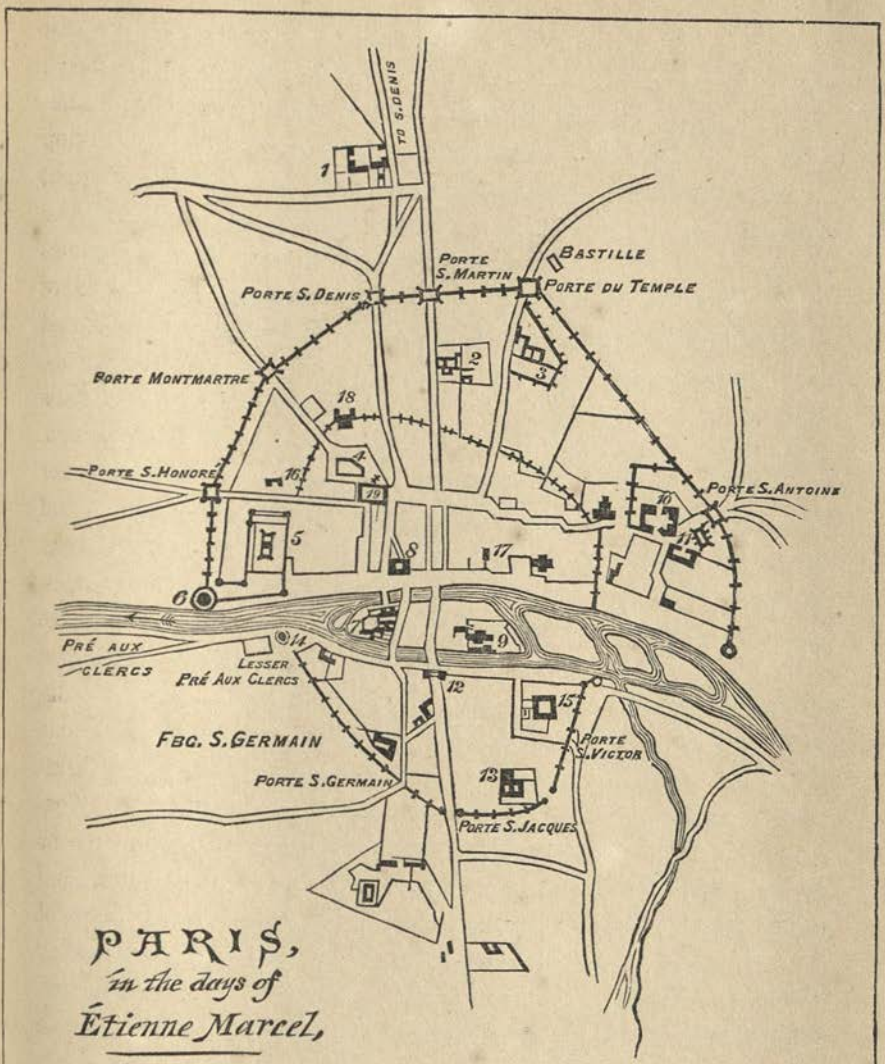
the task of freeing the King of Navarre; and did it so well that he was got out of prison without difficulty or bloodshed[1]. Charles went first to Amiens, thence to Paris, with a safe-conduct granted most reluctantly by the Regent. The bishop of Paris met him on the road, and brought him in with triumph; he and Lecocq of Laon were almost the only prelates who stood by the civic party. All Paris rejoiced; but the deputies of the good towns of Champagne and Burgundy, fearful of committing themselves, withdrew hastily from the city. Distrust and coolness were already springing up between the towns, which ought to have had but one common interest. But Paris as yet cared nothing for this; she saw in Charles of Navarre, fascinating, clever, and wronged, a prince who would free her from the incompetence and ill-faith of their Kings, and would foster their growing liberties. And so, next day, all the city was astir, 'above ten thousand burghers, scholars, prelates, clerks,' in the Pré-aux-Clercs, the Clerks' Park, just outside the walls of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés: there the King of Navarre climbed up on a kind of hustings against the abbey-walls, and, after the manner of the age 'preached'[2] to the crowd. He took for his text the words: 'The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright[3].' That all might be in keeping, he began in Latin; but soon, that he might creep into his hearers' hearts, he changed speech, and ended in French. He laid before them his wrongs, spoke of his desire to live and die for the defence of France, referred to his royal lineage, and his relation to the crown, which was nearer than that of King Edward III of England[4]. He spake right courteously and wisely, says Froissart; and his words were gladly heard and much approved; men shed tears as they

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. p. 289.

[2] 'Incepit praedicare,' or, as Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 384. p. 291, says, 'et là prêcha et remontra.'

[3] Ps. 11. 7 (Vulgate 10. 8). This 'preaching' of leading men, as of the Dauphin at the Halles, or Marcel at St. Jacques, is curious in the hands of laymen. It was the common way of opening Parliament, and was also the best way of appealing to public opinion.

[4] See Genealogical Table, p. 424.




*Taken chiefly from Viollet le Duc.*

1. S. Lazare. 2. Palace of King Robert. 3. The Temple. 4. The Halles. 5. The Louvre.
6. The Tour de Bois. 7. The Law Courts. 8. The Grand Châtelet. 9. Notre Dame.
10. The Palais des Tournelles. 11. Bastille S. Antoine. 12. The Petit Châtelet. 13. S. Geneviève.
14. The Tour de Nesle. 15. The Clos du Chardonnet. 16. Hôtel d Armagnac.
17. Hôtel de Ville. 18. Hôtel de Bourgogne. 19. Cimetière des Innocents.

listened; the impression made was deep and fruitful. Next day Marcel waited on the Regent, and urged him to be reconciled with Navarre, and to give him his rights; which was promised, in form at least; his castles and towns were to be restored, and burial granted to his luckless adherents of Rouen, whose bones still hung bleaching on the gibbet; the question of an indemnity in money or lands was deferred for the present. Had Marcel been a mere intriguer, we can hardly imagine that he would have tried honestly to bring the Regent and the King of Navarre to terms: yet he certainly seems to have done this in good faith. His plan probably was to make the two princes balance one another, hoping that Paris might so be left free to expand: or at this time he may have thought that Charles of Navarre was honestly minded to befriend the city, and to help in bringing in good government; and that his influence would be greater as a friend than as a foe to the Regent. Whatever was his thought, there can be no doubt he acted in thorough good faith at this time, filled with a patriotic desire for the relief of the sufferings of France, and seeking not his own advancement, but her welfare. But he was foredoomed to failure. His instruments were princes, and there was no trust to be put in them. Charles of Navarre, 'the Bad,' found that Charles the Regent, 'the Wise,' took no active steps to carry out the understanding come to by Marcel's intervention: the strong places were not given up; their captains declared that they held them for King John, and would yield them up only on his order. And so the war began again. Philip of Navarre, Charles's brother, had never made peace, but had kept up a kind of brigand-war, with such bands of men as he could gather together. Even when Navarre was under the walls of Paris he had refused to lay down arms, saying, in the true spirit of a French noble of that age, that he would not enter the town; for 'in a Commune there was nothing certain and determined on, save the determination to disgrace everything[1].' The Regent also threw off disguise;

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 384. p. 292: 'Disoit que en communauté n'avoit nul arrêt certain, fors pour tout honnir,' a sentiment which the courtly Canon clearly approves.

he rode with five or six of his favourites to the Halles, and there 'preached' to the Parisians in his turn; assured them of his goodwill, told them he was gathering troops to fight their foes, accused Marcel and the popular party of keeping the supplies for their own use. He went on in the old way; gathered troops, and issued fresh orders for the debasement of coin. Paris under the Provost's orders rose again to resist him: they took arms, and wore a 'revolutionary cap,' parti-coloured, blue and red. The towns round Paris, which were almost alone in feeling the importance of the work the capital was trying to do, also rose and donned the Provost's cap and colours.

Now came a shameful act; and it is almost impossible to make out what was the cloud on Marcel's judgment which led to it. He perhaps thought that, the Regent being a timid man, a scene of violence in his presence would at once free him from his evil counsellors, and throw him, under the influences of terror, into the Provost's arms. He may also have calculated on committing the city to acts from which it could not recede. His own account of it afterwards ('as the Provost himself in my hearing,' says the continuer of Nangis, 'and that of many others confessed') was that the Regent had often promised redress, and had done nothing; and that the citizens held that he was hindered therein by the corrupt nobles around him:—which was true enough, but sadly little justification for so great a crime. Whatever his idea, the Provost did not understand the tenacious duplicity of the young Prince's character. It was agreed that Marcel, with some armed citizens, should enter the Regent's quarters, while the city militia stood under arms, ready to support him. The Regent had with him the Marshals of Champagne and Normandy, and a great company of knights, nobles, and prelates. No sooner had Marcel entered his chamber than he sharply addressed him[1], and bade him take heed to the business of the country, so that it might no longer be spoilt and harried by free companies. The Dauphin replied he would

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 382. p. 287. 'Moult aigrement.'

gladly do it, but that he was kept penniless, and could not; that they who took the money ought to defend the land; meaning the Provost and the citizens. Words began to run high; Marcel made a sign, and the men at his back drew and fell on the marshals, slaying them then and there: so close were they to the Prince that his robe was all bedabbled with their blood. He thought his hour too was come, and fell abjectly at Marcel's feet, praying for life: the Provost placed the civic cap on his head, and bade him be without fear: the corpses of the marshals were thrown out to the people. Thus the revolution seemed to be accomplished; and for a time the Provost became the actual head of government. He sat as President of the Thirty-six, and organised similar bodies to govern the provinces; he bought a house on the 'Place de Grève,' called 'the House on Pillars,' and there established the headquarters of the municipal government. Thus he is the true founder of the Parisian Hôtel de Ville, the 'Palace of the Parisian People[1],' destined to be the scene of many stirring and tragical acts in the later history of the French nation.

For a time all seemed to work well: the Dauphin was cowed, Navarre returned to Paris, and was reconciled to him. But the revolution of Paris could not command sympathy and sequence in France; not even did the other great cities, in any number, come to the Provost's help[2]: on the contrary, ill-will broke out; the towns were jealous of the capital; the Estates, when they met, were jealous of Marcel; even in Paris herself factions sprang up.

In order to counterbalance the Provost's power, the Dauphin was named Regent of the kingdom (March, 1358); and seizing his opportunity escaped from his half-captivity at Paris, and fled to Meaux. When the Provincial Estates met, as usual, to hear the Report of the States-General, they were found to be divided in opinion: those of Vermandois, Champagne, Auvergne, Dau-

[1] Martin, Histoire des Français, tom. 5. p. 187 (note).
[2] Amiens, Rouen, Beauvais, Laon, Senlis, and a few more, took the blue and red.—Martin, Histoire des Français, tom. 5. p. 189.

phiné, Languedoc, declared for the Regent, promising him help. Thus the murder of the marshals only made the breach the wider. The Regent convoked the States-General at Compiègne: some came, some did not: there were two bodies in session, each claiming to represent France.

There was nothing left to Marcel but to consolidate such power as he had. He stormed the Louvre, fortified Paris, hired mercenaries. The Dauphin's army cut off the city's supplies: he sent an offer to pardon all with exception of ten or twelve, nay even of five or six, 'and these he did not intend to put to death.' Marcel's influence was still strong enough to persuade the Parisians to reject this proposal. But though they stood by him, yet a growing ill-will appeared, until he saw that he must get help from without: so he sent messengers to Charles of Navarre, who came at once. But he was as little at heart a friend to Paris as the Regent was, with whom we find him almost immediately treating, evidently prepared, if he got terms such as he cared for, to betray the city into the hands of the royal party.

But now came a diversion from another side. The miseries of France weighed more and more heavily on the peasantry; and none regarded them. They stood apart from the cities, knowing little of, and sympathising little with, them; the nobles despised them, and robbed them of their substance or their labour. And now another evil fell on them: the country was overrun with free-lances, and no man's wealth, or honour, or life, was his own. The 'Archpriest[1],' a knight of Vergnes, ravaged Provence, and put the Pope at Avignon in deadly fear, so much so that 'he was as respectfully received as if he had been the King's son,' and got banquets with the Pope, and pardon for his sins. Another great troop lay between Paris and Orleans, and none dared pass through all that district or dwell there: these were headed by one Griffith, a Welshman; in Normandy a third rout, under Robert Knolles, worked their will on town

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. cc. 380, 381.

and castle, none withstanding them. At last the peasantry (May, 1358), weary of their woes [1], rose up to work their own revenge and ruin. They began in the Beauvais country, and fell on the nobles; attacked castles, sacked and burnt them, and slew their inhabitants: the old unvarying story. They made themselves a kind of king, a man of Clermont in the Beauvoisin, named William Callet. Froissart imagines that the name 'Jacques Bonhomme' meant a particular person, a leader in these risings. But we must not credit Froissart with any accurate knowledge of the peasant and his ways. Jacques Bonhomme was the common nickname, the 'Giles' or 'Hodge' of France, the name of the peasant generally: and from it such risings as this of 1358 came to be called the 'Jacquerie,' or the disturbances of the 'Jacques' [2]. The nobles were soon out against them: the whole land was full of anarchy. Princes and nobles, angry peasants with their 'iron-shod sticks and knives,' free-lances, English bands of pillagers, all made up a scene of utter confusion: 'cultivation ceased, commerce ceased, security was at an end [3].' The burghers of Paris and Meaux sent a force to help the peasants, who were besieging the fortress at Meaux, held by the nobles; but they were suddenly attacked and routed by the Captal de Buch and the Count de Foix, 'then on their return from Prussia [4].' The King of Navarre also fell on them, took by stratagem their leader Callet, tortured and hung him. In six weeks the fire was quenched in blood.

Then the Dauphin was strong enough to draw his lines round Paris; the resistance of the nobles to the peasants now turned against the cities. The people of Senlis won a surprise from them, but it had no influence on the general fortunes of the struggle. The Regent lay before the gate of St. Antoine, holding the two rivers, Seine and Marne, thus strangling

[1] Continuator secundus Willelmi de Nangis in D'Achery, Spicil. 3. p. 119.
[2] The true origin of the name was well-known to the honest second continuer of William of Nangis, 3. p. 114; he wrote without prejudice, and with his eyes open.
[3] La Vallée, 2. 45.
[4] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 387. p. 299.

and starving Paris. The King of Navarre, not satisfied with Marcel's offers of the treasures of the city, and the title of Captain of the kingdom, and now deeming that he was within reach of the actual crown of France, began to have dealings with the Regent. The Parisians and he, not trusting one another much, were glad to part company: 'the King of Navarre, sage and subtle, saw that things could not long go on as they were between those of Paris and the Regent, and not much trusting to the commons of Paris, left the city, with great courtesy, and came to St. Denis[1].' There he stayed expecting the end. The two princes lay over against Paris for some weeks, meantime drawing somewhat together; at last, by means of the Queen Jeanne, the Archbishop of Sens and others, they came to terms of peace. At this moment came secret messages from the Provost of the Traders to the King of Navarre. Marcel was in the utmost straits; Paris was penniless, famine-stricken; the burghers were suspicious, almost hostile; he had no soldiers, nor much hold on the citizens. They had driven him to write and invite the Regent to return to Paris, and to join them in ejecting the English and the King of Navarre's men. The Regent, had he been generous, might then perhaps have healed the wounds of France. But he replied that he would never re-enter Paris while the murderer of the marshals lived. Then, as a last step,—he must have felt it to be almost a hopeless one—Marcel called on Charles of Navarre to come back, offered to give him entry into the city by night, to crush with his aid all opposition, and to proclaim him King of France at the Hôtel de Ville. The King listened gladly; he seemed to touch the goal of his ambition; he took his measures well. But in the city Marcel was watched, and his plans were known. With fifty or sixty of his followers he went down at midnight to seize the 'bastille' of St. Antoine, at which Charles of Navarre was waiting outside. But one of the sheriffs of the city, by name Maillart, with some partisans of the royal side,

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 389. p. 305.

fell on the Provost as he moved towards the gate, and killed him. They then rode through the town, shouting the royalist war-cry; the city was paralysed. The Dauphin, three days later, entered the town, and took grim vengeance on his enemies. Thus perished this ill-starred attempt to build up France on civic liberties; thus with it fell Étienne Marcel, the one man who with happier fortunes might have rescued France from the miseries that were before her.

This attempt to govern France from Paris, in many of its features so like the modern revolutions of that city, failed, because there was no civic strength in France, nor any yeoman-class in country places, nor any great patriotic churchmen to keep alive the belief in the nation's life, nor any popular party among the nobles, nor any true germs of parliamentary government. Experience had shewn at Ghent, when Jacquemart van Arteveld perished, that the burgher-nature was not broad or strong enough to rule over a nation, or indeed to rule itself: and if it failed there, far less hope for it in Paris. All this while the country was racked with the agony of private war and hostile interests: all industry, confidence, and unity were at an end. Marcel's attempt, foredoomed to fail, was, in spite of errors and its great crime, the murder of the marshals, a brave and a loyal effort to stem anarchy and to restore good government. It did but teach the Dauphin a greater circumspection, a more wary cruelty, and a more cunning skill in carrying out his plans for reducing France still further under the royal power.

The King of Navarre, baffled even as he sprang to seize his prey, fell back to Normandy: thence he made war on the Regent, returning in force, and ravaging the banks of the Seine, occupying Meudon, and doing the Parisians no small mischief: for no supplies could reach them from above or below. He took into his pay most of the free companies of the time.

Meanwhile, the Dauphin fell on his foes in Paris: these were the Days of Terror of that revolution: terror from the royal, not from the republican, side. When he felt that he had

destroyed all opposition there, he moved on one step farther; he made peace with Charles of Navarre, buying him off on easy terms, and, after his wont, cherishing vengeance against him in his heart. No man ever knew so well how to dissemble.

## IV. *The Treaty of Bretigny*, A.D. 1360.

News came that King John in England had agreed to terms of peace, ceding to Edward all the conquests his father had made, also Calais, Boulogne, and a large sum of money. But the Regent, who had used his father's name to evade his promises to Charles of Navarre, found no difficulty in refusing such terms as these. He was now friendly with Navarre, and asked his advice. That King suggested that the States-General should be consulted; and the Regent, in spite of his dislike for that body, called them together, in order that he might have the support of the nation in refusing to be bound by his father's word. Few came in answer to his summons: the times were so bad and the ways so unsettled. Those who appeared deemed the treaty 'too hard,' and 'replied with one voice that they would rather go on enduring their great evil and misery, than see the noble kingdom of France thus diminished and wronged; and that King John must abide yet awhile in England.' When this message of the Estates reached London, King John was much enraged, and said, 'Ha, Charles, fair son, you have been listening to the King of Navarre, who deceives you, and would deceive sixty such as you[1].'

Edward thereon declared the truce broken. The free companies, hitherto ravaging France in the name of the King of Navarre, now ranged themselves under the King of England's banner. Truce or no truce, the woes of France never ceased; it was the ceaseless scourging of medieval demons. The Regent prudently garrisoned the strong places in his power, and determined to risk nothing in the open field; he knew that no

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 419. p. 404.

hostile army could find sustenance in the open country, or indeed could increase the sufferings of the land. The policy which ruled the whole course of his life lies displayed here: by opposing a tenacious passive resistance, by offering no field for his foes to win glory in, by shutting his ears and eyes to the miseries of his ravaged country,—he wore out army after army of his enemies, and saved France.

On the other hand, King Edward made great preparations, 'the greatest one had ever seen in England[1].' All knights and squires gathered horse and harness, the best they could, and made for Calais, awaiting the King: his favour, and booty from defenceless France were their two motives; 'and especially so with the Germans, who are more greedy than other folk,' says Froissart[2]. They were so many that they embarrassed King Edward. He sent the Duke of Lancaster to amuse them, which he did by leading them into the country round St. Omer, to ravage and spoil. In 1360 the King himself came over; he also passed through, spoiling the land till he came to Rheims, one of the Regent's strong places. There Edward would fain have been crowned King of France; but the city held out stoutly, and he had to raise the siege, and wander on into ducal Burgundy. Here the Queen of France governed in name of her son, Philip de Rouvre; she too would not fight, but bought the English out of the province. In this she acted entirely for herself; there was, apparently, no central power at all. All this time the Regent stayed quietly at Paris, watching and thwarting his domestic enemies, the citizens and the partisans of Navarre: vigorous war raged also out at sea. Edward came down from Burgundy to the suburbs of Paris: not even did this provocation move the Regent; nor was the English army strong enough to attack the city. After a while Edward wandered on towards the Loire; thence towards Brittany, giving out that he would return in autumn. But it soon became clear to him that of such warfare there was no end: his army could do no more than was being

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 42*o*, p. 406. [2] Ibid.

done daily by the free companies, while it shrank away insensibly but surely. With this conviction forced on him, he reluctantly agreed to treat for peace. French and English met at the village of Bretigny-lez-Chartres, about two leagues from the city. On the 8th of May, 1360, the treaty was signed, and peace declared. King John, or those who spoke for him, said truly that it was done, 'not only for our deliverance, but also to escape the perdition and ruin of our realm and good people' of France[1].

The terms of peace were these:—

1. King Edward III renounced his claim to the French throne.
2. He gave up the old possessions of the House of Anjou north of the Loire.
3. On the other hand, he was secured in the sovereignty of Guienne and Gascony, including the Agénois, Périgord, Rouergue, Querci, and Bigorre.
4. Poitou, Saintonge, La Rochelle, the Angoulême country, the Limousin, Montreuil-sur-Mer, Calais, Guines, with their dependencies, and Ponthieu, were secured in full to Edward.
5. The Counts of Foix, Armagnac, Comminges, Périgord, Isle-Jourdain, the Viscount of Limoges, and all lords of the Pyrenees, and barons of Aquitaine, were to renounce the French, and come under the English suzerainty.
6. The inheritance of Eleanor was to come intact to her descendants, free from all feudal duties towards France.
7. King John's ransom was fixed at three million crowns, or francs of gold, payable in six yearly instalments. The King to be free after the first payment, due guarantee for the rest having been provided.
8. King Edward promised to give up all the fortresses which his subjects, adherents, or allies held in those districts which were under the French crown.

[1] Ordonnances des Rois, 3. p. 434.

9. France gave up the Scottish alliance, and England the Flemish.

The Pope, Innocent VI, was invited to confirm the oaths of the high contracting parties with the utmost solemnity and sanction.

This treaty, which indicates the weakness of France, and left her, in extent, smaller than she had been in the days of Philip Augustus, was received in Paris and elsewhere with transports of joy:—such was the misery and dejection into which the proud nation had fallen. We may close the record of this period with the words in which King John, after his return, in an Ordinance relating to sundry fiscal matters, alluded to the sorrows of his land. 'By the space of four years and over have we and this our people ever sustained and suffered many ills, discomfitures, and griefs; for as these grew daily worse and worse, tidings came to us how that the people of our realm were divided, and were slaying and destroying each other, and giving themselves up to rebellion and disobedience, and were committing divers horrible and enormous crimes, such as made it plain that had such things gone on, our realm and people would have been utterly destroyed, with perdition of all they had.' Wherefore, all this considered, he had made the aforesaid peace; 'for we have found that in our realm there have been many divisions and rebellions, robbery, pillage, arson, larcenies, seizures, violence, oppression, exactions, extortions, and many other cruel misdeeds and excesses, justice ill administered, many new taxes levied, and much seizing, carrying off, and putting to ransom of personages, stores, horses, beasts, and other goods, whereby all industry is at end[1].' What further picture of the state of France is needed after this proclamation of her King?

[1] Ordonnances des Rois, 3. p. 434.

## CHAPTER III.

### *The Deeds of Charles V, 'the Wise.'* A.D. 1360–1380.

#### 1. *As Regent.* A.D. 1360—1364.

KING EDWARD soon carried his army back to England. King John was sent, under charge of the Prince of Wales, from Dover to Calais, there to stay in English keeping till the first part of his ransom should be paid. Small hope was there of gathering in four months, the time named, so large a sum from wretched France. But fortune came to the rescue. Galeazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, chief of the Italian civic tyrants, wishing to secure his lordship as a hereditary princedom, bethought himself of an alliance with the royal family of France, and offered to purchase for six hundred thousand florins of gold the hand of Isabelle, daughter of King John, for his son, John Galeazzo. The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the foundation laid for future interference and troubles between France and Northern Italy. But the first result was the release of King John. He returned to Paris, and, under the prudent guidance of his long-headed son, seemed likely to govern well. Reforms of finance, a fixed money-standard, a decree against private wars, promised well for the desolate land. But the evils of the time were aggravated by pestilence, of which the Queen of France and her two children by her first marriage perished; and thus the younger branch of the earlier Capets became extinct. The King of France, thrusting aside the King of Navarre, whose hereditary claim was better

than his own, went down to Dijon, and took the titles and territories of the Duke of Burgundy[1]. But no sooner had he won this fine addition to France, than he threw it away again. He bestowed the duchy and peerage of Burgundy on his fourth son, Philip, so delaying for a long time the union of that fair province with the kingdom, and laying the foundation of the Burgundian power.

But of all the curses of France that of the free companies, the very worst, remained unabated. They ranged unchecked; one of them, the 'Great Company,' swollen to the size of an army, ravaged Burgundy. King John called together the feudal lords of that district, and gave battle to the freebooters at Brignais, where he was routed with great loss. It was another heavy blow to feudalism, showing it its impotence against the more regular forces of warfare. The Great Company, unopposed, now streamed over all the rich lands of the Saone and Rhone. King John, still guided by the old spirit of feudalism, which had worked him so much woe, wished to drain the country of these roving bands by leading them in crusade to the East. But the time for this was past; and, indeed, his attention was soon called elsewhere. One of the royal princes, the Duke of Anjou, escaped from Calais, where he was a hostage for the King; and, careless of all claims of honour, refused to return into captivity. Then John, partly moved by his sense of what was due from him as King, partly, perhaps, seeing that his son was a better ruler than he, partly, no doubt, contrasting the desolation of France with the gay court of Edward of England[2], asked for a safe-conduct, placed the regency again in the hand of Charles, and turned his back on Paris for ever. He was splendidly received by Edward; and feasts and shows, while the crowned heads round

[1] Franche-Comté and Artois went to the Dowager Countess of Flanders, daughter of Philip the Long and of Jeanne of Burgundy, daughter of the great Countess Mahaut. The counties of Boulogne and Auvergne passed to John of Boulogne.

[2] The honest second Continuator of Nangis says so expressly; declaring that he returned to England 'causa joci.'

the board chatted lightly and gaily of crusades[1], rewarded him for his return into a nominal captivity. But, in the midst of this festival, these pleasant talks about future travel and excitement, the grim hand which spoils so many plans beckoned to the King of France, and he died, three months after his return to England[2].

## 2. *Charles V as King.* A.D. 1364—1369.

France, to whom King John was little more than a name, and to whom the Regent Charles was a sickly youth but rarely seen, took no interest in the death of the one or the accession of the other. It was some time before France became aware that she had come into the hand of a master. Everything had long tended towards the fall of the feudal noblesse. King Charles 'the Wise' was the instrument exactly suited to raise the tottering monarchy on the ruins of the feudal power. His reign is of the highest importance to those who endeavour to trace out the growth of the absolute monarchy in France.

Of his wretched health and looks we have spoken[3]. It should be added here that his necessarily sedentary and quiet life cut him off from all the sports and jousts of the barons: he saw little of them, and what little he saw he disliked. His infirmities proved to be his strength; they kept him from all those feudal sympathies which would have hindered him in doing his life's work. They also turned his mind towards learning. He passed through the courses of study then known, an apt and eager scholar. Religious he was and learned, yet not a monk on the throne. To read in Latin and French, to know something of mathematics as then studied, of astrology, alchemy, theology, to gather round him well-known learned clerks and philosophers seeking science, to collect books and

[1] The Kings of Denmark and Scotland were there, in order to discuss the subject.

[2] His funeral rites were done in St. Paul's; his body was afterwards transferred to Paris, and buried with much solemnity at St. Denis.

[3] See above, p. 435.

lay the foundations of the great library of Paris[1], to listen to grave moralities, or noble deeds of olden history, or 'divers fair tales from Holy Writ,'—these were the occupations of the sickly King. Rumour, half-malevolent, half-marvelling, gave him credit for dark doings in the secret chambers of his palace; his silent, unscrupulous course, his life unlike the then-known royal life, the singular success of his reign;—all these things gathered round the character of the sage King, and, striking men's imaginations with a sense of contrast between his quiet life and his fortunes, gave a special meaning to his name 'the Wise,' and endowed him with gifts which seemed in no sense human. In much of his character he bears striking resemblance to Philip II of Spain, that closet-King, so ceaselessly industrious, so silent and active, so determined, so mysterious.

Morally cold, prudent, long-waiting, he lost nothing by passion or by haste; his shrewdness divined the future,—this was his astrology; his patience, and freedom from the trammels of the 'point of honour,' enabled him to prepare for that future, and reap his harvest in it. His famous saying, quoted by Christine de Pisan[2], expresses the great principle of his reign, 'Lordship is more than glory[3],' the substance of power, not the show of it, was what he sought and attained to.

He reformed the coin of the realm, so taking away the chief grievance of the burghers; he found in one man, Du Guesclin, the instrument with which he recast and reformed the war-power of his age. Hitherto, war had been the sport of the noble, the ruin of the land, the penury of the peasant; Du Guesclin made it a serious affair, and taught the French that hard-hitting and determined style which more than a century

[1] He placed nine hundred MSS. in three fair chambers of the Louvre.

[2] Christine de Pisan, who was daughter of the King's astrologer, wrote a panegyric on Charles. It is of but small historic value. In 2. c. 26, she gives us insight into his unscrupulousness. 'Circumstances,' he said, 'make things good or bad; this way cloaked, 'tis virtue, that way, 'tis vice. To know how to dissemble with the perverse is right good sense.'

[3] Martin, Histoire de France, 5. p. 242.

later amazed and shocked the Italians when they came into collision with the fighting-men of Charles the Eighth.

Thus this is the period of two great reforms, of finance and war. Du Guesclin in the battlefield, in the secret chamber Charles, these were the two powers with which France won back all she had lost; no wonder that she has transformed the soldier into a hero of chivalry and romance, the King into a miracle of magical and hidden wisdom.

And yet she misjudged both her great men. Charles was simply clod, prudent, patient, with one fixed idea—namely, that it was bad to fight pitched battles (like that ill-starred field of Poitiers, whence he had fled so early and so ill), when, at the small cost of ruin to wretched country-folk, an invading army might be made to wear and waste itself away. Little magic, and little heart—that is what was wanted in him who should plan and coldly carry out such a war-policy as this. This policy baffled Edward III, and led to Bretigny; it led too to all the revival of the French power. And Du Guesclin, fierce angry fighting-man, was in all things unchivalrous. He cared for, and treated tenderly, the poor folk, never doing them intentional wrong; he was a captain not of feudal knights but of free companies, himself a free lance. He was the man who overthrew the old feudal service, and heralded the age of mercenaries, which led the way to the ages of standing armies. No man had less of chivalry and romance, as those things were understood then: fighting was his life and delight: fighting in earnest, with his short powerful frame, all knit up for the combat, his heavy features bright-kindled with the joy of battle. The English armies had done much to ruin feudal chivalry: Du Guesclin well-nigh destroyed it, while he also well-nigh destroyed those English hosts.

Son of a Breton gentleman, poor and of small estate, Du Guesclin was short and ugly, a marvel of strength, and utterly fearless; rude also of bearing, ignorant, of small capacity and that not developed; he had great natural cunning, that half-savage quality, was full of ruse and trick in war, he was

contemptuous towards the high noblesse, but gentle to the poor, and generous to his friends.

It is said that on the day of King John's death, Charles beheaded eight-and-twenty burghers of Paris, the last victims of their ill-starred attempt at civic liberty. They were said to have been in communication with Charles of Navarre. That shifty prince was at open war with the Regent, and had raised large forces, composed of free lances under the Captal de Buch.

Against these the King sent other such, a like force of mercenaries, led by Du Guesclin, already the most renowned of all the captains of freebooters. The two armies, from five to six thousand on either side, met at Cocherel, and the Captal after a hard day was utterly beaten, and taken. The war lasted yet a year; then the King of Navarre made peace, gave up Mantes, Meulan, and Longueville, and received in exchange the far-off border town of Montpellier[1]. The King gave Du Guesclin the county of Longueville, on condition that he should rid the kingdom of these free lance companies; but the warrior was a free lance himself, and did but aggravate the evil with his Breton followers. In self-defence cities, villages, houses, girt themselves with bulwarks, churches became fortresses: we may see still in the battlemented towers of fourteenth-century churches the evidences of this evil time.

Meanwhile, the old Breton feud between the Montforts and their English friends on the one side, and Charles of Blois, with his French supporters on the other, went dimly on, till Du Guesclin thought well to mix himself up in the fray. Charles V gave him pay for men; he collected a force and set out, marching westward, till at Auray, near the Morbihan coast, he fell in with Sir John Chandos, with an English force and some armed adventurers. Du Guesclin had far

[1] There is a characteristic account of the way in which Charles V tried to evade his part of this treaty: first the King of Navarre had sealed it with a small private seal, this he objected to: he then sealed it with a big official seal, and the King professed that he thought it not valid because it was broken in the transit.

the larger body of men; but the English were well-posted on a hill, whence the French could not dislodge them. Sir Hugh Calverley, with a reserve force, came up to their help with such swift sureness that he secured the victory to the English. The battle ended the war. Charles of Blois fell, Du Guesclin was a prisoner, the army was destroyed. All the Breton towns opened their gates to the triumphant Montforts; the treaty of Guerande was signed and gave them the dukedom of Brittany.

Charles V was powerless; he recognised the treaty, and received the homage of John of Montfort for the duchy. The French people worshipped Charles of Blois as a saint; miracles at his tomb were reported and believed[1]; the Holy See was asked to canonise him. But though the French King supported the petition, the Montforts had interest enough at Avignon to neutralise him; and Charles remained, like St. Hugh of Lincoln, a popular but not a Papal or official saint.

The free companies were still the scourge of France; but their day was coming to an end. An attempt to send them by Metz into Germany, to follow the Emperor on a crusade to Egypt, failed utterly; they came back from the German frontier all the greedier for pillage. Then Charles V, who watched the English power with unflagging jealousy, espied a weak place in the armour of his rivals. Castille was in the hands of Pedro the Cruel, a monster in human form, who was on friendly terms with the Black Prince in Aquitaine. Henry of Trastamare, Pedro's bastard brother, was eager to avenge himself and to wrest the crown from the ruffian's bloody hands; all Castille looked kindly on the claimant. Charles got Du Guesclin free by paying his ransom to Chandos, and gave him funds to raise another host of adventurers. The brigands flocked like vultures to his standard. Many who had served under the English now joined the French; it was all one to them; even Sir Hugh Calverley himself came into the French camp. The army, led by Du Guesclin took the road to Avignon, where they extorted

[1] Froissart (Buchon), 3. c. 511. p. 268.

from Pope Urban V a full indulgence for their sins and a large sum of money. When the Pope heard their demand, he said that other sinners coming for absolution, brought money in their hand; but that these demanded both forgiveness and gold. It was irregular; but it was ill arguing with free lances, who might sack and spoil all the Papal city and treasures, if they would. So Du Guesclin got his will: but finding that the Pope had raised the money from the citizens of Avignon, he returned it all to them, and compelled Urban to pay it again out of the Papal treasury. The Pope recovered it by a tax on the clergy.

Du Guesclin, thus reinforced, marched into Aragon, and was helped by Pedro the Ceremonious, King of that land, a prince nearly, if not quite, as great a ruffian as Pedro the Cruel of Castille. No effectual resistance could be made to the French. Pedro the Cruel fled at last into Aquitaine and took refuge with the Black Prince: Henry of Trastamare was crowned King at Burgos; Du Guesclin made Constable of Spain; his adventurers streamed back into France, richer but not less rapacious.

As yet all was under cover; there was no open war between Don Pedro and Charles, though all knew that Charles had pushed him from his throne; there was no sign that the treaty of Bretigny was in danger, and the English rule in France drawing to its end: but the 'pedant in his closet' at Paris was working steadily and silently for this. Meanwhile English Edward gathered up his force; the brigands, of late the soldiers of Henry, now crowded with a cry of joy round Pedro; there was to be more fighting, more booty. Embarrassed by their numbers the Black Prince dismissed the Gascons in his pay, saying he had no need of them: a step which angered them, and seems to have been the beginning of that ill-feeling which soon sprang up between the English and the southerners. But at present it was unnoticed. The Black Prince crossed into Spain; fought and won a great battle at Najara (A.D. 1367) on a tributary of the Ebro, and Du Guesclin was again taken prisoner; again his stubborn and ignorant courage left him to fight and rage and be taken, when he ought to have covered the retreat

of his men. And thus Henry lost for a time the throne of Castille. Pedro, now again proclaimed King, neglected the Gascons and English, who had won the prize for him; fever and other maladies set in; the half of the host perished; the Black Prince himself, when he withdrew into Aquitaine to defend it against Henry of Trastamare, carried with him the seeds of the disorder which saddened his last years. He came back to discontented subjects, with the stain on his escutcheon of having lent himself to replace on the throne of Castille one of the vilest of mankind. From that time the fate of the English possessions in France was sealed.

The Black Prince saw what was beneath the turmoil, the secret energy and influence of the sorcerer, the friend of Jews, the odiously learned King of France; and he warned his father. But Edward III, weary of war, old before his time, was unwilling to believe it; treated his hostages well, was contented that the instalments of the ransom continued to be paid, and shut his eyes to the signs of the coming storm. The Black Prince found himself in the midst of a new evil—the ill-will of his Gascon and Aquitanian subjects—and used no wisdom in dealing with them. He claimed a heavy aid from them, and treated them imperiously; doubtless made irritable by sickness.

France at last found herself delivered from the grievous burden of the free companies. Many had perished in Spain; the rest passed into Italy, where they found a rich land and a ready market for their arms. They took sides, as they were paid, for and against the Visconti at Milan; they enrolled themselves a 'foreign legion' under the cross keys, and restored to the Papacy the States of the Church which had wellnigh slipped out of its grasp. Even the Pope himself, Urban V, thought he might put a stop to the scandal of the Avignon captivity under their protection; and, in spite of the opposition of Charles V, went down to Marseilles with his court, set sail, and, after some days, entered Rome[1].

[1] Continuator secundus W. de Nangis, p. 139. col. 2.

Thus France was solaced, and the long-broken industries of life revived. The King busied himself with internal reforms; for he had the true French spirit, the desire to administer his kingdom, to be the centre of law and justice, to centralise everything round himself. At last the time came that he could safely throw off the disguise of years. With characteristic subtilty of mind, he set his lawyers and Universities to pick holes in the Treaty of Bretigny, and to find frivolous pretexts for a war, whose true justification lay solely in its patriotism. In July, 1368, he offered Henry of Trastamare terms of open alliance; he no longer veiled his help, unavowed indeed but open to all eyes, against the English. He listened to the complaints of the Aquitanians, and saw in the acts of the Black Prince enormities which he could not see in himself; he sent defiance to King Edward, summoning him to Paris for judgment on the complaints of the prelates, barons, knights and communes of the Marches of Gascony and others who had taken refuge at his court. Edward scornfully replied he would appear, but with helm on head, and sixty thousand at his foot: but his strength was gone from him, and he was destined to do no more feats of arms. The French King silently prepared for war, favoured by the Black Prince's illness, and the reluctance of Edward III to believe in the evil.

The spring of 1369 saw the end of Pedro the Cruel. Defeated by Henry at Montiel, he was taken prisoner, and brought into the camp of Du Guesclin. There he met his brother, and all the hatred of years burst forth. From hard words they came to blows; they closed, and fell struggling on the ground. Pedro was uppermost, and got his dagger out to stab his brother; but Du Guesclin caught him by the leg, and turned him over, so that Henry lay above; and he, seizing the opportunity, smote Pedro to the heart. So in a disgraceful brawl, Du Guesclin looking on and helping, perished this monster of cruelty. With him perished also the hopes of the English party. Tidings of it reached Paris, and doubtless encouraged Charles in taking the final step. And thus the mistake made by the

Black Prince, when he supported Pedro, though he must have known of the enormities of his character and reign, now recoiled on the English with fearful violence.

### 3. *Hundred Years' War. Period II.* *Charles V makes war on England.* A.D. 1369—1380.

In April, 1369, Charles, as it is told, to pour contempt on both his English foes and on the French chivalry, sent a varlet of the scullery with a declaration of war into England. A senseless insult, unless he meant to shew the King that his policy was to fight him without the help of the feudal lords of name, whom he so firmly and successfully depressed.

On the very day on which he declared war, he began war; surprised the English at Abbeville, and took that city and St. Valery that very day: within a week all Ponthieu was recovered. The States-General were convoked, to sanction the step already taken; the French clergy, nothing loth, were bidden to preach the war; Querci, led by the Bishop of Cahors, revolted at once. The Aquitanians felt that they were suspected by the Black Prince, and soon deserved that suspicion. Fortune seemed to have deserted King Edward. An army was gathered in Normandy, under Philip Duke of Burgundy, who, thanks to the able intrigues of Charles, and the complaisance of the Pope[1], had just secured as his bride Margaret, heiress of Flanders, in spite of the opposition of Edward, who desired her hand for his son, Edmund Earl of Cambridge. Philip was stationed at Rouen, with strict orders not to risk a battle. His army looked a small Anglo-Flemish force, under the Duke of Lancaster, in the face; but, though he was seven times as strong, the King's orders were peremptory, and he was obliged to fall back. The Duke of Lancaster,

[1] Edward of England and Philip of Burgundy were of the same degree of relationship with Margaret. But the Papal scruples, which were fatal to the suit of the Englishman, were forgotten when the Frenchman came forward.

untouched, retired on Calais; did some small ravages on his way, and then returned to England.

It would be useless to trace out the obscure wars of this period: it is enough to state the results. The English hold on France was so slight and so precarious, that it was shaken off almost without an effort. The Duke of Burgundy in Northern France; Anjou and Berri towards the South, gave way at once before the Black Prince with his English. There was no attempt at fighting. The well-known captain, Robert Knolles, pushed on from Calais, and set fire to the villages round Paris. But nothing moved the impassive King; he let the English forces weary themselves as before, without resistance and without results.

The Black Prince, worn out with suffering, closed his brilliant career in the dark smoke volumes of burnt and ruined Limoges. From his litter he saw the massacre he had commanded, passing slowly among blackened houses, ruins, corpses of warriors and women. From this last act of war—the summary of war's evils, and a blot on his glory for ever—he returned to Bordeaux, gloomy and sick; from Bordeaux he crossed to England, where he languished out the sad remainder of his days.

At last, when the patiently-expected moment came, Charles called Du Guesclin to him, and created him Constable of France; and thus the poor gentleman of Brittany took rank above the highest in the realm—another of the King's conquests won for monarchy over the feudal forces around him. The Constable went forth at once; caught the English at Pont-Vallain, and drove them before him into Brittany; and thus they were cleared away.

In Aquitaine the new governor, the Earl of Pembroke, could not even land. He was attacked by Henry of Castille off Rochelle, with a far superior force of ships and boats, and a two-days' battle took place. Rochelle refused to succour the English, who in the end were overwhelmed. Pembroke was made prisoner, the whole fleet sunk or taken; the treasure-

ship, for pay to the Gascon army, went to the bottom (June 1372). This was the death-blow to the English ascendency in the South.

Poitou threw herself into Du Guesclin's arms; Poitiers itself fell into his hands; the Captal de Buch and Percy were surprised and taken: La Rochelle drove out its English garrison, first making good terms for herself with the French King[1]. The Constable swept, almost without loss, across Poitou, the Angoumois, and Saintonge.

In Thouars lay almost all the Poitou nobles of the English side: there Du Guesclin laid siege to them. They agreed to an armistice; if not helped from England before the end of November, they would capitulate: and Du Guesclin fortified his position round the town, and waited. The English King and even the Black Prince, with the army intended to land at Calais, took ship at Southampton. But the autumn gales were on them; for nine weeks they struggled in vain against this new foe. The day for the capitulation of Thouars came while they were still at sea; and the old King, at last, gave orders to steer back to the English shore. He landed again at Southampton[2], and thus the effort failed. 'Never was there King of France,' said he, 'who wore so little armour, yet never was there one who has given me so much to do[3].'

Thus he summed up the character of Charles' warfare; and by these means, consequently, Poitou was entirely lost to the English.

Next, Charles set himself to punish Montfort the Duke of Brittany for his English sympathies. In a very short time nothing was left to the English party there except Brest, Auray, and Derval. The first of these was besieged; but it was succoured by the Earl of Salisbury, who offered battle to

[1] These were that—1. They should rase the castle, which had often been a grievance to them; 2. They should never be separated by marriage, treaty, or otherwise, from France; 3. They should regulate their own coinage; 4. They should never be subjected to any taxation except of their free-will.

[2] Oct. 1372.

[3] Froissart (Buchon), *b.* c. 672. p. 22.

Du Guesclin; but he, faithful to the King's system of warfare, avoided the open field, and raised the siege. He joined the Duke of Anjou before Derval, where he received orders from the King to hasten back to France, to watch a fresh invasion.

The Dukes of Lancaster and Brittany, landing at Calais, had broken in on France. The old tactics were followed. Open country and villages abandoned to their fate; fortified towns held in silence; no army in the field. So the Dukes passed unresisted through Eastern France; crossed the Marne and Seine into Burgundy; thence through the hill-land of Auvergne to the Limousin; and so on to Bordeaux. But, when they reached that city they were utterly undone. Without a battle, almost without a skirmish, they had passed through France, leaving behind them a black and desolate trail; but leaving also two-thirds of their force; horses, arms, everything gone, they reached Bordeaux a beaten and disorganised remnant. Nothing remained for them but to cross over again, with such poor shattered force as there was, into England. Thus ended King Edward's last attempt to hold his ground in France; his last attempt to attain what was impossible. The French followed in their track; the Duke of Anjou entered Guienne; the lords of Gascony submitted; and in all France proper the English now held nothing save Calais, Cherbourg, Bayonne, and Bordeaux[1]. Thus was the sage policy of Charles thoroughly successful. The English were utterly overthrown, without bloodshed or glory; and, worn out with this strange struggle, both parties welcomed the intervention of the Pope; a truce for two years was signed (A.D. 1375–1377).

During this time Charles busied himself with reforms; the internal state of France recovered something of its prosperity; the taxation was, no doubt, heavy, and enforced on clergy and lay-folk alike, but, in return, there was peace and security; during which men could work.

In 1376 Edward the Black Prince closed his years of suffering

[1] They had still possession of Brest; but we must not include Brittany in France proper.

in silent death. Though a great soldier, for those days, and in some respects a noble character, he lacked opportunity for real greatness; he was brilliant with the brilliancy of fireworks, transitory and wasteful. A year later the old King Edward also passed away; days of change are coming; a new era in English history begins.

The English would gladly have renewed the truce; but Charles was too wary for that. He at once sent the Castille fleet, which had done him such good service at La Rochelle, to ravage the English coasts. It was unopposed. By sea and land the closet-King was alike supreme. His armies entered Picardy and Guienne: there was no one to withstand them. The English efforts to relieve the King of Navarre, who, for all his ruses, was hard pressed by the Castilians, were but partly successful: Charles the Bad was between the upper and nether millstones of Charles the Wise, who ground down his French possessions, and Don Juan, son of Henry of Castille, who attacked his Spanish territories. Though succoured by the English he was obliged to make a lame peace with the Castilian King.

The English also attacked St. Malo, but fruitlessly, except in so far as they drew Du Guesclin and the Duke of Berri away from Bordeaux, which they were pressing hard. No battle was fought, Charles being still faithful to his policy; but the English made no impression on St. Malo, and were forced to reimbark.

On the whole, by sea and land, the English were completely overmatched; and the year 1378 saw Charles V successful on every side: he seemed likely to be able to rescue all France from foreign interference, and to administer a newborn kingdom with Ordinances, arbitrary no doubt, but in the actual condition of the age and country, clearly sagacious and suitable.

But he pushed his concentrating tendencies too far. The outlying districts, Flanders, Brittany, Languedoc, never French, but called on to choose between Paris and London, might, with

prudent and gentle handling, have become firmly united to France; and would then have gradually been assimilated to her. But Charles took little heed to local prejudice, and, with that cold unimaginative nature of his, trampled on local liberties; consequently, the last years of his reign saw his great work in France not consolidated but imperilled.

He set himself to confiscate Brittany. That Duchy, so free and high-spirited, was now without a head: John of Montfort had been expelled by the wave of opposition to the English; and no one was put in his place. Charles was not content to do what was prudent, by reinstating the Blois family in the Duchy; a step which would have bound Brittany, retaining its feudal relations to its own chief, by strong ties of gratitude and need to the French throne. He wished to absorb the Duchy, and abolish its ancient liberties. In vain did Jeanne, the widow of Charles of Blois, protest and remonstrate; Charles secured the neutrality of Du Guesclin and Clisson, who let their allegiance to him outweigh their patriotism, and then, in December 1378, declared the Duchy united to the crown.

These great Breton soldiers, Du Guesclin, Clisson, Rohan, were true freebooting captains: they had driven out the English faction, had re-established serfage and heavy taxation: they now sold themselves and their country to the timid King. But though her natural leaders thus deserted her, Brittany did not hesitate: her anger broke forth at once; in the early summer of 1379 the whole Breton people were in full revolt. John of Montfort reappeared, welcomed by an united and enthusiastic people. The royal forces made no progress, for the royal war-formula, 'no battles,' did not suit this case. When Englishmen were dragging their weary course across France, they were wisely left 'to perish by their own weight,' the doom of 'violence bereft of prudence;' but against a vigorous national uprising this 'little warfare' was of no avail. The King became angry, distrustful; remembering that Du Guesclin was a Breton, he suspected him: and he in turn, not easy in his mind, —how should he be so?—and feeling himself ill-placed between

Brittany on one side and his master on the other, begged leave to be gone, and, getting leave, sent to the King an angry message with his Constable's sword, and set forth for Castille. A reconciliation, of a kind, took place: and he consented on his way to reduce some English-holding fortresses in the South. Accordingly he sat down before a little place, Château-Randon, on the frontiers of Languedoc: and there fell ill and died (July, 1380). So passed away the free-lance hero of a dark age; in half-discredit with his King, at a time when a greater man would have risked still more discredit for his native land. But these were evil days for soldiers; and the spirit of patriotism was distracted by cross-interests. Du Guesclin worthily receives honour from France; for he was a notable instrument in her building-up: but with this praise we must leave him; no other true glory or greatness belongs to the fierce-tempered Breton. They brought his body back to the North, and laid it among the tombs of the Kings in St. Denis: hard by the resting-place which Charles, with the sickly imagination of an invalid, had built for himself while he yet lived: and a never-dying lamp burnt for ages over his grave.

Meanwhile troubles broke out in North and South. Flanders was torn with civil war of the burghers against the nobles, headed by their Count Louis. Charles V, when Louis in his strait applied to him, refused him help. He would not now move a finger in the cause of the nobles, though with them he had triumphed over Paris; and this too even though he knew well that the burghers were attached to England, and that the cause of the nobles was, so far, his own. He seems to have based his refusal on personal grounds: 'Louis,' he said, 'is the proudest prince alive; I would gladly bring him to reason.' But this was only the pretext; the principle on which he acted was his old and fixed one of lowering the power of the great nobles.

And lastly, in these same years, 1378–1380, the Duke of Anjou, being sent by the King into Languedoc, had found there, as he thought, a fine field for his dangerous ambition, and had treated that fair province as his own private domain. He crushed the

inhabitants under his feet; his subsidies were huge, he violated the privileges of the cities, treated all except the noblesse with contempt. At last their cry reached the King's ears, and he, finding them pushed to the end of their forbearance, recalled the Duke of Anjou, who was at the moment intriguing with his friend Pope Clement VII at Avignon, and sent down commissioners to inquire of abuses and to reform them. He eventually gave the charge of Languedoc to the Count of Foix, a most popular Southern lord; and this danger to the crown was averted.

Nor was France proper altogether at rest: the royal exactions rendered the population uneasy: in 1379 the King was obliged to suspend all his fiscal officers, and to give the cities some control over their taxation[1]. In all things Charles shewed himself rather a great proprietor than a great Prince: the sufferings of his country never seemed to affect him till they expressed themselves in a falling-off of the royal revenues. Then he bestirred himself;—but as a landlord, not as a King[2].

But in the midst of these dark signs of a task half done, came to the King his summons to lay down the sceptre. His physician had told him, early in life, that when the abscess under his arm closed he must prepare to die; death would be upon him within a fortnight: and now, early in September, 1380, the sign came. Charles arranged his affairs calmly, as befitted the 'sage' King; sent for two of his brothers, the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy, with the Duke of Bourbon, his Queen's brother; leaving unsummoned the ambitious and unscrupulous Anjou. To them he commended his little son Charles, but twelve years old, light of character, and one who needed prudent governors: he bade them make Clisson Constable in the room of Du Guesclin; he lamented greatly the heavy aids with which he had grieved and crushed the poor folk of France.

[1] Ordonnances des Rois, tom. 6. p. 440.

[2] Martin, Histoire des Français, tom. 5. p. 327: 'Le roi n'était, dans sa manière habituelle de penser et de vivre, que le plus grand propriétaire de son royaume; S. Louis est peut-être le seul de nos vieux rois qui ait vu les choses de plus haut.'—Cp. Ordonnances des Rois, tom. 6. pp. 464, 467.

And having made them this too late confession of the harshness of his rule towards them, he devoutly resigned the weary burden of his life and crown into the hands of Him who had laid them on him.

So died King Charles the Fifth, the Sage.

There is something fascinating about this sickly King, so unlike all before him, at once weaker and stronger than they. We see him in his youth flying like a craven from the field of Poitiers, with a following of horsemen who, led by a brave man, might have stemmed the 'onward ride' of the Black Prince. Then we see him grovelling at the feet of Marcel, abjectly begging his life; we note his companions, noble and frivolous;—and what a prospect for France when this poor creature becomes King! Add to this his terrible illness, soon after his coronation[1]; and then compare his accession with that of his lively, handsome son Charles the Sixth:—who would have said that the one would leave his kingdom enlarged, at peace; the other drag it down to the lowest depth of humiliation?

But when Charles V becomes King unknown qualities emerge. He is silent, hidden from sight. From his secret places he rules, an occult power. The feudal world around him loses sight of him, has no influence with him. He studiously depresses the great nobles, does all by means of new men, the 'Marmousets,' as the feudal lords contemptuously call them; or he employs his brothers, the Princes of the Lilies, whose ambition and rude health he satisfies and employs now here now there. His cold temperament cares for no man's sufferings; he has little love for anyone except Du Guesclin. His tenacity outwears his enemies, reduces his domestic burdens, enables him to smother any latent desire for liberty in France, brings his finances into good order, avoiding the disastrous ignorance of his forerunner's fiscal policy; he restores confidence and in-

[1] 'Depuis le temps de son couronnement, luy estant en fleur de juenece, ot une très griève et longue maladie, à quel cause luy vint se ne scay, mais tout en fu affoiblis et debilitez, que toute sa vie demoura très pale et très maigre, et sa complexion moult dangereuse de fièvres et froidures d'estomac.'—Christine de Pisan, 2. c. 10.

dustry, he enlarges the borders of his kingdom. Yet so secretly and silently, so unlike the clatter of that false chivalry with which men's ears were still filled, that the world was fain to account for his power by occult causes: he was over-learned, a magician, a practiser of forbidden arts. The truth was, he was a shrewd lawyer [1], patient, unscrupulous, sagacious; and he knew his times. He saw that the day of chivalry was past, that the old forces of the world were wearing themselves out; he knew that by waiting he could outstay them. Their life was all action and glory; he denied them the stirring excitement of battle, and quietly wearied them out. This is the secret of his success.

We have a minute account of his daily life from Christine [2]: it was thus. After dressing, he received his chaplain, with whom he recited Breviary and Hours. Then at 8 A.M. he heard Mass in his chapel, after which he gave audience to rich and poor alike. Then, on Council days, to the Council; then talk, after the business done, with the lords of the blood or the bishops. By 10 A.M. breakfast was ready: simple food, washed down with good wine much diluted; music playing the while. Then conference with any prince or ambassador who might be at Court; questions propounded, discussed, solved; letters signed; gifts and offices granted. This all done, he withdrew and rested, taking sleep for about an hour. Refreshed, he amused himself with his private friends, using simple relaxations for the sake of his health: and this till vespers. Then, in summer, he would stroll in his garden, and, if at St. Pol, the Queen and children would sometimes come too, and he would speak to the women, and ask after the well-being of the children. But in the winter he sat and heard reading, now of Holy Writ, now of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' or of Moralities, or Philosophy, till supper, which was early and light. After the meal, he fenced a little with his comrades, and so betimes to bed. It is a quiet feeble life, strictly by rule, without energy or enterprise or much of interest, except when he pleased himself with his fine

[1] As the Duke of Lancaster called him.
[2] Christine de Pisan, I. c. 16.

collections of jewels, for which he had a great love. He wearily did his work as a ruler; saying with a sigh, that government was 'more burden than glory,'—'plus charge que gloire.'

He was also a great lover of architecture and engineering, and built not a few noble castles and churches, such as the chapel at Vincennes, and the great abbey of St. Ouen at Rouen. The Bastille dates from his day; he projected the canal between the Seine and Loire. He loved learning and the learned; his reign saw translations of the Bible,—then of Aristotle, next in authority, —then of St. Augustine and of Livy; and he gathered together the germs of the great Library at Paris.

But his public and striking acts are few. He did much for good government in detail; his administrative and civil ordinances bear the mark of a mind steeped in law, especially in Roman Law. He made the Parliament of Paris permanent, treating it as a high Law Court, and placed it significantly in the old palace of St. Louis. He ordained that the majority of the Kings of France should be fixed at the age of thirteen[1]; and very wisely separated the regency from the tutorship of a minor King; so that the Regent should never have the personal charge of the King as well as that of the kingdom. His Ordinances show no small favour to the higher Bourgeoisie; it is not uncommon to find him granting nobility to the Provost and Sheriffs of cities, as in 1377 to those of Paris, and in 1372 to those of Poitiers. His Ordinances for the cities had as an obvious aim first, to detach them (as in the cases of La Rochelle and Poitiers) from the English cause, and secondly, to raise them up against the feudal noblesse. We may note also that he overthrew many feudal castles, alleging that they might prove serviceable to the English. In fact he succeeded in bereaving the nobles of many of their sovereign prerogatives, and in concentrating on himself the whole legislative power. They retained their powers of administration and war; the time would come when the Monarchy would absorb these also[2].

[1] This law held good till the Revolution.
[2] Duruy, Histoire de France, I. 421.

One more trait: though it is true that Charles confirmed his brother in the Duchy of Burgundy,—finding the thing in fact done when he came to the throne,—he took good care that no more limbs should be torn away from France as provisions for younger sons. There exists an Ordinance from his hand which forbids all such concessions of sovereign fiefs in the future, and fixes the provision for princes of the blood in the form of revenues and titles. Thus while with one hand he helped to found the great ducal house of Burgundy, with the other he secured the unity of the French kingdom. Henceforth France has but three great fiefs on her flanks: Guienne, the chief scene of these Anglo-French wars; Burgundy, destined to rise almost to the rank of a kingdom in the coming time; and Brittany, where the stubborn Armoricans would be the last to bow the head to the crown of France [1].

[1] La Vallée, 2. pp. 56, 57.

# CHAPTER IV.

## *Charles VI.* A.D. 1380—1422.

### I. *The Great Schism.*

ONE of the last public acts of Charles V was the creation of the 'Great Schism of the West,' which divided Europe into two new camps: that of the Clementines, or of those who recognised Pope Clement VII, and that of the Urbanists, who paid allegiance to Urban VI. Though the latter claimant had apparently the stronger and better cause, the French King did not hesitate to throw his weight into the opposite scale. And from that moment (A.D. 1378) for many years raged this great struggle between Pope and Pope, to the scandal of Christendom. The French policy respecting the Popes, their 'captivity' at Avignon, their want of moral character and of any true sense of responsibility, their persistent resistance to all reform, led naturally to this deplorable sight, this duel in which the greatest names and the greatest ideas in Christendom, were pitilessly dragged through the dust.

The last quarter of the fourteenth century was a very bad time throughout Europe. Everywhere there was ferment, restlessness, sudden uprisings from below, ill-managed and abortive, yet capable of shaking still more the crazy feudal fabric. Everywhere the feeling was the same: in Italy the Fraticelli; the Vaudois, the Turlupins; 'the Society of the Poor,' the 'Beggars,' in Germany; in France the Jacquerie; the followers of Wicliffe and John Ball in England:—all expressed the same discontent.

Froissart, who watched it from the feudal castle-wall, opines that it sprang 'from the great ease and abundance of goods in which the common folk then lived.' He also finds it quite natural that the 'common folk should till the lands of the gentlemen, gather in his harvest, lead it to his grange, store it, thrash and winnow it, and, as his servile duty, cut the hay, make it, stack it, and do all such like corvées.' But the unreasonable people[1] appealed to things unheard-of, to God's order in the world, to Adam and Eve, complained that they were kept like beasts, not like men, demanded wages for work.

At the same time the faithless Papacy at Avignon was the mother of all horrid crimes and vices, slave to its own passions and to France. The conclave was entirely under French influences; one Pope after another bowed before the French King. But this could not continue for ever; and at last Urban V, in spite of all the efforts of Charles V and the French party at Avignon, broke loose in 1367, and returned to Rome. The Emperor Charles IV held his stirrup at his entry, rejoicing to think that his turn of influence might be coming. Cardinal Albornoz had subdued the Romagna, Umbria, and the March of Ancona: the Papacy might come back and reseat itself in its temporal princedom. Yet Urban soon slipped back again to Avignon, where he died in 1370. His successor, Gregory XI, moved chiefly by St. Catherine of Siena, whose influence over him was unbounded, risked his personal safety, and also escaped to Rome. Italy was now fast turning against France; and when in 1378 Gregory XI died, the Romans, dreading above all things another Avignon Pope, shewed so ominous a temper, that the sixteen cardinals, of whom eleven were French, were compelled, much against their will, to elect an Italian, the Bishop of Bari, as Pope. He took the name of Urban VI. The conclave, even while it elected him, made protest that it was acting under compulsion; and when the stern severity of

[1] 'Les méchants gens.'—Froissart (Buchon), 8. c. 106. p. 14.

their new head became plain to them, when no one seemed safe from violence, when the cardinals of his own party were seized, and even (so the tale ran) cast into the sea, they were terrified at the master they had given themselves, and withdrew to Anagni, to be near Naples. They called to their aid the Gascon and Breton brigands who were still roving about Italy: they wrote to Charles V, and made terms with him; they declared the Papal See vacant, and proceeded to a new election. This time their choice fell on Robert of Geneva, a man who did not belong to any of the powerful nations: he had led freebooters into Italy, and was now but thirty-six years old. He took the name of Clement VII. Charles V of France, the kingdoms of Scotland, Naples, and Castille, recognised him at once. On the other hand Urban was acknowledged by Northern Italy, by Germany, England, Holland, Navarre, and most of the northern states of Europe. Thus was all Christendom split asunder by the 'Great Schism' between the aged Urban VI, the stern, disinterested, madly violent Italian Pope, and the youthful Clement VII, the supple and dissolute French Pope.

The duration of the schism is reckoned by some at forty, by others at seventy-eight, years. The Church herself was never quite clear as to the rights of the question; it got itself mixed up with many cross issues. It destroyed the idea of the theocratic monarchy; it struck a heavy blow at the old faith, and prepared men for the Reformation. It was a great scandal in Christendom, this house divided against itself. The Popes fired bulls point-blank at one another, they distracted Europe with the sight of their selfishness, and of the impotence of their most tremendous ecclesiastical weapons.

At first the vigour of Urban carried all before it. He drove Clement out of Naples and compelled him to take refuge at Avignon; then, with help of Charles of Durazzo, one of the Angevin claimants to the throne of Naples, he took that city, and put its unhappy Queen Jeanne to death.

## II. *The Early Years of the King.* A.D. 1380—1392.

So things stood, when Charles V died, leaving his throne to the handsome boy[1], now nearly twelve years old, whose reign was so disastrous to the state, so sad for himself. Just before the sage King died, he had commended his little son to the dukes his brothers, Berri and Burgundy, and to Bourbon, the Queen's brother. 'All my trust,' said he, 'is in you; the child is young and fickle-minded, and great need there is he should be guided and governed by good teaching.' Ill did they fulfil the trust! Berri was occupied with his pleasures and his extortions in the South; Burgundy was busy securing the great fief of Flanders, and of founding a powerful dominion to the north and east of France; Bourbon was an amiable and worthy man, but gentle and of small influence; and lastly, the Duke of Anjou, whom Charles had not called to his bedside, was rapacious and selfish, vehemently ambitious, and full of schemes for winning the throne of Naples.

The times looked dark in Church and State. On the thrones of France and England sat children, each surrounded by a group of dishonest princes of the blood: drunken Wenceslaus abased the Empire: the state of the Papacy we have seen. There was neither dignity in high places nor contentment in the people. The English troubles were social[2], and more agricultural than civic: the French movements were political, springing from the ideas of the burghers of a few great cities, in sympathy with the Flemish towns. There was but little harmony between them and the peasantry.

Never was there more need of a wise prince than when the handsome, light-headed Charles VI was called on to take his father's place. But he had not a single quality likely to be useful to his people except it were his good nature. He does

[1] Christine, 2. c. 15, says he was tall, handsome, and well-built, 'souverainement bel de corps et de viaire (visage), grant des corps, plus que les communes hommes, bien formé, et de beauls membres.'

[2] Wat Tyler's insurrection took place in 1381.

not seem to have been cruel of disposition. Juvenal des Ursins says that at Courtrai he tried to prevent the murder, fire, and pillage. He also calls him 'benign and gentle[1].' Fickle-minded, fond of pomp and pleasure, he disliked the duties of a ruler, and craved for ever-fresh excitements. When his father, shortly before his death, had given him choice of some among his exquisite jewels, the lad passed them all by and chose instead a little helmet: he hung a little suit of armour, like a child's toy, at his bed-head; all tended to shew that expeditions or court-games, movement, excitement, self-indulgence, these were the needs of the boy-king; and in these his uncles, the Princes of the Lilies, gladly indulged him; for they were sure to render him unfit to exert his own authority against theirs.

By an ordinance of 1374[2] Charles V had fixed the age of his successor's majority at thirteen; hoping thereby to free his son from the uncles: but he died two years before the boy reached even that early age. In 1375 he had given the regency to his eldest brother, the Duke of Anjou; but afterwards (probably discerning his character better), he tried to keep him out of it altogether. The tutelage he entrusted to the Queen, his wife, to his third brother the Duke of Burgundy and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon. The regency was to have no authority over Paris, Senlis, Melun, or the Duchy of Normandy, which were to be governed by a council of prelates, barons, members of the Parliament, and six burghers of the city of Paris.

Of these Princes of the Lilies, the Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Hardi, had married Margaret, heiress to the Count of Flanders; and so he had the immediate expectation of Flanders, 'the wealthiest district in Christendom[3],' together with Brabant, Artois, and other places of note.

[1] J. Juvenal des Ursins, ann. 1388: 'avoit grand sens et entendement, et estoit très belle personne, et benigne et douce.' The great Chronique de France describes the King as seeking to shelter the citizens, 'combien que le roy eust fait cryer quon ny tuast personne et que on ne fit desplaisir a nulluy, toute voies, en despit de la bataille de Courtray . . . les gens de guerre tuerent presque tous ceulx de la ville.'—Chron. de France, tom. 3. p. 45.

[2] Ordonnances des Rois, tom. 6. p. 26.

[3] 'La plus noble, riche et grant qui soit en Crestienté.'—Christine, 2. 13.

Anjou, the worst of the brothers, was greedy and ambitious: he it was who stole the jewels Charles V had collected: he scented out and seized on the bars of treasure hidden in the walls of Melun Castle, and intended as a reserve for the use of the young King. Having got this wealth, he determined to win with it Naples and Sicily, the glittering prize which dazzled him and lured him to destruction. That he was thus attracted out of France, and furnished with the means of making his way in Italy, was perhaps the happiest thing that could have happened. The money was not altogether ill laid out.

Berri, who presently took the command of the South of France, was incapable as a ruler, extortionate, unjust; he oppressed his people scandalously.

These selfish Princes of the Lilies quarrelled at once. Anjou, through the great lawyer Jean des Marests, claimed both regency and tutelage: the Chancellor, Peter d'Orgemont, for the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, claimed that the King should be at once consecrated, and that there should be no regency, alleging the express wishes of the late King. The dispute came to arbitration. It was agreed that Anjou should be Regent, but only till the King's consecration, and that he should have as his own all the treasure, plate, jewelry, and furniture of Charles V. His hopes of Naples made him acquiesce in this award. There was established a great council, in which sat the four Dukes, and with them twelve counsellors, whom they chose. The King's consecration at Rheims followed at once; Oliver Clisson was made Constable of France; the Dukes divided the charge of the kingdom as they thought best. Burgundy had Normandy and Picardy; Berri went south to Languedoc, ruling there and in part of Aquitaine, having full regalian rights over nearly one-third of the kingdom. Anjou was President of the Council, and had control of finance: Burgundy and Bourbon set themselves over the King's education.

Just at this moment Ghent sounded her war-note. Philip van Arteveld headed the revolt of the burghers against feudalism,

in his struggle with Louis de Male, Count of Bruges, and feudal lord of Ghent: and in the battle of Bruges (A.D. 1382) won his city's independence. At the same time Paris had revolted, and had compelled the King's advisers to lighten the burden of taxation. Thirty-thousand armed citizens were not to be trifled with. Rouen also revolted, and set up a draper as their civic King: but the Dukes presently overthrew him. The States-General were refractory; the provincial States disaffected. The feudal party, the nobles of France, saw clearly that the triumph of the cities would be their loss; and they urged the boy-King to make war on the citizens of Flanders. Nor was he loth to take the field. Philip van Arteveld appealed to England; but, though the Urbanist churchmen of England wished to aid their friends, the Flemings, against the Clementine French, and though the English cities were not altogether unwilling to stand by Ghent, succour came reluctantly, and too late. The English nobility saw, as well as the French, that their interests were not on the side of the towns. The campaign of the French chivalry against Ghent was little more than a military excursion. A great part of the civic forces were engaged in the siege of Oudenarde: with the remainder, men of plentiful goodwill but small knowledge of war, Philip van Arteveld marched out against the French. Froissart tells us that he was no skilful general, 'being more fit to fish with a worm,' as he used to do, on the bridges of Ghent, than to command armies: and probably the contemplative citizen was better in the council-chamber than in the field. Certainly, at Roosebek there was but little strategy. The citizens tied themselves together, we are told, and advanced in a solid body on the French. But though they made some impression on the centre, the two wings of the French army lapped round their flanks, where they were defenceless. They stood and were massacred: 'soon there was a long and high heap of slaughtered Flemings: and for so great a battle and so many dead, never flowed so little blood'—some were knocked down with clubs and maces; numbers were stifled in the crush, and lay unwounded, but dead. It is said that 26,000 perished: the

whole of the Ghent battalion, with Van Arteveld at its head, was destroyed; and the war was in fact ended with one blow. Had King Charles pushed on, he might have brought all to a very speedy close. Flanders was crushed; the siege of Oudenarde raised; Bruges threw open her gates; Ghent left her walls undefended for three days. The King wished to see the body of the great burgher whom he had so signally overthrown: and they sought it among the dead. There he lay, under a heap of his faithful Flemings, crushed and stifled to death, without a wound. The prisoner, who found and pointed out the body, was overwhelmed with grief, and tore open his wounds, refusing to live now that his chief was dead. The body was displayed before the King, and then, it is said, was hung on a gallows-tree[1]. 'And this,' says Froissart, 'was the last end of Philip d'Arteveld[2].' Thence they turned to Courtrai, took it, sacked it, and burnt it down. The townsfolk were slaughtered in crowds, the wretched remainder dragged into servitude. The Duke of Burgundy carried away the fine town-clock, and set it up in his good city of Dijon. Thus was 'the Day of the Spurs' avenged.

And it was, in truth, a great triumph of the noblesse over the cities. Paris was the first to feel it. The King came back with great pomp of arms; the burghers' offer of honours at his entry was contemptuously refused: the gates were torn down, the barriers broken; the Bastille at the Porte St. Antoine strengthened. The city was treated as a fallen foe, and heavily taxed[3]. The same was also done at Rheims, Châlons, Troyes, Sens, Orléans. There was also a strong reaction against the lawyers and the 'new men,' the 'Marmousets'; Des Marests, the aged and faithful servant of so many Kings, now fell, nor did he escape the scaffold[4]. There was no little judicial murder, no small squeezing of the rich. Terror and oppressive taxation fell on

[1] It is also said that the King kicked the body as it lay. But this rests on the very slightest authority, that of a MS. chronicle at Oudenarde, cited by M. de Reiffenberg.

[2] Froissart (Buchon), 8. c. 198. p. 354. [3] Ibid. 8. c. 204. p. 387.

[4] Possibly his having supported the Duke of Anjou was partly the cause of his fall.

the intelligent and industrious classes. In all ways the triumph of the nobles seemed to be complete.

It was in vain that a strong force of English under the warlike Bishop of Norwich was sent to Calais to support the Urbanist cause, to give the English nobles a chance of emulating the feudal glory won by the French at Roosebek, and to express, at the same time, the popular sympathy with the burghers of Ghent. They shewed neither strategy nor wisdom, if we except Sir Hugh Calverley, a true warrior of the sterner type, whose voice was never listened to. They took Dunkirk, overran West Flanders as far as Sluys, laid siege to Ypres. But then Charles VI rode northward again with a great host; and the English, overmatched, gave way point by point, until they were forced back again into Calais.

Then came negociations; and a truce, in which the men of Ghent were included, was signed in January 1384. At the same time the burghers' old foe, Louis de Male, Count of Flanders, perished by an obscure death, probably in a brawl with the Duke of Berri. Flanders then fell into the hands of Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who had it in right of Margaret his wife. He was wise and conciliatory, restored the Flemish liberties, and 'was himself more a Fleming than a Lily-prince.' And thus the foundations of the great Burgundian dukedom, stretching in a curve from the sea round the whole northern and much of the eastern frontier of France, were securely laid.

While Burgundy was thus fruitfully busied in the North, Louis of Anjou pursued his own plans to the South; but pursued them to a very different issue. He crossed the Alps in 1385, styling himself King of Sicily, and passed, with no small loss of men, through Italy. Charles of Naples, his rival for the kingdom, withdrew all provisions, so that men and beasts were starved. In vain did Anjou assert his claim as adopted son of Queen Jeanne; in vain did he challenge Charles to come out and fight. Like his namesake of France, the King of Naples saw clearly that every day his antagonist grew weaker,

and avoided all fighting. Anjou, being before Barletta, in which town Charles was lying, drew out his forces and offered battle. 'The French were well enough armed, but very scantily dressed; the King himself wore a linen coat, painted to represent armour.' But Charles of Naples, who had promised 'to see him in the field,' marched out of one of the city-gates; and, when he had raised the hopes of the French, and fulfilled his promise to the letter, marched back into the city by another gate. 'King Louis seeing himself thus mocked, and in such straits, and that his men were dying fast, determined to be gone and to return home. But of his wrath and displeasure he died . . . They put him in a coffin of lead, with such obsequies as they could muster . . . and then, noble or not noble, they made for home afoot with great difficulty, each staff in hand; and sore pity it was to see them. And thus all the chivalry and help King Louis had had from France was lost. A fair example for princes not to undertake such enterprises, if they do not well know how to carry them out[1].' And so the most covetous, unscrupulous, and ambitious of the brothers disappeared.

In this same year the King was married to Isabelle of Bavaria; a lad of sixteen years to a pretty child of fourteen. She was destined, for all her fair innocence, to be the scourge of France.

Next year (A.D. 1386) the King and his uncles declared war on England, proposing to carry it across the Channel[2]. The preparations were enormous; the rendezvous at Sluys. There were collected nine hundred ships[3]; and a wooden town was constructed, which was to be carried over and built up as a fortress on the English shore. Knights and squires in crowds, archers and lesser folk without count. The burden fell on the people; great taxes were levied, and with strictness. So severe was it, that 'a great part of the people' fled the land: 'the exaction was so sharp, that it took all one was worth[4].' Mean-

[1] J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1385.
[2] Froissart (Buchon), 8. c. 206.
[3] Froissart says fourteen hundred.
[4] J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1386.

while all waited for the Duke of Berri; but he 'made good cheer,' as he wrote to the King, 'and lived joyously,' without moving. The autumn came, rough equinoctial weather set in, the Channel was not safe, and the whole thing failed. All the ships either perished at sea, or were taken by the English; the wooden town was given to the Duke of Burgundy; the King went back to Paris. So ended this great effort, 'which did more harm to France than ten years of actual war would have done[1].'

And yet Clisson was eager, in the spring of next year, to collect his forces again. But he was hindered by the Duke of Brittany (who was suspected of English leanings), and an expedition into the Ardennes and to Luxemburg, in the direction of Germany, was planned and undertaken. This too was a wretched failure. The army was starved; its wreck slunk home in disgrace.

All this tended to make the Regency of the Dukes very unpopular. Men, as usual, cherished the fond thought that the young King was good and kindly, and not responsible for these mishaps. And, consequently, there was great joy in France when, at Rheims, in 1388, the King, acting under advice of the prelates, but chiefly of the Cardinal of Laon, took on himself the charges of the government, and dismissed his uncles 'right well and graciously, with many thanks for the trouble and toil they had had with him and the realm[2].' And they went, Berri into Languedoc, Burgundy to his lands and lordships, both ill content, with anger at heart. Before long, the Cardinal died suddenly, and they were suspected of having poisoned him[3]. The King at once chose his counsellors from the 'Marmousets,' who had been the advisers of his father—such as Oliver Clisson, Constable of France, the Lord de la Rivière, and Nougant. The burdens of Paris were lightened, and Juvenal des Ursins, father of the chronicler, was made Provost; Clisson the Constable was in high honour with the King.

[1] Martin, Histoire de France, 5. p. 459. [2] Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1388.
[3] Juvenal. 'Il fut ouvert, et trouva-on les poisons.'

At first there was an attempt to govern well: the new ministers were active, intelligent, prudent. The King made circuit of Languedoc in 1390, and deposed the shameless Duke of Berri. But it was only a gleam of light, soon to be clouded over by the thick darkness of his madness. Though not without kindly impulses, self-control was wanting to him; he plunged into all kinds of excess, and undermined a feeble constitution and intellect. So he drifted on for a while, still counselled by the 'Marmousets,' allowing them to govern, but never halting in his own round of wasteful and dissolute pleasures.

### 3. *The King's madness.* A.D. 1392—1415.

In the summer of 1392 came a great change. One Peter Craon, servant to the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, was dismissed from court. He imagined that Oliver Clisson, with whom he had had high words, was the cause of his disgrace; watching for an opportunity, he attacked the Constable by night with twenty armed men, and left him for dead. The King, passionately fond of his great soldier, heard the news as he was going to rest. He hastened out, and found the Constable recovering his senses, but sorely wounded. Clisson told him who had done the cowardly deed, and then and there he vowed vengeance on the assassin. The Constable recovered; but the King was none the less determined to punish Craon: he however had fled to the Duke of Brittany, who would not give him up. Then the King, on advice of his friends, and against the will of his uncles, gathered an army, and, as soon as the Constable could sit a horse again, set out for the West. It was in August. He was not in good health; his debaucheries had shaken him, he was feverish, light-headed; men noticed a change in his manner and speech; and his physicians advised him not to go out in such hot weather. But he would not listen. The royal Dukes, though much opposed to the expedition, followed in his train. One hot afternoon, as he was riding

in his armour westward in the burning sun, he was startled by a wild-looking man, who seized his bridle and forbade him to go on, 'for he was betrayed to his enemies.' For the moment he paid no great heed, and rode on. But in the heat of the day, one of the two pages who rode behind him dozed, and dozing, let the spear he carried clatter down on the steel-cap of his brother-page. The sound roused the King; he yelled out 'Treason,' and, drawing his sword, fell on his escort, and, chasing them to and fro, killed four before he could be stayed. When they got him down, he lay on the ground as one dead. They carried him back to his quarters. The physicians came, and they too judged that he was gone. The common people came also, and wept and lamented. 'Sore was it to see their tears and mourning[1].' After a while he recovered his health, but not his senses. He knew no one but the Duchess of Orleans, whom he called 'his fair sister:' he even denied his own identity[2]. The people thought him bewitched.

Burgundy and Berri at once seized the government; the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, was put aside. This was the first sign of the coming civil discord between the parties of the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, which forms the chief part of the history of France during this desolate time. The King's friends escaped as best they could: Clisson made for his castle in Brittany, John of Montagu fled to Avignon, Nougant and others were imprisoned in the Bastille. The luckless King was left in charge of his wife, who, from being idle and pleasure-loving, sank into scandalous debauchery, and tore France in pieces by her vices. Unfortunately for France and for himself, the King's malady was found to be intermittent; lasting usually from June to January, and leaving him more or less sane during the spring months. Consequently, the Dukes were regarded as only the King's agents. They sheltered themselves behind his name, his personal popularity, and the

[1] J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1392.

[2] 'Ne cognoissoit personne quelconque tant qui luy mesmes se descoignoissoit, et disoit que ce nestoit il pas.'—Chron. de France, 3. p. 68.

pity felt for him; they got his assent to their baleful measures; they left the state in unrest. The people trusted that the King would again awake to sanity, and hailed his half-lucid intervals with joy and hope. It was sad to see his feeble endeavours to govern when he was better; still more sad to watch him sinking back into madness. He was always aware that the fit was coming on again; and then 'it was most piteous to hear his regrets, as he invoked and called on God's favour, and our Lady and divers saints.' Once he bade the Duke of Burgundy take away his knife; for he said, with tears, that he would rather die than be so tormented[1]. 'If any of this company,' said he, 'are causes of my sufferings, I conjure them, in the name of Christ, to torment me no more, but kill me outright' (July, 1397).

In his lucid times the King seems to have tried honestly to put an end to the scandals of the Great Schism[2]. There were two plans suggested: (1) the 'way of cession,' or that both Popes should abdicate, and a third be elected in their place; (2) 'the way of compromise,' or that there should be a general Council called, at which both parties should be present (or at least be summoned), and that the judgment of the Council should be held to be binding on all. The University of Paris, which had declared against the King's former counsellors, was now rising to the position of the recognised organ of opinion in the realm; joining with the civic authorities, she had made her mind known in remonstrance or advice; had appealed with the voice of a lawyer, not of a churchman, to the high principles of justice, humanity, and duty; had striven to keep alive some sense of right and wrong in days in which religion had fallen so low as to become the unscrupulous partisan of this or that unworthy Pope. To the University the King appealed for her opinion on the Schism. Each Master sent in his own reply: there were, it is said, 'ten thousand opinions;'

[1] Histoire de Charles VI, by the Anon. Monk of St. Denis.

[2] 'Infinita scandala procedebant ex radice nephandissimi scismatis in Ecclesia vigentis.'—Chron. Kar. VI. lib. 1. c. 3.

and the University also sent her Orator, Nicolas de Clemangis, a man of much eloquence, many ideas, and no principles, to court. He addressed the King at length. He threw doubts on the infallibility of Councils; he proposed that the University should temper the one-sidedness of the bishops in Council by a due admixture of doctors in theology and law. He also wrote a book on the corrupt estate of the Church. He seemed likely to be a Church-reformer, a forerunner of Luther; but he had no true depth, and chose to become the mere secretary of one of the rival Popes. Little help then did the King really get from him. Still there seemed a chance of a solution from another quarter. The Avignon Pope died. King Richard of England, now friendly with the French court, was also eager to bring the quarrel to an end; so that two at least of the old opponents were at one. Still nothing was effected: another Avignon Pope, Benedict XIII, was elected: the evil was unabated.

When, in 1396, King Richard of England met the French King between Ardres and Calais, one of the important matters discussed was this of the Schism. The two princes determined to act in concert, both supporting the 'way of cession,' and agreeing to press the Avignon Pope, and to persuade him to abdicate. The Germans also accepted the same solution, and the chief lay-powers seemed to be quite agreed. But there was no chance with Benedict XIII; he stood out firmly for himself. Why should he abolish himself for the good of Christendom? Why should men now expect self-denial from a Vicar of Christ? The Gallican Church withdrew (A.D. 1398) from her allegiance to him, and had a dream of asserting her ancient liberties. Avignon was besieged:—what form of pressure was omitted? But Benedict held grimly to his 'Apostolic seat,' and beat off the assailants. The siege was raised. He doubtless received covert help, at least encouragement, from Spain, and also from the Duke of Orleans' party. For Orleans, with South-French instincts and interests, supported Benedict; while the Burgundians, with their North-French and Germanic sympathies, were for 'the way of cession.'

Richard of England, in 1396, made a truce for twenty-eight years with France; ceded Cherbourg to the King of Navarre, and Brest to the Duke of Brittany, to the great disgust of the English people, and was affianced to Isabelle, the little daughter of the French King. For a brief space a little light falls on the picture. But the King soon sank back into dissolute courses, and thence into madness; and though he had lucid times in the summer, and a still clearer period about Christmas, he never again was fit to take charge of affairs. Meanwhile the court amused itself: the Queen and the Dukes spent all they could extort from the wretched people on their scandalous pleasures: 'though there was no war, aids and money were ever levied from the people.' There was no proper Regency; the court was torn asunder by the two great factions. At the head of the one was the Duke of Burgundy, who drew most of his strength from the North and East of France, partly also even from Germany; after the revolution of 1399, when Richard of England was deposed by his cousin of Lancaster, the Duke was friendly towards Henry IV. In the matter of the Schism the Burgundians urged the 'way of cession;' in politics they affected at least some popular sympathies. At the head of the other party was the Duke of Orleans, supported by the wretched Queen. The Orleanists had their strength in the South of France; they upheld the Avignon Pope, and represented the aristocratic elements of French society; they were at this time very unpopular and extravagant. They nursed the opposition to Henry IV in England.

The Burgundians were probably the stronger; they had a more distinct policy, more powerful friends, a more compact territory to fall back on—a territory which lay between France and Germany, having ties to both, and which seemed not unlikely to become the influential arbiter between them; but they had suffered a terrible blow in 1396, when John, the Duke's son (who afterwards succeeded him, and is known as John the Fearless) led a harebrained crusading army against Bajazet the Ottoman Sultan, who was pressing Hungary, and threatened to

stable his horse in St. Peter's at Rome. The Christians, with true feudal impetuosity, ignorance, and thoughtlessness, refused the counsels of the Hungarian King Sigismund, and fell victims to their enemies at Nicopolis. It was the old tale: the feudal chivalry wasted its strength and breath on the first foe who appeared; with great heat they beat back the Ottoman scouts, and then, disordered and spent, found themselves opposed to Bajazet's real army, the splendid janizaries, fresh, cool, disciplined. They all fell on the field, or were made prisoners. Bajazet had all his captives put to death excepting John of Nevers, the future duke, and eighty nobles, whom he saved that they might be ransomed. It is said that ten thousand of them so perished. The battle of Nicopolis was a fearful blow to the Burgundians. They were weakened by their losses, and crushed with debt for the recovery of the captives. On the other hand, the Duke of Burgundy gained by supporting Henry of Lancaster in the revolution which overthrew King Richard of England in 1399, and laid the foundations of that friendship with the Lancastrian house which was so formidable to France during the next century. Thus for the moment, in England and France alike, the aristocracy seemed to triumph over royalty. Paris was garrisoned with the troops of the two Dukes in 1401, 1402. England had also just seen the overthrow of royalty by aristocracy. Yet, whether triumphant or defeated, the forces of the aristocratic parties were ever eating themselves away, and preparing for that ascendency of monarchy which the next age was destined to see.

Meanwhile the wretched King, to whom the French people clung with a touching and simple hopefulness, calling him the 'well-beloved,' and waiting for his recovery and the golden days it should bring, lingered on, sunk in a miserable condition, amused, as it could best be compassed, with shows and entertainments. This is said to have been the time at which the game of cards was first brought into vogue in France, though it had been known in the days of Philip of Valois; and, in connexion with it, came the first hint of printing, block-printing of the rude figures with which the cards were adorned.

It was at this time also that the great Mysteries, the origin of the French stage, were first acted in Paris by citizens, who formed themselves into a guild for that purpose.

The people, in spite of all, seem to have somewhat bettered their condition during these years; agriculture advanced: the true wealth of France has ever lain in her fields, and in the patient, thrifty cultivation of them by her peasantry[1].

It will not repay us to enter in detail into any account of the years during which France was a prey to rival princes and factions. Miserable years, selfish depraved leaders of parties, no principles, no patriotism. On one side were the Burgundians, on the other the Orleans party, afterwards nicknamed the Armagnacs[2]. Every party had a nickname, sign of a degraded political and moral life. Cabochians[3], Armagnacs, Urbanists, Clementines, the names indicated persons more or less badly prominent, round whom raged the waters of intestine strife. While the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans head the parties, those of Berri and Bourbon try to trim the balance between them, or to bring them from time to time to a hollow peace. Thus, in 1402, we find such an accord, made but to be broken; then the phantom-King awaking somewhat from his loathsome madness, and doubtless influenced by his Queen, names the Duke of Orleans regent of the realm. Forthwith Burgundy, Berri, and Bourbon resist. Orleans, whose one idea of government is to extort money by foolish and oppressive taxation, has to yield before the popularity of Burgundy, who stands forth, once and again, as champion of the oppressed taxpayer.

In this same year Henry of England married the Duchess of Brittany, thus alarming the French; and Orleans, glad of a pretext for coming forth as the exponent of French national feelings, defied England, threatening much that he would avenge poor King Richard. But he was a man of low moral life, great words, small action; and nothing came of it, till 1406, when there was a feeble and abortive attempt at war.

[1] Martin, Histoire de France, 5. p. 469.

[2] See below, p. 495.

[3] Ibid.

But, in 1404, Philip Duke of Burgundy died, leaving his great territories and the inheritance of his quarrel to John the Fearless (Jean sans Peur), his eldest son. He was a young man of irresolute character but much ambition, little fitted to face the difficulties of his position: but he thoroughly understood what that position was. He hated Louis, Duke of Orleans, who on his side despised and had wronged him; he took up the popular resistance to wasteful expenditure and shameless taxation; he kept up good relations with England.

At first, however, Orleans seemed likely to prevail. Burgundy thought it wise to retire to his own states for a time. But he soon came back with an army (A.D. 1405); and Berri and Bourbon rallied to him, so as to balance the great influence of Orleans. Each party had an army in the district round Paris, and a collision seemed imminent. But Berri tried his part of peace-maker, and an open explosion was averted. In this same year the Queen and her brother, Louis Duke of Bavaria, tried to carry off the Dauphin and the children of the Duke of Burgundy as hostages to Pouilly. They were detained by a heavy storm; and tidings of their attempt came to Burgundy, who was lodged at the Louvre. He at once took horse, and rode after them full speed; and so well he rode that he caught them up, took the lads out of their hands, and brought them back to Paris, to the great joy of all the people[1]. The Duke now thought it time to make his manifesto to the Parisians; and he did so, saying that he had interfered for four reasons: '1. For the sake of the King's government, and to bring about the recovery of his health: 2. To do justice in the realm, wherein were committed infinite ill-doings: 3. To improve the Royal Domain by good administration, for its revenues were naught, and it was in a ruined state: 4. In order to assemble the Three Estates, and to advise with them touching the government.' And he went on and shewed that those who had the government before had spoiled and wasted everything. No small vexation and disgust was felt by the

[1] J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1405.

Queen and the Duke of Orleans at this, and at the fact that Burgundy had with him in Paris eight hundred men-at-arms, and that the burghers also surrounded him with weapons in their hands. They came as far as to the wood of Vincennes, and there lay watching for an opportunity. Burgundy called up his German allies, the Duke of Austria, the Count of Würtemberg, the Duke of Savoy and the Prince of Orange; there came also men of Holland and Zealand, of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. He appointed the Duke of Berri Captain of Paris, restored the street chains and the defences at the gates. In the face of this vigour the other side gave way. The Queen and the Duke of Orleans came into Paris; and the Duke of Burgundy was acknowledged to be at the head of affairs; 'many fair ordinances were issued, but they lasted not.'

In this year (A.D. 1405) Margaret of Burgundy died. She was the founder of a kingdom in all but name. Through her was built up the great Burgundian dukedom, which comprised Flanders, Artois, Franche-Comté, and Ducal Burgundy.

There was a kind of suspicious peace between the parties for a few months; but because they kept up, out of sight, a great deal of gnarring and grudging, it was agreed that the two dukes should each take force, and march against the English; Orleans to the South, Burgundy to the North. But the former only played at war; he had neither civil nor military virtue; and did but waste money and men in scandalous pomps and neglect of his duty, after a while making his way back to the pleasant vices of Paris. Burgundy, marching against Calais, acted more respectably, but fared no better; he was ill supplied with stores and money, and, winter coming on, he recognised that Calais was too strong for him, raised the siege, disbanded his force, and also made for Paris. The Duke of Berri, as usual, stood between the irritated princes, and flattered himself that he had at last brought them to terms of friendship. They swore peace and amity, and even heard mass and received the communion together (Nov. 26, 1407); but the Wednesday next following, one Raoul d'Octonville, a Burgundian partisan,

fell on Orleans, as he returned from visiting the Queen, and murdered him. The Duke did not shrink from taking the crime on himself; avowed it to Louis of Anjou and the Duke of Berri; and then (on the advice of the latter) took horse and rode off to his own dominions.

And how was this foul deed received? Paris was in ecstasies of joy; Flanders also and Burgundy approved; the Duke saw that he might safely return to Paris: he came and was received with transports of enthusiasm. The Church, in the person of Jean Petit, accepted the act and apologised for it: for the Duke was dear to the clergy of Paris as being against the Schism, and against Pope Benedict. Even the thin voice of poor King Charles, as of a shadow from the other world, was heard absolving him from any evil consequences. 'He felt,' he declared, 'no wrath against the Duke for the murder of his brother.' The widowed Duchess of Orleans alone,—who had little cause to think well of her husband,—made her voice heard against the murderer, and for the rights of her young sons. So low had morality fallen in this bad age.

It would be vain to trace the minute and inglorious features of the struggle which then ensued. At first the party of the young Duke of Orleans had the upper hand, and Burgundy was called away to quell revolt at Liège: but he came back victorious, and the Queen, who was now Regent, fled with the King, the Dauphin and her party first to Gien, thence to Tours. In the spring the quarrel was patched up, and the King came back to Paris. About the same time another element of European confusion seemed likely to be brought to an end. The Council of Pisa met (A.D. 1409), and the Cardinals of both parties agreed to abandon their masters; the Council declared both Popes to be heretics, excommunicated and deposed them, and forthwith elected another, Alexander V, to fill the vacant throne. But their authority was set at naught by the two previous Popes; the 'way of cession' failed, in not securing the consent of those who had to cede; and forthwith there were three Popes instead of two: the Avignon Pope Benedict being recognised

by Spain; the Roman Pope Gregory by Italy; and the new or Pisan Pope Alexander by the rest of Europe.

The next year saw a new league of Princes against the arbitrary rule of Burgundy. These were Berri, the Orleans princes, Bourbon, the Duke of Brittany, and Bernard, Count of Armagnac, father-in-law of the Duke of Orleans, a southern prince of great vigour, who brought the Gascon free-lances to the help of the princes, and became the real head of the party. They have taken their historic name of 'Armagnacs' from him. These princes now issued a long manifesto to France, claiming to have reason and justice on their side. The Duke of Burgundy had to bow before this new coalition; and though he gathered together his forces from Brabant, Picardy, and Lorraine, he thought it prudent to come to terms with his opponents in a convention called the Treaty of Bicêtre. But it was no true peace—only such a breathing-time as the irreconcilable parties thought needful now and then.

In 1411 war broke out again. Burgundy, it was believed, made terms with the King of England[1]: at any rate negociations with him soon became part of the recognised politics of the time. But for the moment Burgundy received much more effectual help from Paris herself. While it was felt that the Armagnacs were completely the noblesse-party, which also shewed a tendency to become more and more the national party, it was seen that the Burgundians were allied to the burgher-party in Flanders and Paris. And though opinion was much divided at Paris, still for the time it was very loudly pronounced in favour of the northern Duke. But now rose up a new domination in the city, that of the Butchers, the *Cabochians*, as they were called, from the name of one Caboche, a flayer of cattle, and chief butcher-leader. Under this rough and vigorous party, entirely devoted to the Burgundians, Paris showed a resolute front against the nobles. The King and Dauphin were constrained to side with them, adopting 'the cross in the form in which St. An-

[1] 'Et estoit commune renommée que dès lors eurent alliance le roy d'Angleterre et le duc de Bourgongne.'—J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1411.

drew, not our Lord, was crucified,' and the 'chaperon blanc,' the symbols of the Burgundians. Much violence was done to the partisans of the other side, and (as is usual at such times) to harmless rich folk; 'it was only needful to call such an one an Armagnac, then all fell on him, killed him, and took his goods.' The Armagnacs came up to Paris and besieged it from South and North; but they made no progress. They fortified the villages round, notably St. Cloud: but there they were attacked and worsted by the Burgundians, who took the place and slew many of them. They then abandoned St. Denis, which they had also occupied, and fell back to the South. Early in 1412 the King decided to take the field in person against the princes; being specially enraged against the Duke of Berri, whom he besieged in Bourges. The English, to trim the parties, and keep up this wretched civil war, now sent help to the Armagnacs. But in vain; after terrible privations, famine, camp-fever, and all the rest of the usual story, Berri, much battered, made his submission, and a peace was patched up at Auxerre, which the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy signalised by appearing to their soldiers both riding on one horse. The treaty made Burgundy for the moment lord of France; but it threw the Dauphin, a dissolute vicious lad, into the hands of the Armagnacs. The Cabochians ruled supreme in Paris, led by their captain Helion de Jacqueville, a knight of Beauce, who 'in fact governed all things[1]:' Paris and Ghent made common cause again; it was but the pale reflexion of the better days of Étienne Marcel.

This period was made illustrious by a certain famous state-paper, usually called 'the Cabochian Ordinance,' which appeared in 1413. The States-General were convoked, Church, Noblesse, and Good Towns: and those who came busied themselves over the griefs and troubles of the land. Then came forth this Ordinance[2], a singular monument, and one not to be forgotten

[1] J. Juvenal des Ursins, politically opposed to them, says, 'À la fin d'avril ... se mirent sus plus fort qui devant meschantes gens, trippiers, bouchiers, et escorcheurs, pelletiers, cousturiers, et autres pauvres gens de bas estat, qui faisoient de très inhumanes, détestables et deshonnestes besongnes. (A. 1413.)

[2] See Michelet 4. p. 248. This Ordinance was in reality a great code in

when we are told, as ever in the chronicles, of the brutality of the butchers. It proves conclusively that theirs was not a mere 'marrow-bone and cleaver' rule: it shews that their ideas of good government were infinitely higher than those of the princes who were regarded as the natural rulers of France. We must not forget, however, that it was the work not of the brute force of Paris, but of her brain, the doctors and jurists, who were always far in advance of all others, even of the clergy. We read that in this year a notable doctor in theology of great repute, John Jarson (Gerson) spake evil of the dominant party, so that they much desired to take him; but he escaped into the high vaults of Notre Dame, and there lay hid, while his house was pillaged. This Gerson is one of the reputed authors of the famous treatise De Imitatione Christi.

But the Cabochian Ordinance bore no fruits of its wisdom; for in the autumn it was abrogated. The city was weary of the domination of the butchers, with its mixture, which seems almost inevitable in France, of just ideas and lawless action, of noble sentiments and wise utterances, joined to pillage and judicial murder. The citizens, headed by John Juvenal des Ursins, father of the historian, called in the Armagnacs, who gladly came and easily overthrew the Cabochians. John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, who seems to have lost all his nerve and decision, fled headlong into Flanders, and for a time his greatness waned; his good fortune seeming to have deserted him. The Armagnacs made the Duke of Berri Captain of Paris; 'and,' says Juvenal, 'he rode through the city, and men saw him very gladly; and people said it was a very different chivalry from that of Jacqueville and the Cabochians.' Thus judged Juvenal, for his father had headed the civic party against the butchers; and doubtless the riding of the Duke with his noble company was far more gallant and showy than that of the

ten chapters, which were intended to regulate all the government of France. The subjects are: 1. The Royal Domain; 2. Coin of the Realm; 3. Taxation; 4. War-chest; 5. The 'Chambre des Comptes,' or exchequer; 6. The Parliament; 7. Justice; 8. The 'Chancellerie,' or Foreign Office; 9. Water-rights and Forestry; 10. The Gendarmerie.

Cabochian leaders. But it may be doubted whether the change was a great gain.

The Duke of Burgundy made some considerable effort to replace himself, but without success. He got into St. Denis, and the King, now entirely under the Armagnacs, declared him his mortal enemy. They now felt strong enough to attack him on the north and east. They drove his party out of Compiègne, Soissons, Noyon, Laon; they drove the Duke as far as to Liège. Then it was time for him to make such terms as he best might with the Armagnacs and the King; and the treaty of Arras was signed in September 1414.

In 1410 Pope Alexander V had died, leaving the Church in uttermost confusion. He was succeeded by John XXIII. Benedict XIII still ruled at Perpignan, Gregory XII at Rome, and the triple schism became yearly more and more scandalous. In 1414, in concert with Sigismund, King of Romans and Emperor-elect, John XXIII was induced to convoke a General Council at Constance. Thither came he, the Emperor-elect, the envoys of both the Anti-popes, a crowd of dignified clergy, the ambassadors of all Christian States of the West, the Electors, many German barons. It was said that a hundred thousand strangers were there. Significant symptoms of the growth of national life in Europe appeared. Sigismund proclaimed himself 'above grammar[1],' that is, contemptuous towards the old universal tongue of Latin Christendom, the outward symbol of the imperial unity of the Church: the Council was divided into nations, the German, Italian, French, English, and (after a time) the Spanish. John XXIII, odious to all for his vices and crimes, fled to Fribourg, where he was under the protection of Frederick of Austria. But Sigismund pursued him thither; conquered Frederick, and brought the Pope back to Constance. The head and moving intellect of the Council was Gerson, whom we have seen hidden in the upper vaults of Notre Dame. He

[1] He is said to have replied to one who desired to correct a grammatical error in his utterances at Constance, 'Ego sum Rex Romanus et super Grammaticam.'—Menzel, Geschichte der Deutschen, c. 184.

it was who led the Council to make the significant declaration that it was superior to the Papacy, and authoritative over all Christendom. We need not enter into the details of the trial and deposition of John, the legitimate Pope, an act which seemed to justify in the eyes of the world the high pretension of the Council. The Pope accepted the sentence, and solemnly descended from his lofty throne. Gregory XII did the same; Benedict XIII resisted, and was deposed: and to signalise the reunion of Christendom, John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, the eloquent foe of the corrupt priesthood, the man whose opinions were so clearly opposed to that outburst of clerical and conciliar power which had but just asserted its supremacy even over the Papacy, was arraigned, condemned and burnt. Then the Council elected a new Pope, Martin V, who undertook to work with it for the reform of the Church. But no sooner was he Pope than he concluded a Concordat with each of the nations and forthwith broke up the Council. The time for reform was not yet come.

Meanwhile, at Paris, the Dauphin ruled supreme, and gave himself up to his debaucheries. He little recked what a cloud was gathering in the West, to shake him from his scandalous life; he cared little for the growing force, so soon about to drag him out to see with his own eyes the downfall of his country.

# CHAPTER V.

## *The Third Period of the Hundred Years' War.*

### A.D. 1415—1422.

WHEN in 1413 the young Henry V succeeded to his father's throne, the Red Rose had already taken firm root in the soil. All things pointed him out as likely to play an important part in history; his vigour, industry in study[1], kindliness, even the lively faults of his youth, denoted a prince who would seek for stirring deeds when he came to be the King. What troubles met him, what conspiracies beset him, on the threshold of his reign, and how he overcame them; how his attention was called, at the Parliament of Leicester, to the possessions of the clergy; how Archbishop Chichele, to distract his mind from the confiscation of the goods of the Church, pointed out the advantages of a war with France, and gained his point with ease; all this is often told to the student of English history. The high-spirited young King did not forget the insulting message and present sent him by the foolish Dauphin soon after his accession[2], nor could he fail to see the tempting opportunity offered by the intestine troubles of France, the madness of her sovereign, and the hair-brained debauchery of the Dauphin; and he sent over an offer to conclude peace with France on the

[1] He was a student at Queen's College in Oxford, where a very interesting portrait of him is preserved.

[2] Redman's History of Henry V, A.D. 1414. 'Visum est Carolo Galliae Dolphino .... legatos ad nobilissimum principem mittere; quorum inepta ac plane ludicra, nec inter sanos unquam nominanda, legatio non injuria Anglorum regis ... animum ira inflammavit.' He had sent the young King a present of pretty balls from Paris, as a plaything for a child: and this Henry naturally resented.

base of the treaty of Bretigny, with the monstrous addition that Henry should marry Catherine, daughter of Charles VI[1], and that she should bring with her, as dowry, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and a large sum of money. These terms were too hard even for dejected France; in reply Charles offered Henry the hand of Catherine, with Aquitaine, and a considerable dowry. But this was refused; and war came on. In August 1415, Henry set sail from Southampton, after having crushed the great conspiracy of Lord Scroop, and safely entered the Seine; there he landed on the right bank of the river, near Harfleur, a town which was the doorway into Normandy. The town was invested at once; Henry had with him six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty thousand archers.

And how did the French Court receive the news of this formidable invasion? The English lay five weeks besieging Harfleur; they suffered fearfully from dysentery and camp-fever: a large part of the King's forces returned to England, weary or sick. A very little energy would have made the whole expedition fail; a few hundred men pushed boldly forward would have relieved the Sire d'Estoutville, who held Harfleur; and then there would have been nothing for the English but to set sail again for Southampton. But nothing was done at Paris. The King, who had then a lucid interval, took indeed the Oriflamme at St. Denis, and came out as far as to Vernon. But instead of acting, the two parties in France only negociated with each other, and squabbled over old feuds. Thus we find in Juvenal des Ursins a long account of the contention between the Duke of Burgundy's ambassadors at Paris, and the famous theologian Gerson, who had persuaded the Council of Constance to condemn John Petit, a member of the University of Paris, for having maintained that Burgundy was justified in causing the death of the Duke of Orleans. The paper drawn up by Gerson is dated August 1415, the very moment at which Henry was sitting

[1] Henry was at the same time cleverly amusing the Duke of Burgundy, and sowing distrust (if that were needed) between him and the Armagnac Princes, by another proposal; namely that he should take to wife another Catherine, daughter of John the Fearless.—Rymer's Foedera, tom. 9. p. 136.

down before Harfleur. And though the Marshal of France, Boucicault, pushed down to Lillebonne and even came in sight of the English near Harfleur, he was not in force, and fell back without accomplishing anything: the next week he had to receive the remnants of the French garrison, who, worn out with siege and waiting, had capitulated to the English.

King Henry's force was now much reduced[1]: he had probably not more than two thousand men-at-arms, and about thirteen thousand archers,—some say more, some less. With this force any prudent general would either have secured himself in Harfleur, and awaited the spring, or would have left a strong force there, returning straight to England. But the inexperienced young King wished to 'ride through France,' like his fathers; and therefore broke up from Harfleur, and made northwards for Calais. At first he kept near the sea, hoping to pass the Somme, as King Edward had done, near its mouth. And the French leaving Rouen marched parallel with him, due north to Abbeville. They had broken down the bridges, and destroyed all the provender and victual they could.

The French were a great host of nobles, and very presumptuous: as indeed they had some ground for being, seeing that King Henry seemed to be caught in a snare. They refused to allow the Burgundians (with exception of two of the Duke's brothers) to be with them: great numbers of burghers from Paris and other cities wished to join them; but they 'vilipended and despised them[2],' as they had before done at Courtrai and elsewhere. At the time the report ran that the English were so straitened that they offered to give up

[1] Elmham, in his Metrical Chronicle, l. 384–386, says:—

'Hinc vix nongenta pila fuere sibi.
Millia vix quinque remanent simul arcitenentes:
Quotidie numerus fit minor inde sibi.'

But J. Juvenal des Ursins says the King left a good garrison in Harfleur, and then 'se partit, accompagné de quelque quatre mille hommes d'armes, et bien de seize à dix-huit mille archers, à pied, et autres combatans.'—(J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1415, edited by Michaud, 2. p. 518). Sismondi says 2000 men-at-arms, and 13,000 archers. These figures may be near the truth.

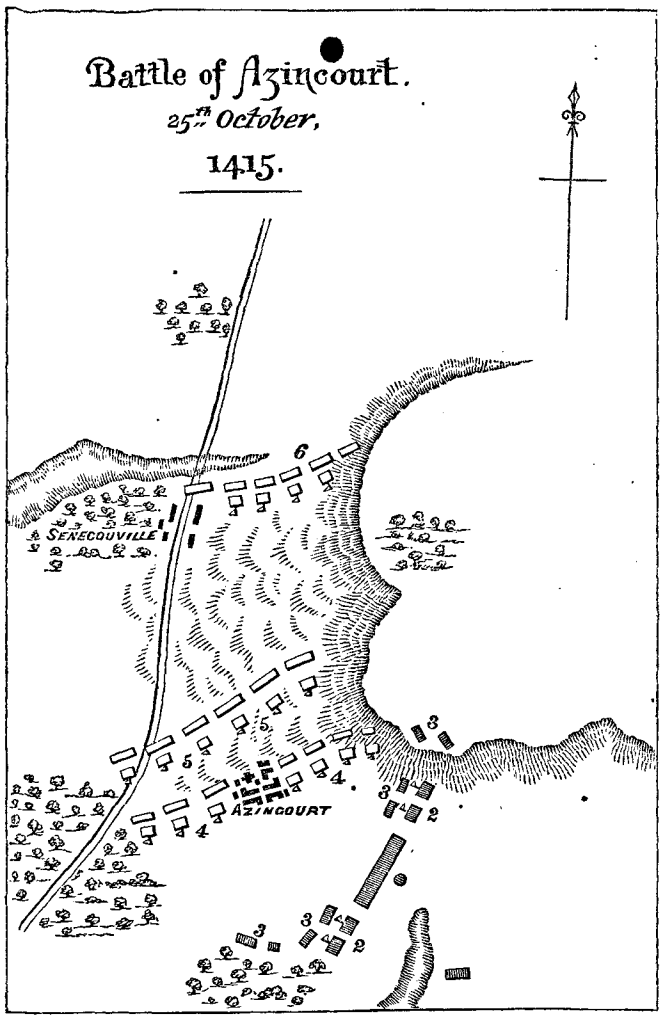
[2] J. Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1415.

Harfleur for a free passage through to Calais; and that the nobles refused it. It is said that the Marshal Boucicault, and the Constable d'Albret, the men who best understood the matter, were for accepting these terms; but that the Princes would not hear of it. So King Henry went on first through the Pays de Caux to Fécamp, thence to Arques, where long after Henry of Navarre did great deeds of arms, thence to Eu, and so to the mouth of the Somme. Could he cross at Blanche-Taque, like King Edward, there might have been a second Crécy;—but Blanche-Taque was too well guarded that day, and he had to strike inland. So doing he somewhere crossed the path of the French host. He found the bridges at Abbeville broken; and had to push farther up the Somme even than Amiens. 'Bridges and causeways are broken everywhere; the pomp of the French grows and swells. The King has scarce eight days' food; the French destroy farms, wine, and food. They sought to weary the people out with hunger and thirst[1].' But the French nobles had not the energy to vex and harass the struggling army, which laboured on, hungry and weary, under the autumnal rains. The English passed Corbie, burnt Nesle; and then, the Somme having become shallower, they found two narrow causeways leading to a ford. Here they got over unmolested, and turned their faces once more towards Calais. The Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans now lay between the English and that city. The King passed Peronne, pushed steadily on, crossed a small stream then called the Swerdys[2], now the Ternoise; and then beheld in front of him the broad hosts of his enemies. They were in great force, and posted at a point, which barred his further progress towards Calais. Then King Henry halted. He had a wood on either hand, and on his right flank a rising ground, covered with trees, in which he placed archers. The French were also between the woods, across the line of the valley, which was ploughed land, and soft. There the armies lay that night; and it rained hard. Next day early,

[1] So says Elmham's doggrel Chronicle. Cap. 26.
[2] 'Fluvius Gladiorum' is Elmham's rendering. Cap. 35.

(October 25, 1415) they drew out their lines. The game of war was entirely in the hands of the French; they had only to wait and let the handful of English attack, and beat them back, or hang on their flanks, surrounding, watching, alarming, cutting off; and the fall of Harfleur would have been avenged without a battle. But they could not resist the excitement of an assault; the Duke of Berri alone seems to have been anxious as to the result. He would not allow either the King or the Dauphin to be there. 'Better,' said he, 'to lose a battle only, than to lose a battle and a King.' Nor indeed were the Dukes of Berri, Brittany, or Burgundy present. But though Charles and the Princes were absent, almost all the nobles and great men of France were there. It was a great host, cramped in a narrow place, where their numbers were of small avail. It is said there were sixty thousand of them; perhaps there were some ten to twelve thousand English. The French were in three lines, in the first the battles of Bourbon and Orleans, behind them the Dukes of Bar and Alençon, and in the rear Dammartin, and others. Their van lay at the little village of Azincourt. On the other side King Henry set his compact body of footmen in the centre, with his few men in armour and the bowmen flanking them to right and left, and feeling the two woods. As the French had not enterprise enough to turn their flank, a piece of simple generalship which with their large force would have been easy, the English position, as a defensive one, was strong and good, and they had strengthened their front with a rough palisade. Between them and the French host was the soft ploughed land, deep from the heavy rains: the day was warm and fine. The battle was begun by the French, whose cavalry was told off to ride forward, and attack the English archers. This they did, and behind them followed heavy-armed soldiers. The mud was deep, and clung to them: their weight made them sink in 'up to the thick part of their legs[1].' So the advance was slow and disorderly, men and horses slipping and sticking. When they got near the palisade behind which the archers lay, the

[1] 'Estoient en terre molle jusques au gros des jambes,' says Juvenal.




*From Spruner's Atlas.*

1. Henry V. 2. English men-at-arms. 3. English archers.
4. Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans. 5. Dukes of Bar and Alençon.
6 Dammartin, Marle, and Falkenberg.

English began that sharp swift shooting the French knew of old. The horses offered a broad aim, and were at once stung into confusion; the wounded animals turned and carried their riders into the ranks of the infantry behind, throwing them into panic; those who got up to the paling were hot and spent, begrimed and breathless, dazzled by the sun. Then the light-armed English stepped gaily down, and fell on the French host, entangled in the mud: but small resistance was made, except by the Duke of Alençon, who perished in the battle, and who won the praises of both sides for his gallantry. 'The noise,' says Juvenal, 'was as if men were hammering on many anvils;'—so did the English blows fall thick and fast on the helms and corslets of the French. They fell in heaps; 'the nobles fell one on another; many were stifled, the rest slain or taken.' There was not much quarter given; and yet the number of prisoners was great. Towards the latter part of the day, a report spread that the Duke of Brittany had come in with a great force; and the French rallied. But even this turned to their misfortune; for the English, who were much encumbered with prisoners, now killed many of them. Of the English the Duke of York and the young Duke of Suffolk perished; but beside them 'scarce thirty more[1].' On the other side there fell the Archbishop of Sens, 'who was little lamented, for that he was out of his place[2],' as was true enough. Three dukes perished, Brabant, Alençon, Bar; six counts, the Constable of France, d'Albret; ninety-two barons; a thousand men-at-arms; five hundred nobles, and seven thousand[3] of lesser note[4].

[1] Elmham (cap. 38). But Sismondi says the English lost 1600.
[2] J. Juvenal des Ursins (A. 1415), p. 521.
[3] Sismondi says 10,000, of whom nearly 8000 were of gentle birth.
[4] These figures, &c., are from Elmham's Metrical History of Henry V:

'Praesul, tresque Duces, Comites sex et—minus octo—
Centum Barones, mille ruunt equites;
Necnon quingenti procerum,* que* millia septem.
Tres capti Comites sunt, duo jure Duces,
Atque Marescallus Francorum, nobilis ille
Burcicaldus; ibi redditus ense datur:
Sunt capti plures in centenis generosi.'—Cap. 39.

Nor were the prisoners less notable: the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, three counts, Boucicault the Marshal of France, together with many hundreds more. Thus King Henry found his passage free to the North; and as his force was scarcely large enough to guard his prisoners, he burnt much of the booty, and marched direct to Guines, and thence to Calais. He crossed the Channel, and made a splendid entry into his good city of London in November.

Meanwhile, in France this great and crowning misfortune of the nobles was a heavy blow to the Armagnac party. At Paris many rejoiced; 'the Armagnacs being discomfited, now Burgundy would come to the top[1].' But they still struggled for the possession of the King and the government. The Duke of Berri brought the King into Paris, and hastily threw up defences; the Count of Armagnac with a good force of Gascons came up with speed from the South, was named Constable of France, and Captain-general of the kingdom, and had control of the Finance. Burgundy judged it wiser not to attack the city, and drew back into Flanders. And now the Dauphin, a worn-out libertine, died, having killed himself by debauch. The King's next son, John, was a firm friend to Burgundy; and shewed signs of determination which frightened the Armagnacs. He died suddenly, opportunely: men said, with show of reason, he was poisoned. The next son, Charles, a lad of fourteen, was altogether Armagnac in feeling: he attacked the Queen for her scandalous life, and exiled her to Tours. The Duke of Berri died; the Count of Armagnac was now sole head of his party, and ruled vigorously and ill. Paris was held in a firm grasp, heavily taxed, suspiciously watched, rigorously punished.

The Duke of Burgundy once more declared himself head of the popular party; entered Picardy, threatened Paris, but in vain; he then went southwards, taking or receiving many cities into his allegiance; he found the Queen at Troyes, whither she had fled from Tours, and made alliance with her, proclaiming her Regent. She declared the acts of the Armagnacs to be

[1] Juvenal des Ursins (A. 1415), p. 519.

illegal; declared the Parliament at Paris to be dissolved, and established another at Poitiers: there were now two distinct governments in France. Paris was uneasy under the severe handling of her masters; and in 1418 a conspiracy against them was successful. One of the gates was opened to the Burgundians; the town was taken, the Armagnacs massacred: The Constable was captured; so too was the poor King, whom they led through the streets that he might seem to sanction the insurrection. The Cabochians reappeared,—those terrible butchers. Charles the Dauphin, whom the Armagnac captain of Paris had carried into the Bastille for safety, got away with difficulty with his friends, and carried on a feeble war from Poitiers. The Burgundians, having no chief,—for the Duke was in the North,—worked their savage will on their opponents. The number of victims was over two thousand; among them the Count of Armagnac, the head of the Orleanist party, and their one man of ability. The Duke of Burgundy hastened up, and did his best to moderate the fury of his followers. But that indecision and want of energy, which had marked his career of late, made his interference of little avail. Nor did he do anything to heal the sore wounds of France, or to defend her against her outer foe. For while the parties were locked in this deadly embrace, Henry of England (after long delay) had again descended (A.D. 1417) on the Norman coast. He marched inland. The Dukes of Anjou, Brittany, and Burgundy, signed treaties of neutrality with him, for their respective states; leaving France to perish as she might: the Armagnacs could not leave Paris for fear of that outbreak which so soon took place. When Paris had given herself over to the Burgundians, her chance of resistance to the English was still less: and Henry quietly sat down before Rouen. The strange feebleness, which turned the name of John the 'Fearless' into sarcasm, now showed itself again. The Duke dared nothing to relieve the town; and after near three months of siege and starving, Rouen fell into the hands of the English. The news of this great blow seemed to scare the French factions into their senses.

Burgundy was willing to give up his ambition to wear the crown of France; the Dauphin was desirous of coming to terms with his father the King, in order to secure his own succession to the throne. Negociations followed; but even then the old jealousies made them very slow. Meanwhile the danger pressed; Henry had reached and taken Pontoise, and was threatening Paris. The Dauphin, too lightly listening to his depraved and stupid courtiers (we must remember that he was still a boy), invited the Duke of Burgundy to an interview on the bridge of Montereau. There the Duke was foully massacred by Tanneguy-Duchâtel, one of the chiefs of the Orleanist party, and others of that company, as he knelt at the Dauphin's feet (A.D. 1419). This was a death-blow to France. The Duke was certainly anxious to make peace, to resist the pretensions of Henry; but this scandalous and foolish crime made all reconciliation impossible: it substituted a young and ambitious man for an old and wearied one: Paris was deeply moved; the young Duke Philip, then aged twenty-three, at once began a fierce and vigorous war against the Armagnacs. People began to say in Paris that Henry of England was far better than the Dauphin and his hated crew. They declared that if Henry sat on the French throne, England would naturally soon become an outlying province of France, and that their country would be more glorious than ever; and, also, it was thought that as Henry was about to marry Catherine of France, he would be almost as near in relation to the throne as any of the reigning family; but if the Valois remained thereon, any peace with the English King must be bought by the dismemberment of France. Moreover, the folly of the Dauphin's friends at this critical moment, by betraying the Duke of Brittany into captivity, and treating him basely when in their power, also roused against him all the hot storm of which the Breton nature is capable. Everything seemed to show that the Dauphin was utterly incapable of reigning; and taught men to think that when the poor mad King was gone, even worse things were in store for them. Negociations were now opened. The Queen, whose

breach with the Armagnacs was irreparable, joined the young Duke of Burgundy; they made a truce with Henry, as did also the city of Paris, carefully excluding the Dauphin; Henry found things very easily arranged for him by them; and the Treaty of Troyes was signed on the 21st of May, 1420.

Therein it was agreed—

1. That the English King should cease, for the while, to bear the title of King of France.
2. That the King of England should have, in lieu, that of Regent and heir of France.
3. Also he promised to maintain the French Parliament in its privileges; the privileges of the peers, nobles, cities, communes, and individuals, and all the laws and customs of the realm of France.
4. Also he promised to do his best to restore to the French King all cities, castles, &c. that had revolted from him, 'being on the side called that of the Dauphin and of Armagnac.'
5. Also that Normandy and all parts and cities conquered by King Henry should be restored to France so soon as Henry succeeded to the throne of France.
6. That on the next vacancy to the throne of France, Henry of England should succeed; that the two crowns should be for ever united; and that each realm should be under its own laws and government; and that neither should be in any way subject to the other.
7. That Henry of England should forthwith espouse Catherine, daughter of the King of France.

The treaty was signed May 21, and Catherine married to the King on June 2, at Troyes; the next day the Kings of France, England, Scotland[1], and the Duke of Burgundy, with many other men of note, rode forth to subdue such cities in the North as were still in the obedience of the Dauphin. And first they came to Sens, which at once opened its gates; then to Montereau, then to Melun, where stout resistance was made; for

[1] This Scottish King, James I, had been taken prisoner in 1406 by the English.

it held out four months, and then was only won by famine. The King of England got back early in Advent to Paris, and there kept Christmas, to the great joy of the citizens.

Thus was Northern France, for the while, subdued under the hand of the English and Burgundians; but their power reached no farther than the Loire. All to the southward of that line, so often the limit of invasion, remained faithful to the Dauphin, and the true French party: the Armagnacs got from their misfortunes the great advantage of being recognised as the true representatives of the national feeling. And now there were 'two Kings of France, the King of Paris and the King of Bourges.' On the one side was the Northern half of France, headquarters of the old Burgundian party, and so far dissevered from the South that it seemed likely to become a separate kingdom; but this success was dearly bought, by the overshadowing help of the English: on the other side was the South of France, with the Dauphin at its head, supported by Scottish help, and by the Lombards. The Southerners, who hitherto had felt no love for the house of Valois, now became aware that it was destined to lead them in their new part of national champions. Thus the very misfortunes of France helped to weld the two halves of the kingdom into one.

King Henry ruled in Paris with stern equity and justice; there was more order than had been known for years.

He returned to England at the end of the year, taking with him his bride, and laid the Treaty of Troyes, which had already been accepted by the Three Estates of France—or such shadow of them as could be got together,—before the English Parliament. Great was the splendour and joy of his return; 'he rode from city to city throughout the land, expounding his great and gallant deeds, and adding that, to bring matters to an end, he needed two things, money and men[1].' Which was true; for while he was absent from France, things made little progress: the Duke of Clarence, his brother, whom he had left in command, was killed in the battle of Baugé, a serious check

[1] Monstrelet.

to the English:—there they encountered the impetuous haste of the French steadied by the coolness of a body of Scots, who had come over to help their old allies the French against their old foes the English. They then took the offensive, and laid siege to Chartres. There King Henry, who had crossed with all speed from England, came on them, and forced them to raise the siege. He drove the French before him, and pushing on as far as to the Loire threatened Orleans; but there he was stayed by the camp-fever, inevitable scourge of medieval armies.

In the midst of all Henry V fell ill at Vincennes, and there died on the last day of August, 1422, at the age of thirty-four: he left behind him one little son, born the November before, and christened Henry. 'He had been of high and great courage, valiant in arms, prudent, sage, great in justice, who without respect of persons did right as readily for small as for great: he was feared and revered of all his relations, subjects, and neighbours;' so says Juvenal des Ursins[1], who felt no good will towards the English. His obsequies were performed in St. Denis; and afterwards his body was carried home, and buried in Westminster Abbey. The Duke of Bedford, his brother, escorted the coffin to England, then returned quickly to France, and took the title of 'Regent of the kingdom of France' for his nephew Henry. Some weeks later died the saddest of French Kings, the much afflicted Charles VI. He had reigned for forty-two years: long he had been but a name, a shadow. His voice, heard at rare intervals on some piteous occasion, was as if it came from the tomb: it usually had a plaintive gentleness, a touch of sad forgiveness in it. 'In his days,' says Juvenal des Ursins, 'he was pitiful, gentle, and benign to his people, serving and loving God, a great giver of alms.' The people called him 'Charles the Well-beloved[2],' clinging to him with a touching helpless-

[1] Juvenal des Ursins, Histoire de Charles VI (A. 1422), p. 567.

[2] Mémoires de Pierre de Fenin (A. 1422): 'Mout fut le roy Charles amé de son peuple toute sa vie, et pour ce on le nommoit Charles-le-Bien-Amé.'

ness. Their attachment to the crazy King shews how oppressive the Princes were:—he at least did them no harm. The manner of his burying was forlorn: no Prince of the blood walked behind; even the Duke of Burgundy, who could have come, took no trouble to be there. The Parisians only seem to have lamented him. That same Duke of Bedford, who but seven weeks before had closed the eyes of his brother, King Henry V, attended his funeral in the great church of St. Denis. There, after due service sung, 'the Anglo-French cried out, Long live King Henry of France and England! and shouted Noel, as though God Himself had come down from heaven[1].' And the Dauphin, far away when he heard of his father's death, made such lamentation as he could; and when he reached Mehun in Berri, was proclaimed King in the chapel there.

There was a grand work before him: he was no longer a partisan chief, no longer a secondary character in the midst of a knot of turbulent nobles, any one of whom, like the Count of Armagnac, could overshadow him: he was no longer in the uncertain position of a son opposed to his mother, and, in appearance at least, to the crown: he had suddenly been raised to be the head of the national cause, and was the legitimate and true King of France. He had a fair prospect of being able to rally all Frenchmen round him: even in the North there were crowds who would welcome him; the South was all at his feet. But there was on him some of the gloom of his father's life; he was listless, quiet, fond of hunting; he let others fight for him, little caring how they fared: pushed on by them with no effort of his own he triumphed and secured his throne. In this he was perhaps fortunate: others could do for him what he could scarcely have done for himself. A lazy, kindly, good-looking Prince, 'he never took up arms with heart, and had no fancy for war, if he could do without it[2].' The reaction round him; the freedom

[1] Juvenal des Ursins, Histoire de Charles VI (A. 1422), p. 569.

[2] Pierre de Fenin (A. 1422): 'Estoit de sa personne mout bel prince et biau parleur à toutes personnes, et estoit piteux envers povres gens, mais il ne s'armoit mie vollentiers et n'avoit point chier la guerre, s'il s'en eust peu passer.' But he was ill-shapen of body, being very short in the legs; and

of action which he allowed to all; the uprising of popular sentiment; the play of superstition round the strange and noble figure of Jeanne Darc;—these things, and the feebleness of the English hold on France, all worked in his favour, and brought the long English wars into a new and more hopeful phase. The English hold on France was feeble indeed; it really depended entirely on the Burgundian alliance. No sooner was that withdrawn than their power melted away. Not the triumphs of Jeanne Darc, but the alienation of Burgundy brought to a close the unnatural domination of the English. They had altogether lost the South: their power to the east and north of Paris was very limited. Make a triangle whose apex shall be Paris, one side the river Seine, another side a line from Paris to the coast at Calais, and its base the sea;—and you will have the whole of the district which was really under the English. For a strong power doubtless it would have been a formidable wedge, driven into the very heart of the kingdom; but England at this time was not a strong power, and was in reality standing on the defensive in France. That Paris should have been the point of the English wedge was a proof, if any were needed, how bad is its position as capital of France[1].

is said to have resumed the long robe worn by Philip VI, in order to conceal this deformity.

[1] French geographers struggle hard to prove that Paris is the true centre point of France.

# CHAPTER VI.

## *The Hundred Years' War. Period IV.* A.D. 1422—1431.

### THE AGE OF JEANNE DARC.

### I. *To the Siege of Orleans.* A.D. 1422—1429.

THE reign of Charles VII had opened gloomily for the national party; its fortunes were low, its hopes almost extinct. The help of the Scots, such as the Douglas, or Buchan Constable of France, and their wild gillies, was but a small set-off against the close alliance between Bedford and the Duke of Burgundy: and the young King himself had none of that heroism which creates success out of failure, and is greatest in evil days. That quality was to be found for France in a dreamy country girl of Champagne. She alone had the genius of perfect simplicity: hers was the purest unity of aim united with high courage and self-sacrifice. There are moments in history when unreasoning courage, moving straight forward, is irresistible: it pierces through the show and array of strength opposed to it, and proves, as is so often true, that there is no real force behind: the walls and towers looked strong and imposing, but there was no stout heart within; the breach once made, the conquest is assured. Now this was the condition of the English power in Northern France. And yet at the outset Charles made no effort, and seemed doomed to ruin. Two defeats, one at Crevant, near Auxerre, in 1423, the other at Verneuil, not far from Evreux, in 1424, seemed to seal the fate of Northern France. At Verneuil the slaughter of the King's nobles was very great: the Scots perished almost to a man; Douglas and

Buchan fell, the Duke of Alençon was taken. Charles seemed utterly careless: with their characteristic love of nicknames the French called him 'the King of Bourges.' Still, even now, things were beginning to mend: the King, by marrying Mary of Anjou, won over that great house, and with it also Lorraine; the Count of Foix recognised him as his sovereign. Brittany was gained by the gift of the Constable's sword to Arthur de Richemont, who 'made himself French[1]:' moreover, Richemont's wife was sister to the Duke of Burgundy; and her influence went in the direction of a reconciliation between the Orleanists and the Burgundians; lastly, Charles, by banishing the Armagnac party from Court, made that reconciliation possible.

And on the other side there were signs that the northern league with England was giving way. While Bedford, Regent of France, was very careful to satisfy the Burgundians, and to avoid every risk of arousing their jealousies, Gloucester, Regent of England, whose position as leader of the noblesse party made him indifferent as to what became of Bedford, who was the representative of royalty, shewed no such desire of conciliation. He had unlawfully married the Countess of Hainault, who brought him the lands on the low seaboard, Holland, Zealand, Frisia, together with some claims on Brabant. So formidable a neighbour at once roused the ill-will of the Lord of Burgundy and Flanders. A private war broke out between them; which augured ill for the harmony between English and Burgundians.

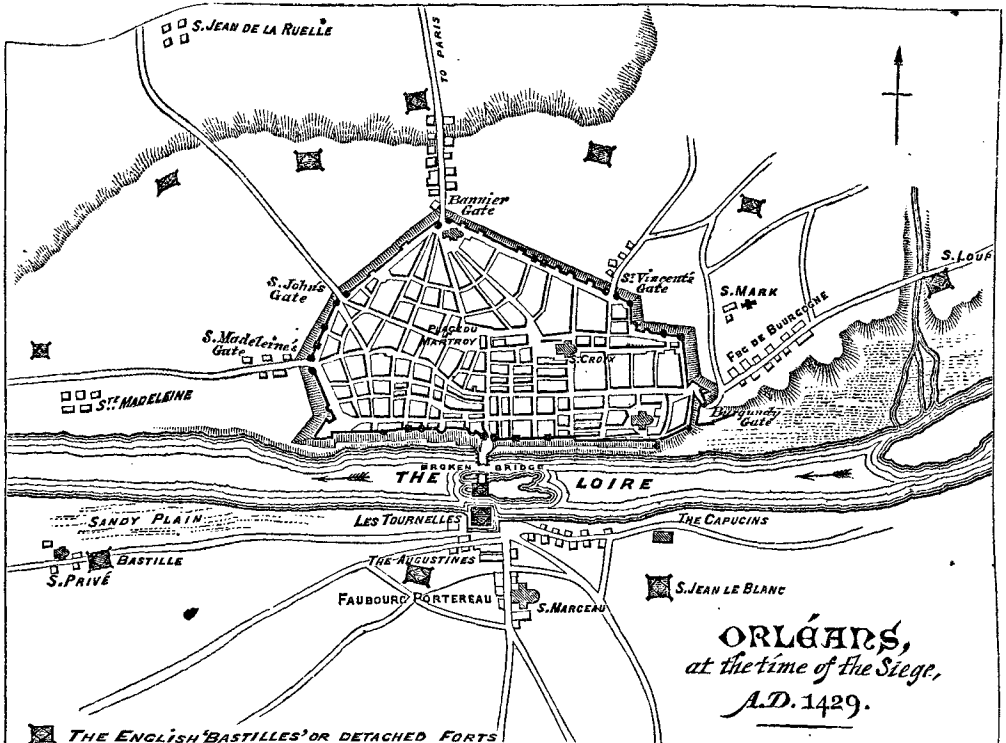
Yet the state of France was fearful. From King to peasant all were alike miserable. The open land from the Loire to the Somme was a desert overgrown with wood and thickets; wolves fought over the corpses in the burial-grounds of Paris; towns were distracted by parties, villages destroyed; the highways ceased; churches were polluted and sacked; castles burnt; commerce at a stand; tillage unknown. In the midst of all this ruin and despair — strange commentary on the age — sprang up the

[1] 'Se fist François,' that is, he paid homage to the King.

wildest superstitions, the most incongruous practices. Then was seen the Danse Macabre[1] in the Cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, which was crammed with pestilential dead: the citizen of Paris, to whom we owe our vivid insight into the state of France, writing of 1421, and probably glancing at this ghastly entertainment, says that for fourteen or fifteen years had the 'dolorous dance' of history gone on. Then too sprang up wild rumours, portents, prodigies: the 'prosaic fifteenth century' was profoundly moved by strange and deep imaginings; it was willing to believe all miracles: it seemed to yearn after a deliverer; for misery as well as joy has its own poetry.

And now the English deemed that the time was come for a forward movement: after some hesitation, Bedford bade the Earl of Salisbury lay siege to Orleans (A.D. 1428). The earl undertook the task gladly and thoroughly. He first reduced all the strongholds on the right bank of the Loire; crushing the French party to the north of the river: he also crossed over, and took the towns which lay on the left bank within that curve of the stream on which Orleans stands. And by October 1428 he actually sat down before the city with a mixed force, English and Burgundians, about ten thousand men. The Loire first runs towards the north and north-east, till it reaches a point not more than sixty miles from Paris, almost due south of the capital. There it turns and tends south-west and west, till it comes down to the sea. At its northernmost point, on the right bank of the river, with a tête-du-pont and suburb across the water, lies Orleans, natural centre of the midland district of France, the key to the South, and last bulwark of the national party. If it fell, the fortunes of Charles VII could scarcely recover the blow. Salisbury, having secured his ground to the south, first attacked the city from that, the weaker, side: fortifying himself in the smoking ruins of the church of the Augustinians and of the southern suburb, which had been burnt by the citizens as being too wide

[1] The Danse Macabre is, in fact, the Todtentanz of German cemeteries, strange commentary on the miseries of the age.




*From Bavarde's Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne.*

and too exposed for defence. Thence he attacked the boulevard and took it; the French retiring to the Tournelles, a work defending the bridge, of which they broke down some arches, and lifted the drawbridge. The English next assaulted the Tournelles, taking them in flank from the river-bed, the water being unusually low; and on a Sunday they captured the fortress. There they established Sir William Glansdale, who repaired its breaches, and for safety broke down the southernmost arch of the bridge; so that no assault could come from the other side. Also he planted his artillery so as to command the city and the bridge. The time was come for a regular siege of the city itself: the English held the river above and below; the country to the north was all theirs. Glansdale was strongly intrenched to the south, the main army lay in the forts to the north of the town. Salisbury, in order to get a view of the place and neighbourhood, climbed with Glansdale to the top of the Tournelles;—while there he was mortally wounded by a shot from the city. They carried him to Meung, on the Loire, as secretly as they could, and there he died: he had been a brave soldier and valiant; no better in all England, said his sorrowing friends. This great mishap changed the siege from a series of assaults to a blockade. The Tournelles were the key to the English position: the outer bulwark at St. Augustines' commanded the water-way; and thirteen 'bastides,' or forts, built by the besiegers, encircled the city. In February 1429 an attempt to stop the English supplies was defeated at Bouvray, in the famous 'Day of the Herrings.' The English at first had stood on the defensive, inside a park of wagons, laden with herrings and other provender. Though much galled by the fire of the French culverins, they were not tempted to venture out. But the Scots in the French army were too eager to fight, and attacked the encampment: in the confusion the English sallied forth and routed them: the French fled back to Orleans; Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, was badly wounded; the Constable of Scotland was killed, as were also some two or three hundred men-at-arms. So ended this great effort.

Next, the citizens being hard pressed and deserted by the leading nobles, the Count of Clermont, the Archbishop of Rheims, and others, betook themselves to the Duke of Burgundy. They offered to yield to him. The temptation was too strong for the Duke, who was already not hearty in the cause: he went to Bedford, and begged him to raise the siege. But Bedford would not 'beat the bush that others might catch birds,' and refused. Thereon the Duke of Burgundy withdrew all his forces, Burgundians, Picards, and men of Champagne, 'whereby the English power was much weakened.' It was at this moment of discouragement that there came rumours of a virgin, a prophetess, who had promised the French King to raise the siege: and the besiegers' courage, already tried by a winter in camp, and by the defection of the Burgundians, gave place to gloomy forebodings. They knew too that they had not men enough to take the city, though they might have enough to hold the garrison in check, and to keep up the blockade.

But the peril to France, the danger to her last bulwark, was nearly past. For now appeared Jeanne Darc, one of the noblest figures of history; who had no private ambitions or aims, knew nothing of courts, and desired only to save her country.

## II. *Jeanne Darc.* A.D. 1429—1431.

Domremy, birthplace of Jeanne Darc[1], is a village lying in a tongue of land which, belonging to Champagne, runs between the districts of Bar, Toul, and Lorraine. It had always been 'French,' and opposed to the Burgundians, always 'Armagnac;' it had all the warm feelings of a frontier place; it had lately been sacked by the Burgundians (A.D. 1428); and Jeanne herself no doubt had seen with the acute feelings of a sensitive girl her ravaged home, and the desecration of that village-church she

[1] This appears, on the whole, to be the right spelling. There is no sense in Jeanne 'of Arc,' there being no such village near her birthplace, and Joan's family being peasants. On her trial, being asked her name, she replied, 'de mon surnom je ne sais rien.'

so much loved. Here she had grown up, actively engaged in tending her father's cattle, able to ride and use a weapon at need. Left much alone, she brooded with an imaginative temper and religious warmth over the sorrows of her country, the wrongs of her King. These things, under the peculiar conditions of her young life, projected themselves into actual visions, voices, portents[1]. She became a dreamer, an enthusiast. The St. Michael she had seen painted on the church wall shewed himself to her enraptured gaze. St. Catherine and St. Marguerite, objects of her simple devotion, appeared and spoke with her: she embraced them, she wept when they receded from her gaze. And all pointed the same way: she must go forth and deliver the Dauphin, and lead him to be crowned and recognised as undoubted King of France. At last she could bear it no longer, and, though but seventeen years old[2], persuaded her uncle to go to Vaucouleurs, the neighbouring town, which held for the King, and to ask Robert of Baudricourt, who commanded there, to help her to get to Court. The uncle's mission failed. The rough soldier replied that the silly girl 'should be slapped[3],' and sent back to her rustic duties. But Jeanne, undaunted, set out to plead her own cause; she was of a rather short figure, strongly built, dressed in rough red stuff, peasant-fashion. The Lord of Baudricourt at first treated her with scorn: but so gentle was she, so simple of manners, so decorous, so full of noble unworldly ideas; her replies were so quick and yet so modest, so graphic, so persuasive, that the belief of all the country side was fixed on her, and Baudricourt was fain at last to give way, and to forward her to the Dauphin at Chinon. One person found her a horse, another

[1] There can be no doubt that Jeanne Darc was under the influence of one of the forms of hysteria, which has so often produced strange theological results in young French girls. But the specialty of her case is that this hysterical condition, which so commonly leads to torpor, to long trances and fasts, in her case was combined with an amazing power of vigorous exertion,—results of a strong constitution, and of her active life as a shepherdess at Domremy.

[2] Before her judges, in the spring of 1431, she said she was nearly nineteen, so that she must now have been under eighteen.

[3] 'Da illi colaphos,' he said.

a suit of man's clothes: she cut short her long black hair, and so set forth. The road was perilous; bands of robbers and free-lances infested it: but Jeanne's exalted spirit feared no hindrances by the way: 'my brothers of paradise,' she said, 'tell me to go.'

And so she arrived unscathed at Chinon. There, in that corrupt Court, two opposite powers were struggling for the mastery. On the one side were the King's unworthy favourites, La Tremouille and the rest, who were jealous of the Princes of the blood, despised the French people, and kept up relations with the Duke of Burgundy: they represented, in fact, the anti-national party. On the other hand was Yolande of Aragon, the King's mother-in-law, whose one thought was how to gather together the fragments of France around the King, and to resist the English. She represented the old Armagnac, now the national, party. Yolande, politic and sagacious, seems at once to have divined the importance of this strange appearance—of this enthusiast of the people, behind whom lay all the forces of devotion and superstition, and who was already arousing the popular hopes. She thought it well to miss no chance of awakening this feeling, and of using it, if possible, as a help in this time of need. For need there was, with Orleans almost strangled and fainting; with the young monarch steeped in careless ease; with Northern France entirely in the grip of the English.

And so Jeanne met with nothing but ill will and incredulity from the favourites, who are said even to have tried to carry her off by ambush; and when she had reached Chinon, still they kept her from the young King's presence. They accused her of madness, of sorcery. But Yolande supported her: envoys too from Orleans, calling for help, came opportunely in. After long delays, the simple persistence of the Pucelle prevailed: she was admitted to the King's presence. It is said that he disguised himself, and stood among the courtiers; and that she went straight to him, and, in spite of his denials, saluted him, 'In God's name, it is you and none other!' There she stood, as the chronicler tells us, 'a poor little shepherdess,' 'the most

simple shepherd-lass one ever could see[1],' who could not read nor write. We have two descriptions of her from eye-witnesses; one as she appeared at this moment: the other a little later. She was 'of moderate stature; of a rustic countenance,' not beautiful at all, but honest-faced, as one accustomed to simple living in the open air: she was very strongly built; she had black hair, now cut short; her voice had the great charm of soft low music; her manners were agreeable[2]. Above all, she carried conviction with her. So firmly she believed, so nearly she trod on the verge of the prophetic and miraculous, that in that uncritical age she was irresistible: friend and foe alike bowed before her. Her noble sentiments, pure and exalted, were like a revelation to distracted France, and even awed the corrupt and hostile Court into respect. The popular feeling rose very fast. In every trial her replies were triumphant. Having singled out the 'gentle Dauphin,' she whispered that in his ear which at once brought conviction to his heart: before hostile Churchmen her replies were so simple, so direct, so overwhelming, that they were glad to abandon all resistance: with the matrons, who were sent to enquire into her character, she won her way by gentle simplicity and unity of purpose. All, ere long, were of one mind, or seemed so: her good sense, her fearlessness before prince or priest, her instinct of truth, her forward-moving energy, overbore all opposition. 'There is no need of more words,' she said to the wearisome theologians of Poitiers, 'this is not the hour for talk but for act.' And so at last she was commissioned to relieve Orleans.

One might have thought the King would have hastened thither himself: but that seems never to have occurred to him.

[1] 'Une pauvre petite bergerette,' and 'la plus simple bergère qu'on veit onques.'

[2] So says Philip de Bergamo, who lived in the latter half of the century, in his book *De claris mulieribus*. He got his information from an Italian who had been eye-witness of this scene. The phrase 'facie rusticana,' coupled with the absolute silence of the chroniclers on the point, disposes at once of the French descriptions of her beauty; the French historians could not refrain from such heightening of the picture, as might be got from painting their heroine with all the conventional charms.

He remained at Chinon, amusing himself, after his idle luxurious sort, and left Jeanne Darc and Orleans to settle the affair with the English as they could.

Forth she rode, 'as a warrior on a great black horse, dressed all in white armour save her head, which was bare, and with an axe in hand.' Prophecy, second-sight, marvels, attended her. She sent messengers to the Church at Fierbois for a sword which lay behind the altar, on whose blade were five crosses. The messengers looked, found it, and brought it with them.

The relieving force was headed by the Duke of Alençon, one of the 'nationalist' party, as became a Prince of the blood: he was one of her firmest friends. Her march was like a triumph: wherever she came she was saluted as a deliverer. In the van went a company of priests, who chanted the Veni Creator: the soldiers marched behind, re-echoing the strain. On their wild natures the religious fervour acted vehemently. They drove out all unclean persons; they confessed themselves; they set themselves right with God: they did no violence by the way. It was an army of enthusiasts, with that strange irresistible power such movements have at the outset. Cromwell's men were never more Godfearing.

From near Orleans she dictated a letter to the English, strange, imperious, full of a singular confidence and simplicity. She bids them begone: or she will come and make them go. And when they did not obey, she came. As her little army drew near, the English, already panic-stricken, abandoned one of their forts; and, withdrawing to right and left, let her pass through quite unmolested. They probably knew they were not strong enough to resist her. Thus, as she said, 'God, at the request of St. Louis and St. Charles the Great,' the two popular royal saints, 'had pity on the city of Orleans.' All the citizens came forth to meet her: great was their joy, great the revival of their courage. She rode straight to the cathedral, and there returned thanks to God. (April 29, 1429.)

And the English were as much disheartened. They oscillated between coarse abuse and cowardly flight; the worst qualities of

the race came out. The Duke of Bedford himself, writing to England, acknowledged the discouragement. 'Alle thing there prospered for you til the tyme of the siege of Orleans, taken in hand, God knoweth by what advis. At the which tyme after the adventure fallen to the person of my Cousin of Salysbury, whom God assoille, there felle, by the Hand of God, as it seemeth, a greet strook upon your Peuple that was assembled there in grete nombre, caused in grete partie, as I trowe, of lakke of sad beleve [want of firm faith] and of an unlevefulle [unbelieving] doubte that thei hadde of a Disciple and lyme [limb] of the Feende calked the Pucelle, that used fals enchauntments and sorcerie[1].' And this feeling spread even into England. We find two Royal Proclamations on the occasion of the young King's going towards Paris from London to be crowned. From both of these documents we learn that men-at-arms and even captains had hid themselves and remained in London, for fear of her, 'terrified at the incantations of the Pucelle[2].'

Here then lies the secret of her success. It was no magic, no special intervention, no prophetic foresight; but it was the irresistible forward movement of a fearless spirit, which calculated no chances, felt no doubts, knew what it desired, and firmly believing in a divine mission moved on serenely towards its aim. He who has unwavering belief will never lack followers: and Jeanne Darc was fortunate not only in inspiring confidence, but also in striking terror. This sudden accession of energy to the one side, and diminution of the power of resistance on the other, came at a time when the forces of attack had spent themselves, when assault had given place to blockade, when the besiegers were growing weary of the tedious winter, and when they had just seen the Burgundians march away in anger. The outer ring of blockade was weakened, just at the time when

[1] Rymer, Foedera, tom. 10. p. 408. ed. 1727.

[2] May 3, 1431 and Dec. 12, 1431. Singularly enough, the latter of these documents was issued some months after the death of the Maid of Orleans. Dunois in his deposition says that 'before the Pucelle arrived two hundred English would put to flight eight hundred or a thousand of the King's men; but after her coming four or five hundred Frenchmen drove back the whole power of the English and shut them up in their own works.'

the inner circle, the besieged city, received a new impulse, and began to act on the offensive. Add to this the superstitious confidence in the one army, and the superstitious terrors in the other; and we have an easy solution of the wonderful way in which the English power crumbled to dust before the sacred banner of the Maid of Orleans.

Yet all was not easy for her. Those who had so long and so bravely defended the city were not willing to yield the command at once to a maiden of eighteen years. Something of the same dislike to her, which shewed itself at Court, shewed itself in the council of the chiefs within the beleaguered city. They hid their plans from her; or they refused to listen to her advice and her prayers. The first thing we read of her at Orleans is that on the night after her entry shouts and sounds of war roused her from sleep, and told her that a sortie was going on; she hastily called for her horse; dressed, armed, mounted, and then 'galloped down the paved way so fiercely that the sparks sprang from her charger's hoofs; and she went as straight for the fighting-ground as if she had known the way before.' From that moment to the raising of the siege she was always in the van: many might follow her or few; wounded, once and again, her high heart carried her back into the battle, she never looked behind, always forwards; and her spirit entered into her men-at-arms. At first she shuddered at the sight of blood; at least of French blood: and at a later time she told her judges that she loved her banner forty times more than her sword; for the banner bore on it the forms of the two saints whom she had talked with, and the sacred words 'Jhesus Maria,' and was to her the symbol of her divine mission and power; whereas her sword was nothing but a bloodthirsty weapon. 'I ever carried that standard myself,' she says, 'when attacking the enemy, for fear lest I should slay any man.' And yet she had some goodwill towards the blade: 'it was a good sword,' she said, 'fit to give good blows and good clouts[1].' It is a touching

[1] Trial of Jeanne Darc, 27 Feb. 1430: 'Étoit une bonne épée de guerre propre à donner de *bonnes buffes et de bons torchons.*

element in her character, this contrast of her purity in the midst of the gross soldiery; of her straightforward simplicity among insincere courtiers and churchmen; of her tenderness and reluctance to shed blood, among the cruel deeds of war.

The enthusiasm of soldiers and citizens soon proved too strong for the unwilling chiefs. On the second of May she rode to see all the English fortifications; on the fourth she convoyed in plentiful supplies sent by Bourges, Angers, Tours, and other cities, while the English looked sullenly on from their forts; the same day she assaulted and took, after a stout resistance, the Bastille of St. Loup, burnt and rased it, and carried its spoil into the city. Next day was Ascension Day, and the chief captains, the Bastard of Orleans, the Marshal de Rays, the rough knight La Hire, a Scot named Kennedy, and others, took counsel with Jeanne; she was for instant action, exhorting them to strike while the panic lasted, and to assault the Bastille St. Laurence[1] at once. It was agreed, however, to attack the lines to the south of the river, where the English were weakest, and where, if the blockade were raised, communication would at once be opened with those districts which were most favourable to the French side.

The whole of Ascension Day was given up to busy preparations. Next morning betimes they crossed the river near St. Loup (the taking of which had opened their way), about four thousand strong; and took by assault St. Jean le Blanc, the garrison of which retired to a little island in the Loire. Before the main body of French had got over the river, Jeanne pushed on up to the Augustinians' works; but the scanty troop with her, finding itself unsupported, was seized with panic and fled; she slowly withdrew. Out came the English to press their advantage, mocking her and using scurrilous and filthy speech after their low way. Hearing this, she grew angry and turned about,

[1] The Bastille St. Laurence answered to St. Loup, being at the other end of the chain of northern forts; it was close to the river below the city, and defended a bridge which the English had thrown across the Loire, as a link between their northern and southern positions.

and with La Hire, her best and roughest captain[1], fell on them. Panic-stricken, they fled head-long to their works; the sight of her noble rage was enough. Seizing the happy moment, she stormed the Augustinians' fort, delivered a number of prisoners she found there, and burnt it to the ground. In the assault she had been wounded by a caltrop; but she took no heed to her pain.

The English were fain to evacuate the bastide St. Privé, which still remained to them, and to carry all their force, except the garrison in the Tournelles, across to the north bank of the Loire. They broke their bridge behind them, and concentrated themselves on the strong position of the Tournelles, which lay on the river, forming the tête-du-pont to Orleans on the south: it had been enlarged and fortified by Glansdale with a bulwark and other works. Here they stood on the defensive; and presented still a formidable front.

On the Saturday at dawn the whole force of the French crossed the river above the city, and vigorously attacked the bulwark before the bridge. Here was a fierce struggle, and Jeanne was sorely wounded in the neck and shoulder by an arrow. The captain and chief men drew her away, and advised that the assault should be stayed till next day. But Jeanne 'encouraged them with many and fair words,' and after no little difficulty, they were persuaded to renew the attack. Then she turned aside, and prayed; and after that she bade him who carried her banner move forward till it touched the English works. After a little while he turned and said to her, 'Jeanne, it touches now,' to which she replied, 'All is yours, now enter in,' and they pushed forward bravely to the assault. Meanwhile those within the city, seeing that the attack was renewed, laid planks unobserved from pier to pier of the broken bridge, and so came over and joined in the assault. So fierce it was that the English were forced to yield. Then there was a great carnage; they

[1] He had great trouble with his tongue, for Jeanne would allow no oaths, and he could hardly speak without one. He got over the difficulty by inventing a new oath, and swearing innocently by his staff; this satisfied both him and her.

tried to escape from the bulwark into the Tournelles, but few succeeded, the rest perished: for the bridge suddenly broke, as Glansdale and several of the chief men were passing over it; and all were thrown into the stream and swept away[1]. As many as five hundred men-at-arms were killed or drowned. The Tournelles were now hotly assaulted and, after a sharp struggle, taken by the Pucelle: many English captains and knights of name were slain. The utter ruin of their blockade was now apparent to the besiegers: and on the Sunday morning they abandoned their bastilles on the north side, and drew out all their force in order of battle. The French did the same; and so they stood over against one another a full hour. But neither army struck the first blow; and at the end of that time the English quietly defiled off the ground and marched in good order, with banners flying, up-stream to Meung-sur-Loire, and thence to Jargeau.

The French chiefs very properly wished to press and harass the retreating force; but Jeanne, who saw her great object, the relief of Orleans, accomplished, did not care to push on, and told them they would have the English another time; and therewith she led the French back to rest in Orleans, leaving her dispirited and broken foe to retire at his leisure.

And thus the siege which had lasted since the October before (Oct. 12, 1428), was raised only eight days after Jeanne had made her entry into the town. She came in by night on Friday the twenty-ninth of April: on the eighth of May, the Sunday week after, she saw the English turn their backs for ever on the rescued city.

But she did not linger over her triumph; next day she rode out of the city, amid the tears of joy and humble gratitude of the devoted citizens, and set herself to the other half of her destined task, the coronation of the King at Rheims.

The King sent the Duke of Alençon with a strong force to

[1] An eye-witness says it was a great discouragement to the English, and equal loss to the valiant French who might have had large profit for their ransom.

meet and join her: numbers of men-at-arms flocked to his banner, eager to see the said Pucelle, who, they held, was come from God, and to fight with her against the enemy[1]. The combined forces laid siege to Jargeau, whither the English had retired, and within eight days took it, and in it the Earl of Suffolk and others, many English being slain. Then came news that Talbot was marching speedily to succour his countrymen; and Jeanne, who now was eagerly consulted, advised that he should be attacked at once. As was done at Patay, where the English were utterly overthrown, and Talbot himself taken. The country all round at once declared for the French side. Jeanne hastened on to Sulli on the Loire, La Tremouille's Castle, where the idle King was dreaming away these critical and stirring days. Perhaps of all men in France he was the least eager for the coronation. The favourite, hating Jeanne, and desiring only his own indolent amusement with the King, succeeded in defeating one of the objects Jeanne had greatly at heart, the reconciliation between the King and the Constable de Richemont, who had won for him the battle of Patay: Richemont retired to the west of France, and there loyally served his country by making independent war on the national foe.

The Court also wished to stay quietly where it was till the men-at-arms had cleared the valley of the Loire of the English, holding it not prudent to leave so many enemies behind them, especially as their way through Champagne was also likely to be beset. But Jeanne, supported by the whole people and the army, prevailed. The King set forth, first to Gien, where he gathered force; thence eastward and northward by Auxerre and St. Florentin to Troyes, which was held by the English. Here they lay six days besieging it; and lacking food they held a council of war, without summoning Jeanne, and all but agreed to retire; but she, being called in at last, induced them to wait two days. Then she got on horseback,

[1] Histoire abrégée, Buchon, tom. 34.

and called together men-at-arms, with fagots, ladders, and all things for an assault. But before the actual attack the citizens, terrified at the threat, came out and opened their gates. Thus the last difficulty was over; and the King came safely to Rheims, where he was crowned with great pomp by the Archbishop; Jeanne standing by, holding the royal standard;—'and she, right joyous that at her exhortation, by her counsel and diligence, she had led her lord to be anointed and consecrated, now admonished him to render thanks to God for the blessing of his coronation and for the fair victories He had granted him[1].

So far then her mission was fulfilled. It is said[2] that a little later she told the Count of Dunois that she would be glad were they to carry her back to her father and mother, that she might tend their sheep and oxen, and do as she was wont to do. Weary of the false world of courts, the fierce life of camps, she may have felt that tender yearning for peace and peaceful works which comes at times to every noble character. Now that she had established her King as King, now that she had checked the advance of the English, she may not improbably have longed to lay down arms and turn her back on greatness and glory. But it was not so to be. Her name was all-powerful, her influence at its highest. The English still were masters of Northern France almost up to the gates of Rheims. And, indeed, it is doubtful whether she ever really desired to be dismissed. Her constant prophecy had been that the English would be driven utterly out of the land; she thought herself destined to cast them forth; she must have become aware of her great importance for France. She may have had misgivings, and may have felt her strength, as she said, 'not to be given her for long;' she may have dimly foreseen the end; but she never flinched from her task or dreamed of saving herself; went serenely on in her great mission, till it was cut

[1] Histoire abrégée, Buchon, tom. 34.
[2] Chronique de la Pucelle, c. 59. Deposition of the Count de Dunois. Procès, 3. p. 101.

short by treachery and the unforgiving foe. But at this moment all was bright before her. The fear of her had fallen on all; we have seen how English captains and men hid themselves in London rather than accompany their little King to his crowning over sea; we learn from all sides how she had attracted all men's eyes. The 'Sibyl of France' was a miracle to them all. They sent to France to inquire; one of the Visconti begged her to restore him to his lordship in Milan; she was appealed to to say 'which was the true Pope;' it was believed that she would first eject the English, then restore the faith; reunite the Hussites to the Church; crush the Saracen, and save the menaced capital of Eastern Christendom. The thought of this great enterprise gleams through her strange letters to the Dukes of Bedford and Burgundy. Her influence grew day by day: noble knights laid down their own devices and adopted hers; medals were struck bearing her effigy, and were worn on every neck; her portraits and roughly-made statues of her were solemnly placed in churches; she is the Judith of the time; God has saved his people by the hand of a woman[1]. In her lifetime, a simple maiden of eighteen, she becomes a saint of the Church, second to none, ranking below the Holy Virgin alone.

And why then did she not at once move on to end her great work?

The sad answer is that the Court which she had saved already hated her, and was in conspiracy against her. Without this, even the high ability, firmness and sagacity of Bedford would scarcely have availed. Bedford had urged the Cardinal of Winchester, his uncle, to bring over a body of troops, destined nominally for the Crusade, and with them Henry VI; in order that Paris might be secured, and the little English King be shewn, a child of nine, as the rival of the careless Charles. He also had drawn closer again to the Burgundians, and already meditated placing Paris in their hands.

[1] See the Collect introduced in her honour into the offices. Procès, 5. p. 104.

The Court gave him time enough to recover the blows dealt him at Orleans and Rheims. La Tremouille, the King's evil spirit, and others his familiars, especially Regnauld, the scandalous Archbishop of Chartres, entered into a conspiracy, in which the King himself joined, to neutralise, if possible, all the force of the national movement. It is a strange sight, this King conspiring against himself! The unworthy trio interfered with the forward movement of the army; above all things, they dreaded the prospect of any success against Paris; the favourable moments were lost; the English soldiery were allowed to recover courage; a short truce was agreed on. Bedford next sent a defiance to Charles; and came out to meet him. The French were eager to fight; but the wary Regent would not risk all on a battle. He withdrew, after having encouraged his men to look on the Maid of Orleans face to face; and Charles, instead of following him up, also drew back to Compiègne. Many cities declared for the King; among them Beauvais, which ejected its unworthy bishop, Peter Cauchon, who was destined soon to make himself a name of eternal infamy.

Jeanne, after five days wasted at Compiègne, could bear it no longer. She mounted horse, and followed by all who would, disregarding the King and his crew of minions, rode through Senlis to St. Denis, which at once threw open its gates. Life came back to the army, now that the King was left behind. Partisans sprang up on every side. Four chief fortresses of Normandy were surprised, among them Château Gaillard. Richemont, whom the King had scorned, loyally seconded the forward movement, threatening Evreux; the English communications were in the greatest danger. The Normans welcomed the French: Bedford was compelled to fall back to Rouen, leaving in Paris only a weak garrison. The King, instead of striking, busied himself with treaties with Philip of Burgundy. The Duke was to get Compiègne, a truce for the cities north of the Seine was to be signed; the Duke in return vaguely promising to open the gates of Paris to the King. Thus Charles and La Tremouille hoped to recover the capital, without having

to thank the heroine of France for it. Alençon, who was still friendly to Jeanne, urged the King to come on. He came as far as Senlis, and there stayed;—at last he very reluctantly entered St. Denis. The assault of Paris was fixed for the very next day; but in spite of the Pucelle's utmost endeavour the attack failed; not without some suspicion of treachery. She was but ill-supported throughout by the chiefs: the King never left St. Denis. Checked by the second ditch, which was deep with water, she held firmly to such advantage as she had gained, and in spite of a ceaseless shower of missiles was not dislodged till night: at last, not long before midnight, she was led away by her friends. For the first time she had failed. 'That night,' says Martin[1], 'there was joy in the Council of the King of France at St. Denis, as much as in that of the English Regent in Paris.' The next day she would have renewed the assault; not without good hopes of success. But her King forbade it: and actually broke down the bridge of St. Denis, lest she should cross the Seine and attack from the other side.

Thus the King's treason against himself succeeded. The army withdrew; Alençon was sent into Normandy to be away from the Pucelle's influence. Do what she would, her power was neutralised; every opportunity lost, every success abandoned. At last, wearied out, she left the camp, and returned to Compiègne. There, in a great sortie, she was cut off by the Burgundians. Her flag was taken, she was dragged from her horse, and captured by an archer and the Bastard of Wandomme, an Artesian. There is no ground for supposing that she was betrayed by the commandant of the city, or that the gates were closed against her. Her fearless confidence alone was fatal to her.

But now that she is in the hands of the Burgundians—will she be delivered over to the English?

No man had pity on her. The King and his crew of favourites made no sign; the Archbishop of Rheims denounced

[1] Histoire des Français, tom. 6. 214.

her; the clergy of the English party followed his leading; the University of Paris, utterly incapable of discerning her heroism, clamoured that she should be handed over to the Holy Office; the Inquisition claimed her as its victim. Political needs were seconded by theological hatred. If they had murdered her as a political captive, the act would have been so gross and abhorrent to all men, that it would have aroused against them the indignation of Europe. They decided therefore to raise the cry of heresy and sorcery. The Cardinal of Winchester employed the ejected Bishop of Beauvais, Cauchon, as his instrument. He had had much practice in Canon Law; had supported the Burgundian interests at Constance against Gerson[1]; had sat in judgment on Armagnac priests; and was known as an ambitious, unscrupulous partisan. The love of the congenial task, the hope of revenge on those who had caused his ejection from Beauvais, and the promise of the Archbishopric of Rouen then vacant, were quite enough to make him a safe and eager tool of English vengeance.

It was through Cauchon's activity that the Duke of Burgundy at last delivered up Jeanne to her English foes. He sold her, in fact, to them for ten thousand francs of gold. Hitherto she had been in honourable captivity at a castle near Cambrai, in the hands of the wife and aunt of John of Luxemburg. They yielded her up with tears and vain protests. She was sent first to Arras, in Burgundian territory; thence to Crotoi, where the English received her. Meanwhile the national party had relieved Compiègne, and had all but driven the Burgundians out of Champagne. The English, hearing this, conceived that so long as Jeanne lived, her influence, her will, would thwart and defeat them. Her death was more and more desired. In December 1430 she was taken to Rouen; where she was imprisoned in irons, with grievous indignities. She was kept there as a prisoner of war, guarded by rough soldiers through-

[1] It is worthy of notice that this great doctor of the Orleanist or national party was devoted to Jeanne.

out her trial, although she was accused of ecclesiastical crimes, and ought to have been placed in the hands of the Church. As it was, she underwent the torments of both Church and State.

It would be vain to give the details of the trial. The proper forms were carefully attended to[1]; no haste appeared. The President Cauchon might shew heat at times; but generally he let the trial follow its course. The conclusion was foregone. Among the judges there was but one Englishman. The Duke of Bedford and Winchester might pull the strings, but Englishmen were not the instruments of the great crime. The trial lingered on three months,—months of exquisite torture[2]. At last she was handed over to the secular arm for punishment. No actual sentence was passed on her; but all knew what the end must be. At first she lamented, 'Rouen, Rouen, shall I then die here?' In the heart of the young maid—she was scarcely nineteen—life was so strong, and yet to be so soon and so painfully stifled on the pile. There, in the street of Rouen, she made her martyr-end; piously, simply, and right bravely to the very last. Her persecutors were brutal also to the end. Her ashes were scattered in the Seine, lest her body should work miracles in behalf of France, and rouse the dejected energies of the people.

How shall we divide the shame of this worst act of a dark age? The chief blame shall fall on Charles VII, King of France, who made her efforts vain, and, in fact, betrayed her; who while she was so long a prisoner never lifted a finger to save her. Next come the fanatical churchmen, the Frenchmen of the English side, the willing instruments; then the Burgundians, who had not chivalry enough to refuse to sell her for a paltry sum, though they knew she was passing from their hands to all indignity and to a fearful death: then the English leaders, who, out of sight, directed all, because their

[1] A Dominican friar, who stood stoutly by the victim to the end, declares 'satis observabant judices ordinem juris.'

[2] February 21 to May 28, 1431.

hard-hearted policy seemed to them to demand her as a victim. Nor can we altogether acquit from blame the French people, who looked on without a voice. Nothing is so striking as the utter silence with which all men looked on at the long dreary trial, at the cruel examinations, the shameful imprisonment, the bitter death. From all this darkness the noble figure of the heroine of France stands out in amazing beauty against the background of treachery, meanness, cruelty, and smoke of devouring fire. In all she is lifted far above her countrymen and her age; in all she is perfect in her simplicity, piety, self-devotion. She stands alone on the page of history.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *The Fifth Period of the Hundred Years' War. Expulsion of the English.* A.D. 1431—1453.

ENGLAND shewed herself determined to accept the shame of this outrage on mankind. Two letters were written, one (8th June), to the Pope and Princes of Christendom; the other (28th June), to the Bishops, Dukes, Counts, Barons, and Communes of France. They both declare the death of the Pucelle to have been intended as a blow to Charles VII, the capital foe of the King of England; and that her heroism had been flat rebellion against Holy Church, and had been punished accordingly. But France did not listen to such pale justification. The popular feeling soon expressed itself clearly. Shadowy persons arose, declaring themselves to be the Maid of Orleans, miraculously saved from the burning pile; they received considerable credit from the people. The reaction against the English calumnies was universal and strong. If to them Jeanne was an impostor, a 'limb of Satan,' a witch, a sorceress; to the French people she was a true prophetess, a 'daughter of God,' a heroine, a saint, a martyr. Her judges were pointed out in the streets with the finger of scorn, and cursed by the passers-by: the popular hatred supplied what the Bishop of Beauvais had long lost, or never had, the stings of conscience. He prospered, and got the wages of his crime, the Archbishopric of Rouen. But, as the people expected, his end came soon. He died suddenly under the hands—if not by the hands—of his

barber. The people welcomed his speedy death, and that of several other chief agents in the trial, with joy, as the vengeance of God. They saw God's hand, too, in the death of the Regent Bedford, four years later (A.D. 1435). Whatever might have been the value of such indications in troublesome times, when sudden and violent deaths were rife, certainly nothing ever prospered afterwards with the English in France.

The Regent did what he could to get advantage out of the death of Jeanne Darc. He had the little King of England crowned and consecrated in Notre Dame (December 17, 1431) as King of France. But already it was too late. Philip of Burgundy became weary of an alliance, which he had agreed to only for his own ends. He came to think he could secure his aims better by coming to terms with the young French King; active negociations went on between them. Bedford felt that if he left him, all was lost. Even at the crowning of Henry VI in Paris the citizens looked gloomily on: the English occupation had lost the goodwill even of its own partisans. The death of the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, Bedford's wife, in 1432, still farther severed the English and Burgundians.

The war dragged on its weary indecisive course; but one good omen for the French cause occurred. The great noblesse had perished in the war; there remained only three parties, the lesser nobles, captains, knights; the royal princes; and lastly, the King and his favourites. The struggle lay between this newer noblesse and the Court; and we have seen how obstinately Charles VII refused to be reconciled with its representative the Constable Richemont, in the days when that brave and loyal soldier would have been of the utmost value to him. Now Richemont avenged himself. With help of the Count of Clermont (soon after Duke of Bourbon[1]), and some other warlike chiefs, he surprised and carried off La Tremouille. The King, with characteristic indolence, made no effort to save his favourite; perhaps he was even rather weary of his supremacy.

[1] Great-grandfather of Francis I.

Richemont now took the chief command, and swept the English out of Maine. An obscure party-war went on between the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, ending in a conference, to which Richemont was admitted. Burgundy agreed (A.D. 1434) that if Henry VI refused the offers of Charles VII, he would abandon him entirely; his price was to be the cession of Amiens, Ponthieu, and some other small places in the North.

Next year (5th August, 1435) a Congress met at Arras. Not for many years had so great an assembly been gathered together. The Church presided, in the persons of two cardinals. The Cardinal Bishop of Winchester headed the representatives of England; the Duke of Bourbon those of France. Burgundy was there, Richemont, and other men of name. The Emperor sent ambassadors, as also did many European states. Crowds of lesser personages thronged the city. All Europe took profound interest in a Congress which, men hoped, would end the great scandals of Christendom.

The discussions were long and intricate. The French at last offered to cede Normandy and Aquitaine as fiefs of the English crown, if the English sovereign in turn would cease to claim the crown of France. The English refused; the Congress was broken up. Then Burgundy remembered his promise to Charles; and, after some hesitation—for he was bound by solemn oaths to England—he signed the treaty of Arras (21st Sept. 1435), and came over to the French side. On condition that Auxerre, Macon, Peronne, Montdidier, and the towns on the Somme (the last might be bought back by France) should be ceded to him, and that he should be released from all feudal homage (in his own person, not in his successors), he recognised Charles VII as King of France. Philip sold his alliance dearly enough; but at such a moment it was worth any price.

Yet more disastrous to the English than this defection of their ally, this healing of the great breach between Burgundian and Armagnac, was the death of the great Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France. He expired at Rouen a few days after

receiving tidings of the treaty of Arras (14th Sept. 1435). He was the only man capable of stemming the rising tide of the fortunes of France; a man of many high virtues and great sagacity; the one man who could rise above the party struggles of England. At a most critical moment the English in France found themselves without a chief.

Paris, seeing the Burgundian standards side by side with the royal, and having no love for the English occupation,—except so far as it meant for her the supremacy of the Burgundian party,—opened her gates to the Constable. In April 1436, the royal army marched into the city. A full amnesty was granted: a wise clemency ruled in the King's counsels. The English, who had retired to the Bastille, capitulated, on condition that they with their partisans might go free away. They turned their backs on Paris, leaving the two parties in the city united in transports of joy. Charles VII after a while made his entry into the capital, but he did but look on the miseries of the city; no ordinance, no measure of relief signalised his visit; he went as he had come.

The indolence of the French monarch, and his deep repugnance for war and men of war, was seconded by an equal want of ability in the English King. Henry VI as he grew up shewed no capacity: an easy temper and simple manners made him a quiet tool in the hands of whatever party might obtain possession of him; he was utterly unfit to prosecute a war in France: the English people too were heartily weary of it. Consequently, for some years (from 1436 to 1449) the long war languished.

During this period the great Council of Basle was sitting (A.D. 1431–1449), in which the claim of Councils to be supreme was loudly asserted. The bishops of the national side in France flocked in great numbers; the Council took a warm interest in the Treaty of Arras. The fathers won the uncertain allegiance of Philip the Good, by ruling that the Burgundian ambassadors should take precedence of those of the electors of Germany, and of all princes who were not of royal dignity. Thus the Duke of Burgundy was formally declared to be the

chief of all feudal princes: not a king, but more powerful than many a crowned head; representative of the feudal as distinct from the monarchical principle of the age.

In 1438 Charles VII summoned a national Council at Bourges. There they drew up what is called the 'Pragmatic Sanction,' a document composed of a number of the decrees of the Council, re-echoing its views as to its quarrel with the Papacy, and asserting the liberties of the Gallican clergy, and their close alliance with the crown. It limited the power of the Papacy over Church preferments; forbade appeals to Rome; stopped the annates. Its significance was increased by being promulgated under royal authority as an Ordinance: it seemed as if the Gallican Church would regard the King as its head to the detriment of the Pope.

And now the lazy King seemed to shake off his indolence; he appeared at last to take some interest in his own kingdom. There was an obscure struggle at Court between the favourites and the great lords on one side, and the noble Constable of France and the men of burgher origin in the Council on the other side. At the head of their war power was Richemont; at the head of their domestic power was the upright and wealthy merchant Jacques Cœur. No worthier representative of the merchant class has ever lived. To him is due whatever of financial prosperity now began to dawn on France. He found means to hire troops of adventurers, still only too numerous and handy for war or pillage, and forwarded them to the Constable. The King no longer resisted; and, after the taking of Meaux by the war-party, Richemont was well received at Paris by the Court, and took a great share in arranging a most important movement. This was nothing less than the meeting of the States-General of the Langue d'Oil at Orleans. The place of meeting was significant and the time. The assembly was one of high dignity and worth: great numbers of the best men of the realm were there.

Then was fully discussed the great plague of the realm—'the petty war' of adventurers, 'écorcheurs,' or brigands, who

preyed on France; and all agreed that this must be suppressed. Nothing had inflicted so much misery on France, so long, so wearing, and so persistent. It was agreed also that finance should be remodelled; and a permanent tax was established, to be employed in the payment of a Standing Army. The year 1439 gives us, in fact, the commencement of that great system of regular armies which has gone on growing in size from that day to this, till at last it threatens to devour the vitals of society. These two things, the Standing Army and the fixed taxation, form an epoch in French history.

A royal edict (2nd Nov.), levelled against the ruffians who disgraced and ruined France, followed at once. The Ordinance, which decreed a *levée en masse* and struck at once at the noble and lawless adventurer, is worthy of note as a step towards that consolidation of the royal power on the ruins of all liberty which marked the next reign, the reign of Louis XI. The appointment of officers was centred in the King; he alone could fix the number of soldiers to be on foot; he took to himself the right of levying taxes without the consent of the Estates. Here were the chief ingredients of French absolutism. The revolution promised to be complete.

And the great noblesse saw it so: they at once began to move; they now discovered that the King was corrupt, debauched, careless, incompetent; they declared that the young Dauphin, Louis, now nearly seventeen years old, ought to be invested with the government. The great lords and the leaders of the independent soldiery, threatened alike, formed a general conspiracy: they left the Court, and all retired into Poitou. The young Dauphin, who already shewed some signs of capacity and vigour, was carried off by them, and willingly became their head. He was supported by Dunois, by the Dukes of Bourbon and Alençon, and many other names of note. But now Charles VII shewed himself a new man. Against this 'Praguerie[1]' he displayed courage, resources, coolness. He gathered together what force he could. Richemont and the Count of

[1] So called by allusion to the Hussite struggles in *Prague*.

Maine stood firmly by him; many bands of free-lances took regular service and pay under him. With a few hundred men he at once marched against the insurgents: as he went, the cities and country declared in his favour: the Praguerie found itself powerless. The nobles appealed for asylum to the Duke of Burgundy; but he, though head of the feudal nobles of the age, refused to shelter them. They were fain to make their peace with the King. The Dauphin submitted; he was graciously received, and pardoned; and sent, that he might be far off and occupied, to govern Dauphiné.

The Duke of Orleans, prisoner in England since Azincourt, was now set free, and roused for a moment the flagging hopes of the nobles; for he allied himself closely with Burgundy, and retired gloomily to his territories. A meeting of the princes and high nobles under his presidency at Nevers issued a manifesto attacking the King's government, his heavy taxes, his continued war. But the King replied with so sound a state paper, that all France was satisfied that the nobles had not right on their side, and declared in favour of the royal power. The nobles yielded; they submitted to the King; the Praguerie was at an end.

Charles now displayed a similar activity in war. He crushed the lawless adventurers in Champagne, not without some side-blows at the noblesse, many of whom, in fact, were nothing but noble free-lances. Then he pushed westward from Paris and attacked Pontoise. But the English were in force, and it was not till after a most critical struggle that the King carried that important place (A.D. 1441). All through the next year he waged pitiless war against the freebooters: he was in Gascony, down to the feet of the Pyrenees, then back to Northern France, where the English were attempting Dieppe. The Dauphin now did good service to France; first at Dieppe, where he forced the English to raise their siege; next in the Rouergue, where the Count of Armagnac, reversing the policy of his name, had allied himself with Henry VI, and had begun to trouble all the South. He was captured by a characteristic

piece of treachery—the Dauphin was already shewing signs of his future craft—and Armagnac was occupied by French troops. A truce with England for two years followed (A.D. 1444–1446). In England the war-party, headed by Gloucester, had been losing ground. The Cardinal of Winchester, who led the peace-party, won the confidence of the feeble King, and succeeded in arranging a marriage for him with Margaret of Anjou, daughter of the famed René, the witty, artistic prince, the adventurer in many lands, lively, liberal, dear to all who fell under his influence. His daughter was in some respects like him: she was lovely and learned; and, in 1445, she became Queen of England.

The King and the Dauphin employed this two years' time in drawing off the free-lances, the wandering marauders. The King led an army into Lorraine, to conquer the 'three Bishoprics,' as they afterwards were called, Metz, Toul, and Verdun; the Dauphin set out for Switzerland. It was a great thing to relieve the country of these unruly adventurers; for while they remained no prosperity could return. The Dauphin was delighted to command them: he was as restless, as fond of war and adventure, as his father was of peace. In all, they led out of the land some fifty thousand men.

The Dauphin directed his steps to Basle, where the relics of the great Council were still sitting. They dispersed at his approach. Not so the Swiss. A body of about sixteen hundred men came out to meet him. At first they drove back the French horse in confusion; but afterwards, in rashly attempting to cross the river Birse in face of the enemy, they were overwhelmed and crushed. Five hundred of them, who had made good their retreat as far as to the cemetery just outside the walls of Basle, were there besieged, and, resisting with terrible bravery, perished to a man.

So great was the astonishment and even the terror that his victory roused in the Dauphin's breast, that he thought well to treat at once with the men of Basle: he was too sagacious to commit himself to that wild and difficult land: if the Swiss could do such things in the low country near Basle, what would

they not achieve among their mountains and passes? And so he made peace with them, and turned aside into Alsatia; where there was much more booty, and far less resistance. War was threatened by the Emperor Frederick III. Charles, who had taken Verdun, and was besieging Metz with the other army, thought it not advisable to press matters to a rupture: Metz retained its independence, as did also Verdun and Toul, on payment of considerable fines: the French adventurers withdrew into France. Their numbers, it was noted with satisfaction, had been reduced by half.

The great Ordinance of Orleans was now carried out; the army was placed on a permanent footing, though in reduced numbers; fifteen hundred lances in fifteen companies, formed the nucleus of the French army of the future. Each 'lance' signified six men: the man-at-arms himself, three bowmen, a page, and a light-armed soldier, all mounted. So that each of these fifteen companies was a cavalry regiment of six hundred men. The King carefully appointed the fifteen captains, 'men not too young, nor of the great noblesse;' their districts were appointed them; they chose the best equipped and properest men out of the free companies;—and there was great ambition to be chosen;—and when this was done the remainder, the non-elect, were bidden go home to their own countries, and return to honest work, to abstain from pillage and oppression, or it would be the worse for them. And we find that within a fortnight the whole of these turbulent elements of society had been absorbed and were gone. Thus ended the old lawless warfare of baronial days; thus began the new and organised warfare of the great monarchies of Europe. These companies mark also the beginning of those periods of history, rightly called modern, in which the idea of a balance of power has been central. The power of each state was naturally much dependent on, and calculated by, the drilled and armed force it could bring into the field.

The companies, thus spread over all the face of France, proved of great service to the restoration of prosperity. Their discipline was severe, their conduct admirable. They formed

a powerful police, themselves withdrawn from the side of disorder, and transferred to that of good government; they protected the people, made agriculture possible, encouraged the revival of commerce. France was amazed and grateful: it seemed a time of enchantment and blessing.

Nor did the King rest here: other Ordinances, bearing on the military organisation of France, followed. Each parish of fifty hearths was ordered to keep a 'free archer,' one of its inhabitants, who should be ready to join the King's army, as a paid soldier, at need. Another Ordinance settled the manner of the military service of the noblesse; and provided for their regular payment by the State. It was reckoned that these men, the free archers, and the fifteen companies, would form an army of at least eighty thousand men. No complaint or resistance arose. Here was the framework of absolute monarchy: but the actual King was too fond of ease and luxury to be an oppressor: he lived quietly among his favourites, and let the land recover itself as it would. Perhaps the most fortunate part of the character of Charles, as far as France was concerned, was his acquiescence (not always a willing one) in the victories won for him by others. Never was monarch 'better served:' never did any less deserve his proud title of 'the Victorious.'

The Dauphin's discontent had not been slaked by his little inroad into Switzerland; he intrigued again against the King, and would gladly have revived the extinct embers of the Praguerie. Above all, he hated the King's mistress, the well-known Agnes Sorel, to whom has been attributed the change in Charles from indolent neglect of his country to vigorous action and beneficent legislation. Her influence probably was good, so far as it went; but what really worked the change was the overthrow of the old favourites and the substitution in their room of upright soldiers like Richemont, and prudent statesmen like Jacques Cœur. It is their hand that we see in field and council. The King detected the dealings of the Dauphin with the noblesse, and the young Prince withdrew to his government in Dauphiné, where he ruled with intelligence and success. All the elements of

the character which afterwards had so great influence on France were already shewing themselves, on a smaller scale indeed, but with unmistakeable clearness and capacity for good and evil. He took part in the affairs of Italy and of the Church. Partly through his influence, more through the ability of the new Pope, Nicholas V, the Council of Basle was at last finally dissolved. The antipope Felix withdrew and the great Schism was at an end (A.D. 1449). The Church seemed to have recovered her unity; but the cry for reform which had re-echoed through the halls of Basle died away without effect: yet two generations must pass ere the need of that reform becomes clear to the great monk of Wittenberg, and through him to all the world.

And now the last scene of the long war begins. The old forces are worn out, the old quarrels come to an end; a great change impends over Europe. In 1449 some English adventurers had descended on the Breton coasts. The Duke of Brittany appealed to the French King for help: and many barons went in answer to the call. Henry VI, alarmed, called on the French to observe the truce, to prolong it; but Charles saw that his time was come; he refused, and ordered Dunois to march into Normandy.

Talbot and the Duke of Somerset who commanded there had been left almost without men or supplies or money. The French carried all before them. In Brittany and Normandy alike, city after city opened its gates, and welcomed the French as deliverers. Even in Rouen, whither Talbot and Somerset had gathered in all their forces, the citizens were not to be denied. They let in the French, and the English were powerless to resist. They yielded, and were allowed to retreat to England on payment of a fine. Charles made triumphal entry into the town. Thence onwards to the seaboard. Harfleur and Honfleur were taken; Somerset fell back to Caen. A strong reinforcement from Cherbourg marched to join him. But they were out-generaled and brought to bay at Formigny. There the Count of Clermont attacked them; he was beaten off, but he

had given Richemont time to come up: and a second battle took place, ending in the absolute defeat of the English forces. They had been about six thousand strong, and are said to have lost more than half their men.

Now Normandy was altogether lost. The united French army besieged and took Caen: Falaise and Cherbourg were the last English strongholds; they too fell. And thus the thirty-one years of occupation ended.

Borne on the rising tide of power and popularity Charles wisely determined to finish the work. The English government had been as remiss as the French had been active. Margaret of Anjou, unpopular in England, and opposed by the Duke of York, was powerless to help the garrisons of Normandy and Guienne.

The French army was organised, and, flushed with success, marched under Dunois into Guienne from the North; while the Counts of Armagnac and Albret entered it from the South. No serious resistance was possible: place after place threw open its gates; and after a march, which was little but a military parade, Dunois entered Bordeaux in triumph. Bayonne resisted and was besieged; in a couple of months the last stronghold of the English power in the South fell (August, 1451).

But not finally: two strong interests bound Guienne to England: first, the feudal nobles dreaded the centralising influences of France, and were connected by old ties to the Court and noblesse of England; and secondly, the commercial relations between the two countries were close and profitable. England was a great consumer of the 'Bordeaux' wines: that city owed all its prosperity to England: the taxation was less severe, the interference of government less serious, than it would be under the French kingdom. And to all this may be added the old blood-jealousy between Southern and Northern France, the Euskarian and the Gallic tribes. So when the aged Talbot was sent over with five thousand men to recover Guienne, his success, for the moment, was complete. He was welcomed at

Bordeaux as a saviour: the whole territory declared at once and warmly for England.

Charles VII was alarmed; he made terms with his troublesome son (who had offered to reconquer Guienne for him), and with the Duke of Savoy, that son's father-in-law; then marched with all his force towards Guienne, wintering in the country just to the north of it. The river Dordogne, an affluent of the Garonne, for a short distance separates Guienne from Périgord: and on this short piece stands the town and stronghold of Castillon, commanding the river's course. The army sat down in form before the place in July, 1453, throwing up entrenchments to defend the artillery. Thither came Talbot with a strong force, to dislodge them. He stormed an old abbey in which a body of eight hundred free-archers lay; and soon after hearing a rumour that the French were abandoning their fortified camp, he hastened up; but only to find his enemy tranquilly awaiting him. The old soldier's blood was up; he would listen to no prudent counsel; he did not remember the French blunder on the 'Day of the Herrings;' but pushed his men straight at the works. They came on with coolest bravery, even planting Talbot's banner at the foot of the palisades; but after an hour's struggle, they found their efforts vain, and fell into disorder; the French sallied out at the right moment; a ball struck Talbot's horse, and brought him and his rider down; his trusted friends, his two sons, some sturdy barons and knights, made stand over his prostrate body, till all perished together. So ended the long and stormy career of the man who had lived through three quarters of the Hundred Years' War, and had taken part in it since first he bore arms. He was eighty years old. His death was in truth the last end of the war. Castillon fell at once; the South returned to the French side; Bordeaux speedily capitulated; for it was not only blockaded by land, but cut off from all hope of help at sea by a strong fleet from La Rochelle. The city lost its privileges, and had to pay a heavy fine: the South passed for ever into the hands of the King of France (October 17, 1453). Normandy and Guienne were assimilated

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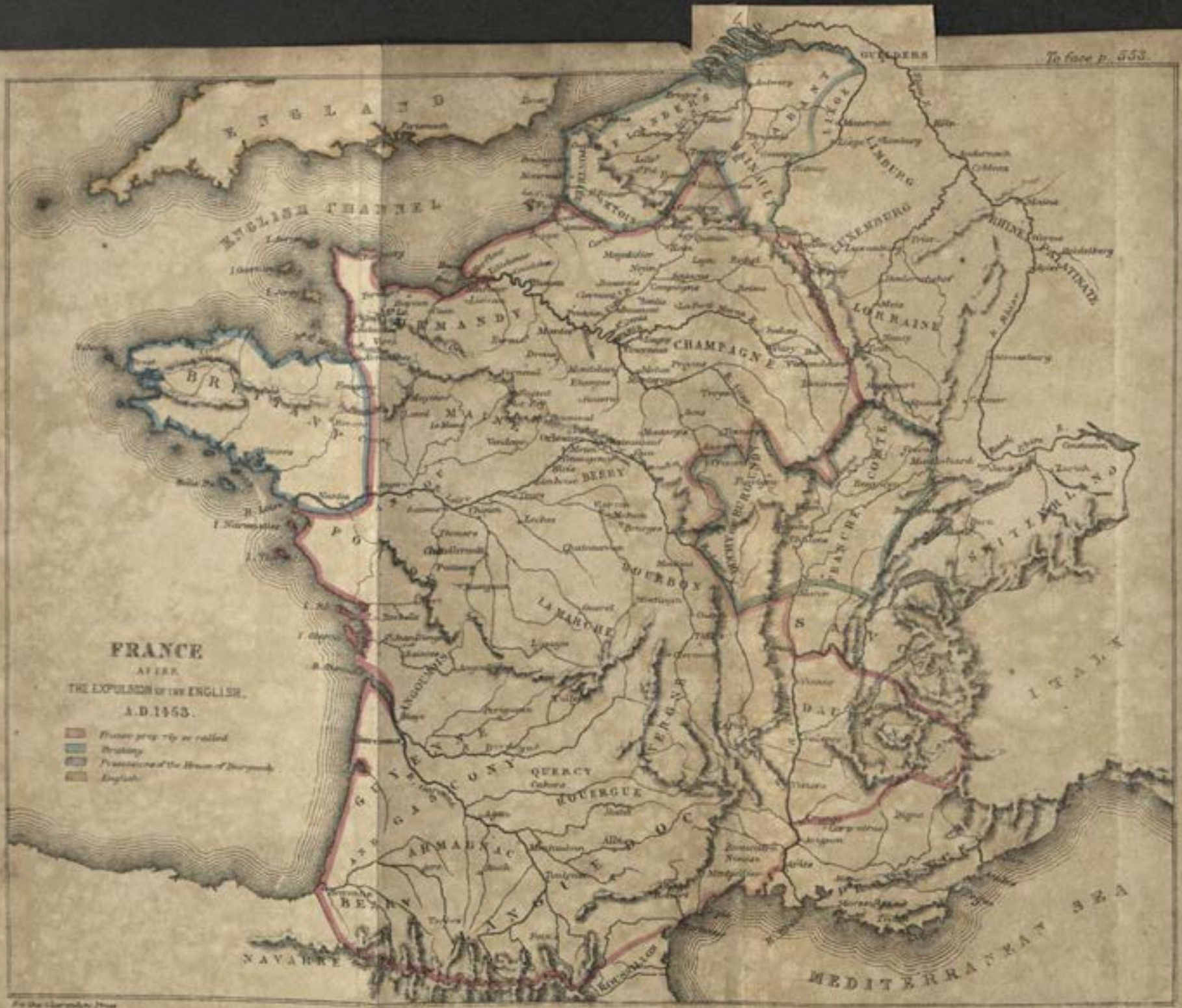
FRANCE
AFTER
THE EXPULSION OF THE ENGLISH.
A.D. 1453.
Brittany
English
ENGLAND
ENGLISH CHANNEL
GUILDERS
LIMBURG
LUXEMBURG
LORRAINE
CHAMPAGNE
BERRY
LA MARCHE
QUERCY
ROUERGUE
ARMAGNAC
NAVARRE
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA

to France in the matter of taxes and army organisation; otherwise they retained their local government for centuries. The Parliament of Bordeaux was established in 1462; the old and famous Exchequer Court of Rouen was made a sovereign Court under Louis XII. And now there remained to England nothing across the Channel except the town and district of Calais, together with Ham, and the castle of Guines. These Charles VII left unmolested; partly because he had other work on hand; still more, because to have wrested them from England might have added to his complications with Philip the Good of Burgundy. They lay on the skirt of that ambitious Prince's domains; and in fact the Duke at this moment held the town of Guines underneath the castle. Had the French reduced these places, they would either have come into collision with the Burgundians, or have been almost obliged to let them pass into their hands. And therefore Charles, who displayed remarkable prudence throughout this period, left them untouched. Nor did he think it well, as some did, to press the English home; though it was a tempting opportunity. They were weak at sea, weaker still at home, under the unhappy and afflicted Henry VI, torn by faction, full of discontent and distrust; with their military glory tarnished by the late war, their military spirit low, the old feudal war-organisation still struggling feebly against the standing-army organisation of the coming age. But he left England alone; and fortunately so for France. England consumed herself away in those terrible wars of the Roses, which were in large part the direct consequences and results of the great Hundred Years' War; at least of the events of the later years of that struggle.

And who was the better for that war? Not France, which was reduced to misery and starvation, in which feudal anarchy was commuted for the beginnings of a monarchical absolutism, the curse of France for centuries; not England, which won much barren glory on the fields of Crécy, Poitiers, Azincourt, but learnt no ennobling lesson from the struggle, nor added to her material prosperity. On the other hand, the civil war, its partial

result, terrible though it was in immediate character and effects, still enabled the commonalty of England to grow into its more modern form. But the best thing for England was the fact that the war ended as it did: for it compelled the English to regard their home-affairs as all-important; and enabled them to compete on favourable terms with their own nobles, who no longer enjoyed the double support of foreign war, and half-foreign baronial friends. On the other side France likewise owes the war her gratitude for this, that it enabled her to become one nation, to feel one interest from North to South, to grow compact, to take her place as a strong power instead of a weak one at the council-board of Europe. But we must not forget that this was purchased at the price of centralised government; absence of public opinion; uniformity of absolutism.

Two state trials form a fitting close to this period. The first, that of the King's faithful servant Jacques Cœur, the merchant-prince, whose wise counsels, ready expedients, and well-filled purse had largely helped to bring things to a successful issue; he was too rich, too powerful. In him the nobles saw the burgher-prince of the days to come. They hated his wealth, his artistic splendour, his enlightened ideas, even his readiness to help, his generous spirit. They felt that shame of aristocratic souls, which arises from favours bestowed on them by one who is really their superior, but whom they insist on regarding as below them. And therefore after a scandalous trial he was abandoned to their vengeance by the heartless King; who here did not follow his own interests. After many and romantic adventures he succeeded in escaping from their hands. His friends were many and they rescued him. He reached Rome, where all his foreign wealth, which faithful agents had protected, still remained to him; but soon after, commanding a papal expedition by sea against the Turks, he fell ill and died at Chio.

The other trial was that of the rehabilitation of the Maid of Orleans. The King, who had treated her so ill while she lived, now made her tardy amends. Her devotion for France was

recognised, her martyrdom acknowledged, and she took a worthy place among those who had contributed most towards the glory and building-up of the French nation.

Two things outside France require notice.

First, the final subjection of the powerful and turbulent cities of Flanders to the authority of the growing House of Burgundy, a stage in the onward march of that ambitious house; and, in the more peaceful development of wealth and intelligence, a preparation for the part these cities would have to play in European history a century later. This subjection took place when in 1452 Philip the Good beat down the whole forces of their representative city Ghent on the bloody field of Gavre.

And secondly, this was the time of the ever-famous conquest of Constantinople by the Turks; an event which by itself alone marks the middle of the fifteenth century as a great era in European history. In the year 1453 Mahomet II, after forty-nine days siege, planted the crescent over the cross on the pinnacles of the ancient city, which had for years almost alone represented the last relics of the Eastern Empire. Then fell, with a crash, the last successor of the Eastern Cæsars. Then broke asunder that hollow union of Churches with which the East had vainly tried to buy the succours of the West. Then came westwards in crowds the learned men, the priceless manuscripts, the taste for classical lore, which had so long been protected and neglected in the Eastern capital. Borne like ripe seeds on the winds of heaven, they fell into a soil prepared by years of silent and unconscious culture; and there they took root, and shot up, and bore fruit, in the learning, the speculation, the artistic glories of the Renaissance.

In the period we have just passed through, there is nothing on which the eye can rest with pleasure. Europe is restless, the old forms of thought are fading away, old institutions crumbling, we are already in transition between the middle ages and modern times. History is a record of monstrous horrors; the feudal man-at-arms has become a robber, a common highwayman, and is about to pass into the modern soldier. The peasant, never of

much account in France, is heard of only when famine or pestilence, or disturbance sprung of despair, calls on him the contemptuous unwilling regard of the chronicler. Agriculture goes backwards; commerce fails; for cities and country are alike too weary either to produce or to consume. Cities stagnant, fields matted with brambles, attest the material exhaustion of the age. It is a time of moral decadence also: no good example in the King's Court; a subservient and worldly clergy in high places; feudal lords without honour or chivalry. Learning cannot lift her head; the literary annals of the time are almost a blank, so far as France is concerned. We find translations of earlier romances and tales, the dregs of feudalism; part also of the interminable Roman de la Rose belongs to this period, together with its still more wearisome imitations. A few poems there are of a higher cast; two prince-poets have left us their thoughts in verse; the Duke of Orleans, whose long captivity in England gives to his poems a very pleasant tinge of real character, while at the same time they are remarkable for finish of style; and the other, far below his cousin in power and poetical genius, René the adventurer, the King of Sicily. Of the arts, architecture alone shews some life; some of those lofty choirs whose fragile beauty still astonishes us, and whose flamboyant decorations fret rather than satisfy the eye, date from this period. The windows are still being filled with the wonderful combinations of colour which are the envy of those who in our day try to rival them. Domestic architecture begins in the beautiful home which the great citizen Jacques Cœur built in the largeness of his heart at Bourges, where it still stands complete: in painting, France has no artist in this period worthy to compete with the great Flemish painters, the Van Eycks, who did so much to improve oil-painting, Hemling and others, whose works illustrate the splendour of the Burgundian Court. The roll of great names in France is brief and meagre. When there is a noble character, a Jeanne Darc, a Jacques Cœur, a Constable de Richemont, France shews herself unworthy of it; and in all we discern the feeble endings of an age. And not in France only. All Europe stands still expecting change, desiring

the new order, vaguely looking for those great discoveries, those great men, which should make the next century so different from this, and push society far on in the path of change, by the growth of new ideas, the progress of material comfort, the security of domestic life, the outburst of power in many directions. Thus we stand at the end of many things. This half-century saw the power of the Teutonic knights destroyed (A.D. 1410) on the field of Tannenberg. It saw the end of the older feudal-royalty in England, and of the older nobility with it; it saw in the person of the Duke of Burgundy the last struggle of feudalism begun, though not ended. It saw the dark sea of Islam closing over the last survivors of the Greek Empire. It saw the failure of great councils; the discredit of a schism-vexed Papacy, the vain attempt at reforms. All these things crowd our pages during this period; and under the surface we are aware of strong currents flowing in new directions; of changes, religious and political, rapidly approaching. France begins to concentrate power in the hands of a dissolute and heartless King, a process she continues to the end of her history; she builds up an army, she catches and crystallises the native Gallic love of war and glory. At this moment we leave her, she is waiting for a sovereign of whom she has already caught a glimpse; he will be a hard master over her, as cold as Charles VII, more false, if possible, to friend and foe; of restless untiring energy and subtle skill, who shall crush down the independence of her great nobles, and at last weld her into a compact and coherent monarchy.

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